

István ADORJÁN

SECRET

**ACROSS
THE
ROMANIAN-YUGOSLAV
FRONTIER
OF THE
FOREST**

**my second illegal fleeing attempt
from the romanian communist state**

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Cover-photos information

On the photo of the front cover, there is visible on the sky-line the place of the second illegal frontier crossing of the author from a point of its approximate path being inwards in a straight line at around 15 kilometers from it, while the photo of the back cover visually reconstructs one of the scenes of his second imprisonment around 32 years later. Their detailed period written reconstructions are contained by the text.

Language information

The language of this book is not quite the english proper. There are many languages on Terra that are potentially universal in that everyone may acquire and use them without a significant change in quality of life. There is a wide civil need for a unique real universal language in order to enable humans to communicate with one another. The Roman Empire was not sufficient for carrying into effect the universality of the latin language. A national state shall not be capable of carrying into effect the universality of its language ever. At present, the english proper is the nearest to the quality of unique real universal language. However, as a natural language it has many deficiencies, and it might not be the best means of universal communication. And as rules in a language are made not by states, but by its users in thinking, speaking and writing, with translating his books into the english language the author makes a few steps towards turning the english proper into the unique real universal language on Terra, as an intermediary phase towards disabling the imperialist national states to become means of persecuting individuals and social groups, and breaking down all artificial frontiers among humans and peoples in the Terra nation and the Terra state.

*In memory of the humans killed
at the frontiers of the communist states*

*With the purpose of rolling up
the national secret political organizations,
their making historical subjects
and objects of party programs*

*The Earth's "hydras"
shall be destroyed
only by the Sun's supernova?*

“Another frontier crossed in secret, another frontier, where many died unforeseeably. That from Yugoslavia was full of blood for years. Obstinate there were made trials, continually there were made trials there as well. Individually or collectively, entire streets used to become empty in the villages neighboring the frontier. I do not want to think of how many were captured in their attempts, and mainly how many times it did happen that they were given back. The coercive treatment made many disabled, killed, and the judiciaries were overwhelmed with the convictions. Despite all these, the desire for freedom could not be torn out of their bestially beaten bodies, so that sometimes their nails were torn out.” [1]

*Ioan IANCU,
romanian writer*

István ADORJÁN

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**— my second illegal fleeing attempt
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Memoirs novel

István ADORJÁN – 2020

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Foreword

In this book, i reconstruct in detail for the most part with words my second illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state happened between 30 march and 7 april 1987, as well as my detention between 7 april and 13 november 1987 at the respective authorities and in the respective institutions of the yugoslav and the romanian communist states. Along with my self-sufficient books entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State”, “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier” and “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood”, this book constitutes a tetralogy as its second part.

My four illegal fleeing attempts happened between 1986 and 1989 are mites of a good many ten thousand or a few hundred thousand cases of which starting-point was the romanian communist state. In spite of the fact — as i was basically thinking and acting in the same manner, suffering the same experiences as my companions in distress — by my personal thoughts and experiences i express also the experiences of all those humans, who tried to gain their freedom, as well as the freedom of others, by illegal frontier crossing.

Some of them succeeded in reaching one or other of the countries of liberty. Others were captured by the authorities of the neighboring communist states and deported back. However, the majority became the pray of the romanian national-communist arbitrariness before crossing the romanian-yugoslav frontier. Those whose last experience of life was a rattle of machine pistol, a whizzing of bullets and a sharp pain subsiding in nothing, for victims of the communist dictatorship, died for freedom. Be this book a headstone on their nameless and unknown graves!

According to my best endeavor and within the frameworks of my memory, the content of this book for the most part exteriorizes my consciousness of that time. The political or ideological principles created subsequently, and some comments constitute exceptions. In addition, the thoughts and dialogs are and can only partly be based on remembrance, to a certain extent they are of fictitious character.

Although at the time of the bygone happenings i thought to deal with only the authorities of the communist states, with the respective facts described and thoughts written in my book i assert the concept termed by me “national secret political organization”, so as it occurred to me beginning with the early years of the decade 1990 in conformity with my experiences relative to them. I metaphorically term this secret political entity above state and society “hydra”, following that at the beginning of the decade 1990, in the anti-communist countrywide daily paper of romanian lan-

guage named România liberă¹ there was sometimes termed “hydra” the national-communist power existing and reigning on behind the mask of the National Salvation Front. The “hydra” organizes itself regularly on an ethnic-national basis from the ranks of the most influential members of the state and society, it created the state as the main means of its ethnic-national secret policy, according to its intention it continuously controls and governs the state and society.

My memoirs could not be complete and their authenticity could not be maximum, if they did not contain the personal data which i have remembered. I got these lawfully and outside or against my will under the circumstances of the vanished and historically condemned communist political system, what is more, in a liberty-lost and exposed standing in its repressive institutions. My conviction is that regularly i did not accidentally got into relations with these persons — as i refer to this in the plot or the afterword — but in the frameworks of the implementation of the personal secret policies relative to me of the “hydras”, which does not unconditionally mean that the respective persons acted national secret politically consciously. Consequently, these personal data are not only my memories having certain historical-documentary value, but also parts of the respective personal secret policies of the respective national secret political organizations, and for this reason their publication is tied up with not only the freedom of speech and press, but also with a stressed public interest, even where the national states exclude civil society from the definition and handling of the data of public interest, by this means exposing it to state punishment the publication of personal data in connection with abuses of the political power, being in possession of the civil society. So that, in so far as they did not act secretly in my relation, those persons should bear publicity, with a special regard to that the refutation and attack of my books and person are interests of the national secret political organizations.

I have never been in a state of the english language. Conversed very little with persons originating from there. Have learnt it from manuals, dictionaries, wireless and TV. So the wording of this book may be very personal and peculiar. However, i am confident that it entirely transmits the message of the fleeing humans.

A few hundred years ago many people began to flee the Old World. This phenomenon is still going on. The reason why the message of this book is not only one from the today's Old World. It is also a message from the past, from the ancestors of millions and millions of Americans, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders to the New World: let us exert our influence that the state cease to be a source of fleeing; let us exert our influence that humans do not have to pay for freedom, but be born with it and the state become its protector, warrantor and expresser; let us exert our in-

1 Read approximately: romî'niã'liberă. In the english language: Free Romania.

fluence that humans find liberty, welfare, unlimited developmental and unfolding possibilities in their native lands as well, and do not have to flee for them; let us exert our influence that humans feel at home anywhere in the world, in order that they can grow up to the united nations, and expand their country to the united states on the entire Earth!

1. How far shall i remove myself from Marosvásárhely² in the night?

Marosvásárhely, monday, 30 march 1987. After half past zero, i opened the rear exit door of the block under number 25 of the November 7-e street³. Looked round. On the right, a transparent gloom. On the left, a street-lamp lighted. On the wide concrete surface, did not see a human. In the relatively strong light, there struck my eye the outermost window of the second upper storey of the second block on the other side.

From behind the curtain, the “hydra” may have this exit kept under observation — thought i.

Turned to the left. According to my plan, had to leave the town as soon as possible. The nearest spot of its perimeter, the forest, was at around 500 meters on the hill. Could have reached it in the least time turning to the right. But with my direction of march, clothing and equipment had to provide misleading information for the possible observer.

Turned off the sidewalk. Went past behind the suspected block.

Getting to the Béke⁴ street, looked round. There dominated a translucent desolate darkness and stillness everywhere. Turned to the right.

Since my liberation from prison on 7 november the previous year, i had prepared myself for this illegal fleeing attempt uninterruptedly. Went on foot around 2 hours a day to the place of work and back. Surveyed the stores. Bought a one-liter whitishly transparent polyethylene bottle containing distilled water. Namely realized that by virtue of its smaller mass carrying that was more advantageous than a glass one. Also detected a lined waistcoat varicolored in natural colors. In the jumble-market, found a synthetic-fiber cap of khaki color.

At the first street, i turned to the right. Went over to the opposite sidewalk. On my left side, perpendicular rows of blocks succeeded each other. Turned in between the two last ones, in order to avoid the thoroughfare, the November 7-e street.

Earlier, i planned to depart already in the winter-season. Intended to make camouflaging clothes from sheets. It was problematic how could have spent the nights in the open air. Saw the solution in the nightly march. Because of the snow, this looked like easily accomplishable. The perceptibility and traceableness of the left tracks appeared to be essential disadvan-

2 Read approximately: 'mɔrɔfva:ja:reɣeɣ. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrgu Mureş, Târgu Mureş. Big town in a straight line at around 280 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2] I measured these distances roughly between the center of the given locality and the point of the entire — namely both the land and the danubian — romanian-yugoslav frontier being the nearest to it. For this reason, they are regularly smaller than the distances related to the planned point of my frontier crossing.

3 The present December 22-e boulevard. [In the romanian language: 7 Noiembrie, 22 Decembrie.]

4 Read approximately: 'be:ke. In the romanian language: Păcii.

tages. It stood over that what would do in case of a snow lack. After all, decided to wait for the spring.

At the end of the interspace of the rows of blocks, i turned to the right. The intersection was perfused with a mild light. Looked to the left and right. Neither a moving vehicle, nor a human were perceptible. Crossed with hurried steps. Proceeded to the serpentine road, the Székely Vértanuk⁵ street farther up snaking up to the hill.

I had the dark blue synthetic-fiber overcoat on. Together with a waist-belt, it fastened to my back the sleeping-bag folded in half broadways. Held the other part of my equipment in the hand in my dispatch case of big carrying capacity.

At the third curve turning to the left, i crossed the road. On the foot-path, began clambering up towards the esplanade.

I passed behind the nursery school. On the left below, at the illuminated entrance of a block building a person stood facing the hill.

A night-watchman — thought. ... He cannot observe me.

Drawing near to the boulevard, a gleam broke through from the right. I stood in behind a pine bush. It proved to be a white Dacia⁶.

I started on. The four-banded road looked empty. Crossed it. Began descending on the sidewalk. Down, there darkled the forest. Drew near towards it with suspense, even some fear.

During touring and mushroom gathering, i had oriented with compass in it though, i became acquainted with it to a certain extent. In the late spring and summer of 1986 — when i already considered it probable to resort to the illegal fleeing — i had reconnoitered in week-ends the terrains of the initial sections of my possible routes and fixed their main directions. But had never experienced the marching in the night in the nature.

Entered the forest. Proceeded on its fringe on a roughly horizontal foot-path.

Having passed over its thicker part, turned to the right, and began clambering on the slope towards the Somos plateau⁷. In the glimmery light filtering in from behind my back from outside, saw rather well.

Had by me almost all my material properties: the dwelling-place in nature, apparel and other smaller things. These made me capable of breaking from the chains of the “hydras” that had already environed me on birth, into which i had grown slowly, and which had fastened on me progressively. Had by me in the head my whole intellectual property. Knew that i existed not only in the present, but with every step was removing from the past and was tending towards the future. Felt rich.

5 Read approximately: 'se:key've:rtɒnuk. In the romanian language: Secuilor Martiri.

6 Read approximately: 'dɒtʃiɒ. The passenger car of romanian communist make.

7 In the hungarian language: Somos-tető. Read approximately: 'somof'tetə:. In the romanian language: Platoul Cornești.

As i had gotten farther and farther in, farther and farther up, my distance of sight went from short to shorter. My eyes accustomed themselves to the dark gradually. The slope ascended more and more steeply. Mainly paced on the leaf-litter pressed down by the moisture of winter and early spring. At times, also grass got under my soles.

Reached the ridge. On the right, there was horizontally attainable the fence of the zoological garden. It was not visible, but i knew that i was at around 100 meters from it. Along it, could continue my way without further climbing. But according to my plan had to avoid that the dog being in its this corner or another animal would indicate my presence in the forest.

Began descending, approximately parallel with the fence. In the brown obscurity, i discerned vertical streaks. They showed black thinner or thicker.

Am i not shadowed? — raised the question to myself.

Halted and listened again and again. But perceived nothing suspicious.

I have already sufficiently removed myself from the other side of the zoological garden — thought.

Slightly turning to the right, began climbing the slope.

Passed through the ridge. Began descending. The forest became thicker. Branches touched my face without seeing them. Protected myself raising my unoccupied arm in front of the eyes. It seemed that the clattering of the leaf-litter being in contact with the soles of my mountaineering clod-crushers, the crackling of the dry twigs braking under them, the mild hissing of the synthetic-fiber material of my overcoat rubbing against the trees, the swishing of the branches slipping off from my arm and body, all filled the forest.

Came to a halt. Noise of steps struck my ear. A chill came over me.

Human steps! — thought. ... They follow me!

Snatches of news about humans hanged in the wood, disappeared or died in mysterious circumstances recurred to my mind. It made a peculiar impression on me that the essence of the national secret policy of the “hydra” seemed to reveal itself before me just in the nature. Up to this time, i had seen in the society a network of squealers and agents, the humans fearing from one another, squealing one another, acting against one another, a war of everyone against everyone. Had not realized what an individual safety the mere presence of humans, the spontaneous public opinion ensured for everyone. Got a feeling of want towards the humane human society. Felt not only in that nature in which there seemed to be present the tentacles of the “hydra”, but also in that society from which there were ab-

sent the human eyes slumbering, but seeing, the human mouths remaining silent, but beginning to whispering speak from time to time. The first time in my life, felt at the door of death.

They stopped. I kept back my breath. Increased my attention. Only the leaf-litter was audible rustling under the soles now and again. Looked round. Besides the hardly discernible trees nothing was seen. The gloomy surroundings seeming to be threatening pushed upwards my look. The black streaks better and better visible tapered, ramified, became a network in the sky. Among them in some places, stars glimmered, infusing the hope of life into myself. They started, from two places. I took fright.

They are several! — thought. ... Maybe they have surrounded me! ... Now i am done for! ... But i will defend myself!

Put down the case. Took out the clasp-knife and opened it up. They went to and fro. Did not seem to come closer.

Why will they not attack yet? — raised i the question to myself. ... What are they waiting for? ... Are they humans indeed?

Took out the pocket-lamp. Switched it on, and turned its beam of light towards them. Only leaf-litter and trees came in sight. They walked on unchanged.

Aren't they animals? ... I should frighten them!

With the right sole, i hit the leaf-litter. No change. Slapped it stronger to the soil. They halted. They started. I reiterated it several times. From time to time, they ceased, but broke out again and again.

“Shoo! ... Shoo! ... Shoo!”

No result. Although the possible and hoped animals did not seem to get frightened, yet i felt somewhat relieved, because no such further signs had reached me which would have referred to humans.

I cannot stand here interminably! — thought.

Closed the clasp-knife, and put it in the pocket of the pants. Set the pocket-lamp back in the case. Cautiously, started on. At short intervals, halted and kept listening. The step rustles had little by little died down.

Attained a thick part of the forest.

I have deviated to the left from my planned way — established i. ... It is the consequence of the nightly march.

Turned to the right.

The forest had become sparse. From the left some gleam filtered in. I halted. Perceived steps. Quivered.

They sound likewise as earlier! — thought.

Looked towards the sound source. In the glimmery light, discerned a deer. Felt completely relieved. The consciousness of the continuance of my life, the vanishing into thin air of my groundless fear of death filled me

with joy. This was just increased by my developing feeling of natural liberty. Proceeded on my way turning to the left.

The light became more and more intense. The terrain stood suddenly out in relief in front of me. I began to climb on the grassy slope. A concrete road cropped up. It came from the right, from beside the source of light, then bent down on the hill-slope.

I am at the calculator factory — established. ... Have gotten beyond the forest!

The road seemed to be entirely empty. Turning slightly to the left, went on it. Crossed it. With hurried steps, began descending on its right edge.

Got down to the road running in the valley. Crossed it. Marched onwards on a bare agricultural ground.

A brook obstructed me. I looked to the right and left. No bridge was visible. In its deep bed, the water around one meter and a half wide seemed to stand. The steep slopes were overgrown with thick vegetation. Near the surface as if they had been vertical.

It seems to be deep — thought. ... And the bed slope is steep ... I must look for a bridge ... In the direction of the town, my chance is greater.

Turned to the right on the footpath. On the right side of the brook, some structures were situated. On its other bank, as if a meadow had lain. Only in the direction of the Tudor Quarter a number of light points were visible. Besides them the darkness scarcely seeable through dominated over all.

Above the brook, i beheld a pipe thick around 1 meter. It linked the slopes of the bed as a bridge. Rejoiced. Let myself down to it. On its round metal surface, paced with small steps cautiously. Reached the opposite bank.

One obstacle less — thought.

Set out into the meadow.

The road to Koronka⁸ cropped up. On its other side, the wire-netting fence of the orchard intersected my planned direction of march.

How far am i from the road running uphill? — raised the question to myself.

Looked to the right. There struck my eye the place-name edifice of the town. Near it, a bus stood. Its lights were not on.

It is suspicious — thought. ... I will try to go round the orchard at its other side!

Turned to the left.

8 Read approximately: 'koronka. In the romanian language: Corunca.

The fence kept on without interruption. Looked ahead. It did not look to come to an end.

I have no choice — was i thinking — but to go along the suspicious autobus.

Turned back.

Its interior was curtained off. No signs of life came from it.

It may be — was thinking — that a securist⁹ is being on watch for me.

The orchard came to an end. I turned to the left on the new road. Hastily marched uphill on its left edge. A little ditch lined it. It was covered with concrete slabs around half a meter deep.

If a vehicle views — was thinking — i shall be able to hide in this ditch with lying down.

On the top, the road bent to the right. Turning it off to the left, i let myself down on the slope of the depression. Clambered up to the wood. Stopped, and breathed freely again.

I have ridden myself of the town — thought.

Turned round, and sat down. Had perspired. Pulled down the zipper of the overcoat a little, and together with the shirt moved it. A warm vapor flowed out from under them. Took out the bottle, and drank.

Slung round my neck under the shirt-collar with a brown string in the inner pocket of the waistcoat there stood the compass. Took it out. Opened its cover. The principal graduations traced with phosphorescent green paint were still visible, because on my departure i had activated it. Swung in my direction of march planned as far as Meggyes¹⁰: south, and 30 degrees west. Started on.

I penetrated into the wood. It was formed by smaller trees though, together with its horizontality its thinnedness ensured a relatively quick advance. From the right, a continuous dull noise indicating an industrial establishment made my orientation easier.

The terrain commenced to leniently descend. The place of the trees was gradually taken over by shrubs. The wood went from thick to thicker. I had to raise my arm before the face. At times, lost my foothold on terrain sections sloping steeply. Felt that on my back the sleeping-bag was slowly slipping down. But the belt sustained it tight. It did not perturb me in my

9 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the everyday romanian language “securist” meaning “member of the Securitate”, [Read approximately: sekuri’tate.] the political police of the Ceaușescu regime.

10 Read approximately: ‘meggyef. In the romanian language: Mediaș. Town in a straight line at around 230 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

advance.

Got out of the wood. Came to a halt. Light nowhere was seen. Discerned that i was on the slope of a hill. Farther downwards, as if it had been overgrown with grass. Slightly to the left down in the valley, a number of country houses loomed.¹¹

Started on gravitating to the right. The slope proved to be broken. Had to be careful, lest i fell. A house appeared in front of me. Turned sharply to the right. Removing myself from it somewhat, proceeded with the descending. It became smooth.

In the valley, i crossed a lane. A slightly marshy terrain came next. It was overgrown with burnt-off reeds. Pacing in zigzags crossed it. The terrain commenced to ascend. A wood came in sight.

Entered it. Was thicker than the former ones. For making my headway possible, had to use my unoccupied arm as well.

Thorny branches held fast to my coat. I had to halt. Put down the case. Cut the way with both hands. Was sweating very much. Took out the bottle, and drank. Corrected my direction of march. Proceeded on my way.

It became thicker and thicker. It seemed that i was in a young growth. Did not push out of my way the branches coming in front any longer, but was pressing forward upwards with all my might.

Nothing shall go wrong with the synthetic-fiber surface of my overcoat — thought.

Made way more and more difficult. Got stuck. Did my utmost, but was unable to overcome the joint resistance of the tough branches.

As if these also would be in the service of the “hydra” — thought.

Went back. With a little roundabout, kept on the bulldozer march.

Had extricated myself out of the thicket. Recovered my wind, and breathed freely again. It was still entirely dark. Stood before a plow-land. It seemed to cover the hither slope of the hill as far as the top.

If set my foot on it — was thinking — shall leave easily observable tracks ... Have to try rounding it!

Looked to the left. Did not see its other edge. On the right, a protrusion of the wood was visible.

What is behind it? — raised the question to myself.

I turned towards it. Marched on the balk. Reaching its point, examined the following terrain. The plow-land seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach.

11 Hagymásbodon. Read approximately: 'hɔgymaːʃbodon. In the romanian language: Budiu Mic.
[7]

I cannot choose but to leave tracks! — thought.

Took the planned direction of march. Stepped on the bare soil. It proved to be stickily slimy. Paced upwards hastily. On my clod-crushers earth soles formed. They were growing thicker and thicker, wider and wider. From time to time, i halted and as far as was able shook them down.

According to my plan, in the course of the night had to leave the forest surrounding the town at the least. At the same time, had to try attaining the river Nyárád¹² — the first important water obstacle of my route — crossing it, and entering the nearest wood.

Getting up on the top, halted and looked round. The agricultural land did not appear to come to an end. Only a number of willow shrubs were set in order slightly on the left.

I have no covering! — established, being slightly frightened. It gives me the shivers to think of that the dawn shall find me on this bare terrain ... Shall go back to the wood? ... No! By this means i would only increase the number of my tracks on the plow-land, the chance of that the “hydra” discover my approximate spatial co-ordinates and planned direction of march in the morning ... Forward!

A country lane cropped up in front of me.

Here is the possibility of a trackless and quicker proceeding! — thought, rejoicing.

Swinging to the left, took it.

The lane bent sharply to the right. It commenced to go downhill more steeply. On its left side, a church viewed.

I am drawing near to a village¹³! — thought. ... Do not think that early in the morning someone would take notice of me.

Passed by under the white walls of the church. The lane bent to the left approximately in a right angle. On its right side, houses appeared. In front of them, a sidewalk led. The day was breaking. At the windows, behind the fences, in the courtyards, perceived no sign of life.

At the end of the street, i reached a concrete road. Looked asunder. On the left the village, on the right an agricultural land lay. A human or a vehicle were not visible. Crossed it. Proceeded on the plow-land in my planned direction of march.

Got to a brook. Halted. The visibility was already quite good.

What shall i do?! — raised the question to myself.

12 Read approximately: 'nya:ra:d. In the romanian language: Niraj.

13 Káposztásszentmiklós. Read approximately: 'ka:posta:ʃsentmiklo:ʃ. In the romanian language: Nicolești.

In front of me and on the left, an agricultural land was situated. At approximately 1 kilometer, there ran the embankment of the railroad along the Nyárád. On my sky-line, wooded hills outlined. On the right side, a rubble road ran towards the railroad. Rows of poplars flanked it. Neither a human, nor a vehicle was visible on it.

No screening possibility hereabouts! — established, gotten frightened. ... I have to attain the wood as soon as possible!

Turned to the right. Along the brook, approached the road. On it marched farther.

The railroad line number 407 linked Marosvásárhely and Szováta¹⁴. From the point of view of my illegal fleeing attempt, it was of no more than orientation importance. It ran on a high embankment. From behind it, roofs were rising. The seeing of the village¹⁵ gave me the creeps. Getting up, i came to a halt.

At around 20 meters, the Nyárád flowed parallel with the railroad. The road non-modernized farther as well led over it, and dropped from sight among the houses. The sight having proved to be known, i was surprised. Mostly negative memories of september the preceding year recurred to my mind.

Prior to my first illegal fleeing attempt started on 26 september 1986, i was waiting for the assent by the enterprise party organization of my application of going to West Germany. During that time, on upper directives the whole team was dispatched to gather maize in the fields of this village day after day throughout roughly a fortnight. On returning, the buses waited on the opposite bank of the Nyárád just by the bridge. The intersection of the route of my natural liberty with a place of my former social captivity mildly thrilled me.

Under the cover of the embankment, i could remove myself from the village — thought. ... But then could cross the Nyárád only undressed ... And could cover myself much later ... It is still early enough to cut through the village unobserved ... And there shall be no big trouble, if someone catch sight of me, as even all cannot be squealers or agents ... Guide-on-the-wood!

With steps as rapid as possible, i descended from the railroad. Went across the bridge. Entered the village. In the already almost complete daylight, nowhere saw a human. In some places, roosters crew. Slipping down from the back, the dark blue sleeping-bag was swinging double on my backside. Pulled it to the left side in order to ease the march.

What would anybody say — was raising the question to myself — if he or she saw me? ... With the sleeping-bag hanging out from under my overcoat, with the dispatch case packed tight in my hand, i am hastily marching

14 Small town in a straight line at around 300 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

15 Fintaháza. [Read approximately: 'fintʃa:zɔ. In the romanian language: Cinta.]

through the village early in the morning ... Certainly, one would be stricken in wonder ... And my news would make a round of the village ... That would just do for me!

Marched forward with all my might. Was drawing near to a bifurcation. The end of the village did not come in sight from either of the streets. It was impossible to appraise which one was shorter. The fore-part of the one on the left side was constituted by a curve, considerably deviating from my direction of march. Did not hesitate, marched onwards on the right branch.

On the left side, a meadow appeared. Facing it, the built-in part of the village still continued, but its last house was already visible. A dog commenced to bay. I went on uninterruptedly. Passing by his courtyard, he had been barking at me soundly. I kept looking back. Notwithstanding his noise dragging on, saw no one coming out to the gate. From the right, a wood cropped up.

I have fully met my plan! — thought, rejoicing.

Between the end of the village and the wood, a grassy terrain spread. Reaching its middle region, looked behind. Did not see a human. To the right, turned off the lane.

Entered the wood. Its terrain leniently ascended. Relatively small trees formed it. The visibility was around 100 meters. Looked upwards. The leafless crowns did not cover the sky completely.

From above, i am unscreened — established. ... Have to seek for a hiding-place!

Looked round. In its thickness, did not perceive differences. Marched on perpendicularly to its fringe.

In some places, small fagots consisted of felled woods came in sight.

Under the branches, i can easily dispose my resting-place — thought.

Next to a fagot, stopped and looked round. In all directions, there was visible only the thickening abundance of the trees. Put down the case. Unfixing my belt, let the sleeping-bag fall down on the leaf-litter. Feeling relief physically as well, breathed freely again.

I drew aside a number of trunks one after the other. Took out two polyethylene foils, and spread them out on their place. On them put the sleeping-bag. Above it put to rights the fagot so that sufficient space remained for lying down. Pulled off the clod-crushers. Together with the dispatch case, inserted them among the branches. Slipped into the sleeping-bag. Being conscious of my total covering, closed my eyes.

2. Can i march or sleep in the night?

According to my first illegal-fleeing plan carried out in the preceding year, i had to leave the romanian communist state as soon as possible, in around 24 hours. For a precondition of its implementing, on the departure and during my way had to avoid the sensors of the “hydra”. Knew that it permanently had the great station controlled. Was convinced that it had my description communicated to the employees of the small station as well. For this reason, i had marched in the nature as far as Sáromberke¹⁶ being at around 10 kilometers.

After the application of this lightning variant, i deemed that the exploration system of the “hydra” had proved to be resultless and insufficient for it. The reason why on drawing up my second illegal-fleeing plan took into account a more extensive potential exploration system. Namely, not bearing the risk of getting on the train inside of a short time subsequent to my departure, i excluded the possibility of the lightning variant.

The essence of the disappearance variant was constituted by the stay in the nature after departure for a number of days. Because i considered that the uncertainty relative to my whereabouts increased with the passing of time. Simultaneously, also excluded from my plan the railroad line number 405 cutting through Marosvásárhely. By means of all these, intended to keep away from the “hydra” sensors, but at least wanted to reduce their efficiency.

My greater safety required the nightly march though, i did not know in what measure that was implementable. At the same time, did not point out the exact spot of the frontier crossing. As a result of this, counted that the reconnoitering might have taken up more than one day.

For all these, there arose the problem of spending the nights in the open air, over which during drawing up my first illegal-fleeing plan had not even ponder. It was for me questionable not only the tolerableness of the relatively low temperatures and the protection against them, but also the relation of the animal world to the human sleeping in the nature. This constituted the key issue of my second illegal fleeing attempt.

Over my dwelling-place, as well as also over me on my being outside, there strikingly often flew an airplane probably of agricultural function. From this, i concluded that the exploration system of the “hydra” could comprise the air-space as well. Considered that the psychological background of this possible manipulation was my making accustomed to the presence of the airplane. Namely its interest required that when in the nature there appeared its air sensors in my visual and auditive area, as a result of familiarity i would not react with hiding myself.

16 Read approximately: 'Ja:romberke. In the romanian language: Dumbrăvioara.

Late in the afternoon, looked round. Did not observe a human. Did not hear a noise of airplane either.

If the “hydra” has not started my aerial exploration till now — was thinking — then within this day it shall not do it any longer ... I make preparations for the march in the nature!

Came out of the hiding-place. Replaced the jeans to the camouflaging pants made of sackcloth of many natural colors, already tried out with success on 27 september the previous year. Got into the clod-crushers. Put on the khaki cap. Drew forth the rucksack, and began doing packing.

In relation to my first illegal fleeing attempt, i had better equipped myself. This partly came from the fact that the romanian-yugoslav frontier section and zone¹⁷ were better guarded, and consequently their approach demanded a march of several days. Further, gave greater attention to and expended more time on the intellectual preparation of my illegal fleeing attempt. In addition, had the disposal of the experiences of my first illegal frontier crossing.

With its khaki color, the rucksack imitated the green of nature. It had been produced by the Prodcomplex enterprise in Marosvásárhely. I had bought it for 500¹⁸ lei in my first-year student days. Had already used it on the occasion of my journeys between Marosvásárhely and Temesvár¹⁹. Removed its aluminum frame because of its eye-hitting color.

For the nightly sleeping, took with me my woolen sweater and cap. From rain, my hooded synthetic-fiber overcoat was destined to shield me on marching, and during sleeping i had to spread two other foils on the sleeping-bag. Namely it was coated by a synthetic-fiber fabric of deep blue color though, i had to protect its lining from water. Had bought it in Pozsony²⁰ in august 1982. Made the foils from a polyethylene sack each.

I kept the utensils necessary for cleaning myself in a fitted suitcase. For wiping the foils and the sleeping-bag, marked out a dry and a damp clout. And for maintaining the clothes and the clod-crushers, took a hand-scrub with me for each.

The linen of the rucksack was not waterproof. For this reason, i had packed a great part of my things in plastic bags. Used polyethylene bags, because the much sharper noise of the wide-spread polypropylene could have constituted a fatal sign near the frontier. And for repacking the food-

17 Pursuant to the law, not known by me at the time of the bygone happenings, the frontier zone was formed by the totality of the territories of the communities of which frontiers partly coincided with the frontier of the state. [5]

18 Read approximately: ley. The monthly average salary did not by far exceed 2,000 lei. The price of a bread of 1 kilogram or a tin of tinned fish of 205 grams was around 10 lei. One could travel from Marosvásárhely to the neighborhood of the romanian-yugoslav frontier by fast train for around 90 lei.

19 Read approximately: 'temeſva:r. In the romanian language: Timișoara. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

20 Read approximately: 'pozony. In the slovakian language: Bratislava.

stuffs bought along the way there were empty bags at my disposal.

A bag held medicines and medical appliances. I had marked out a small bottle of sanitary spirits, a carrier of unguent, two coils of bandage and a small spool of adhesive tape mainly for the eventuality that during the illegal fleeing attempt would be wounded by shooting.

On completion of repacking, took off the overcoat, and put it into the lower compartment of the rucksack. With the purpose of throwing difficulties in the way of my recognition, by the help of the little scissors and the mirror cut my mustache. Then, from the bottle i wet the shaving-brush and the cheeks, from the cosmetic soap formed lather on them, and shaved myself.

I obliterate the tracks! — thought.

Put aside the trees. Loosened the pressed-down leaf-litter. Scratched aside a part of it. Laid down the empty and flattened suit-case, and covered with it. Heaped up the fagot.

Put the pocket-lamp into the pocket of the waistcoat. Took out a pack of biscuits. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Started on in my planned direction of march. Marched crunching.

The food-supply had to ensure my nourishment for around three days. It mainly consisted of biscuits. Placed the bottle in the right lower pocket in order to be at hand in case of need without taking off the rucksack.

I had not solved the problem of filling my water needs yet. When was a boy, in Buzaháza²¹ in summer time tasted the Nyárád water seeming crystal-pure though, and often drank from springs on the hill-slope, but knew that in early spring the brooks and the rivers are turbid, and did not know in what measure could count on springs or other natural water places of occurrence. For all that, was not afraid of that the thirstiness would force me back into society.

According to my plan, i had to marching reach the railroad line number 208, which connected Kiskapus²² and Nagyszeben²³. In addition to the Nyárád, this route section was intersected by two river obstacles: the Kisküküllő²⁴ and the Nagyöküllő²⁵. Although knew from my former reconnoiterings that the Nyárád could be crossed in some places with the legs of pants tucked up, but in relation to the Küküllős had no information.

For safety reasons, i had not made an abstract of data from the railroad guide. At the same time, in opposition to my previous illegal fleeing at-

21 Read approximately: 'buzɔha:zɔ. In the romanian language: Grăușor.

22 Read approximately: 'kiʃkɔpuʃ. In the romanian language: Copșa Mică. Small town in a straight line at around 220 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

23 Read approximately: 'nɔgyseben. In the romanian language: Sibiu. Big town in a straight line at around 190 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

24 Read approximately: 'kiʃkikillɔ:. In the romanian language: Târnava Mică.

25 Read approximately: 'nɔgykikillɔ:. In the romanian language: Târnava Mare.

tempt, had not taken along a single map either. Had memorized the essential railroad and geographical data, as well as directions of march. Had counter-checked their acquirement several times. Certain map elements constituted my orientation system. Needed that in order to be able to estimate how long way had done, at what distance was from my intermediate targets, and to foresee their approximate reaching time.

My upper clothing was made up of one of my khaki shirts, the khaki pull-over and the camouflaging waistcoat. Between 1978 and 1979, during doing my military service, one could get from the barracks a soldier shirt on the black market. But at that time i did not need it, and did not agree with the method either. Thereafter, however, to my surprise, it appeared in the trade of Marosvásárhely, and my mother purchased two pieces. Bought the waistcoat pied in natural colors for around 100 lei in december 1986 or at the beginning of 1987 in Marosvásárhely in the Kossuth²⁶ street on my way back from work. The mountaineering clod-crushers were bought around 1983 by the group-fellow of my sister from Szászrégen²⁷ in the exhibition shop of the shoe factory there for approximately 600 lei. Allegedly, it was made to an american order on the basis of an american design. Its original form seemed to corroborate this. I made use of it for the first time. Was under the impression that partly not my feet, but they themselves carried me forward.

Got to a top. Grass, shrubs and shrubberies overgrew it sparsely. The bald surface of the following hill showed at around 1 kilometer. The sky was greyly cloudy. There was rain in the air. On its other edge, sat down and began studying the wide valley.

Slightly on the right from my planned direction of march, a village was situated.²⁸ There struck my eye a double row of willows coming out of it. It made smaller or greater curves on the light green agricultural land.

A brook or a river — thought. ... If a railroad runs beside it, then it is the Kisküküllő.

With an increased attention, began scrutinizing the terrain, searching after the railroad line 307. Beheld its indistinct embankment followed by black poles under the opposite hill.

I have attained the Kisküküllő! — established, rejoicing and a little being surprised. ... Did not count on this ... But where is the highroad?!

Nowhere was it visible. On the left, a narrower road led over the river.

A bridge! — thought, with an accomplished happiness. ... I do not have to take the risk of the natural crossing in this cheerless weather! ... Up!

Stood up, and began descending in the direction of the bridge,

26 Read approximately: 'kofut. At present: Călărașilor.

27 Read approximately: 'sa:sre:gen. In the romanian language: Reghin.

28 Probably Széplak. Read approximately: 'se:plak. In the romanian language: Suplac.

obliquely down on the slope. It was growing dusk. Newer houses viewed. The highroad cropped up as well. Leaving the village it ran just under the hill. The narrower road proved to be the right branch of a bifurcation of its. I turned to the left, in order to remove myself from the inhabited area.

The 307 linked Balázsfalva²⁹ and Parajd^{30 31}. I had excluded also this railroad line from my plan, because of the small number of trains running on it, as well as its nearness to Marosvásárhely. At the same time, it met Dicsőszentmárton³², where the trains stooped more time. Namely, i had been an employee for more than half a year in that town, and day after day had to go before the station-building. For this reason, had been afraid of that could have come upon a contact or could have been recognized there.

Got down to the highroad. Looked to the left and right. Did not observe a vehicle. Did not see a human either. Crossed it. Let myself down from the embankment. Marched onwards on a footpath leading towards the bridge across the sprouting grain-field.

I approached the river. Its level had raised above the normal one. Clambered up the embankment of the road. Its old pavement covered with asphalt came to an end after the bridge. Looked to the right. The slow rolling and whirling flowing of the turbid water of the river around 6 meters wide indicated a considerable depth.

I could hardly cross it — thought.

The rubbled road ran on in a straight line. At around 200 meters, by the side of the railroad, houses were visible. In front of one of them, a woman person stood in the twilight. As if she had been looking steadily at me.

I will not pass by under her very nose! — thought. ... Even so have rather deviated from my planned path.

Turned to the right. Proceeded on my way in the vicinity of the Kisküküllő on a footpath.

Approached the railroad. On its other side, buildings lay. A brook of rapid flowing obstructed my way. Got up on the embankment. Marched on pacing on the wooden ties.

Got to the foot of the hill. It had already grown obscure. Came to a halt, and looked back. A building was not visible.

It is time to take my planned direction of march! — thought.

29 Read approximately: 'bɔla:ʒɔlvɔ. In the romanian language: Blaj. Small town in a straight line at around 210 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

30 Read approximately: 'pɔrɔyd. In the romanian language: Praid. Village in a straight line at around 300 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

31 [6]

32 Read approximately: 'ditʃa:sentma:rton. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrnăveni, Târnăveni. Small town in a straight line at around 245 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

Swung to the left. Lifted my eyes onto the slope. It looked to be a huge pyramid. It sparkled homogeneously. Scarcely detached itself from the cloudy firmament.

It is much better than the wood — thought.

Took out the pocket-lamp, and activated the compass. Let myself down from the stony embankment. Began climbing. It unevenly ascended.

Reached a horizontal terrain section. It sank a little.

My stock of water is giving out — thought. ... Is not there some water hereabouts?

Took the pocket-lamp out of the pocket, and flashed a beam of light on the soil. In a little hole, clear water gleamed.

Here, i cannot scoop water with the bottle — established. ... But at least must take the opportunity of drinking!

Crouched down, set down the pocket-lamp on the ground, so that it illuminated to the hole, in the two flats of the hand closed the maximum possible quantity of water, and as far as could drank up its content.

The steepness of the slope commenced to lessen. In addition to the stamped-down grass, i perceived no vegetation though, was under the impression that something was permanently standing round me, which i was looking at, but not seeing, which i was listening to, but not hearing, which i was fumbling about, but not touching, that was having neither front, nor end, that in its spatial stationary character seemed to bring about the failure of my efforts of advancement, as if i had made no headway. The terrain became horizontal.

On the left side, a point of light appeared. I came to a standstill. It was down in the valley. Did not travel. A hardly audible rumbling murmur came from it. Started on.

At times, i stumbled against the soil imperceptibly salient in front of me. But did not have a fall. It did not do damage to the clod-crushers, and they reacted befittingly to a collision: parried the shocks and prevented the developing falls.

The rumbling murmur was growing in volume. The light, disappearing from time to time, was getting nearer. From beside it, at times diverging cones rose towards the sky at the light velocity, vanishing in the almighty dark. They dated back and forth, till held off.

As if one electro-welded — thought.

From time to time, i came to a halt, and kept close watch on the bizarre phenomenon. But was unable to identify its nature.

Taking a long step, my right sole reached the ground of a deeper terrain section. I almost fell. There just remained time to pull the left leg under me. Stepped on, but the clod-crushers came into collision with the wall of

the depression. With the hands, parried the falling.

Crawled out. With fumbling steps, marched on in the invisible. The terrain became rougher and rougher. Sometimes, experienced similar depressions. The surface of the soil changed irregularly. At intervals, got into so much peculiar situations that the fumbling proved to already be insufficient, and was under the necessity of using the pocket-lamp as well, in order to somewhat find my way.

There struck my ear a wild squeaking of soil and grass pressing down under the clod-crushers.

Water! — thought.

Illuminated the bottom of the depression. But its spectrum was dominated by the green.

The rumbling murmur faded away. Looked back. The light was not already visible either. Took out the compass. Its frequent use further complicated my advancement.

A wire-netting fence appeared in front of me. Halted short. On the upper part of the piles, there strained barbed wire. It was up to my chest. From behind it, a thick vegetation looked black over me ominously. Shuddered.

What is that?! — raised i the question to myself, staring at it. ... A pine plantation.

Swinging slightly to the left, started on beside the fence. The terrain became even. Time after time looking to the right, tried to find out the secrets of the new phenomenon. At times, it became sparse and the individual specimens became visible. They stood on a slope descending steeply. Farther below, disappeared in their own thick.

Came to a halt, took out the compass, and with the pocket-lamp flashed a beam of light on it. My planned direction of march led down on the hill obliquely.

Should i climb the fence? — raised the question to myself. ... It is not sure that am able to do it ... But the slope is steep, and i may get caught in the plantation as well ... Will try to round it!

Started on.

Pricked up my ears to a noise of vehicle. It came from slightly the right from the distance. I halted, and swung towards it. Its lights did not come out. It was growing in volume on and on, filling the entire valley.

I am high — thought. ... It is a fact that down in the valley a road runs ... A concrete road, as the vehicle runs rather rapidly ... It seems that its direction roughly coincides with my planned direction of march ... It may be that will try to increase my rate of advance marching on it, as it has

practically no traffic.

Proceeded on my way.

There emerged the end of the plantation. Its fence ran down at right angle on the hill-slope. Behind it, there was visible a stripe of earth brought into small pieces around 1 meter wide. At the corner, i turned slightly to the right, and began descending.

Saw nothing. Paced uncertainly. The steepness of the slope suddenly increased. With the right foot stepping forward, had a slide.

Enough! — thought. ... I will not risk my corporal integrity! ... Furthermore, the speed of the nightly march is not sufficient ... The time of the great trial has come: is it possible at the end of march to sleep out of doors at night-time? ... Do i have sufficient articles of clothing for this? ... Where should dispose my resting-place? ... On this open bald terrain, the safest is behind the fence, among the trees ... No doubt that the stripe was not made for exploring frontierists.³³

Turned back. Approached the fence of the descending slope. It was slightly lower than on the top. Took off the rucksack, and put it over it. Climbed into, being careful not to leave whole footprints. Changed the place of my baggage to the grass. With the feet and the hands, strove to bring the stripe in its original condition.

On the fringe of the plantation, the pines stood sparsely. Went farther into it approximately horizontally. The terrain was uneven. Fat grass overgrew it. Felt about a less steep place. Took out two foils. Laid them out in the direction of the descent in front of a bole. Unwrapped the sleeping-bag. Placed it on them.

Got on the sweater and the overcoat. Put on the woolen cap. Took off the clod crushers. Placed them under the rucksack.

Slipped into the sleeping-bag. Pulled the hood on my head. Remained lying on the back. Felt the cold only with the face. With an increased interest and mild excitement, was waited to see whether my clothing would be capable of protecting me from it in my state of repose as well.

The heat formed by moving had escaped from under my clothes, but i still not felt cold. A germ of happiness took root in me. Closing my eyes, let myself be seized by the tiredness and the sleepiness.

33 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang "frontierist". [Read approximately: frontie'rist.] In the penal institutions of the romanian communist state, but mainly in its prisons, the criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude so called the persons gotten there for illegal frontier crossing or the attempt of it. Extending the extension of this notion to those who had served the punishment, as well as to also those who had illegally gotten to the Occident, by "frontierist" i mean a person directly or indirectly dissatisfied with the totalitarian regime of his or her state who, in order to get rid of that and to settle down in a democratic country, illegally crossed or tried to cross the frontier illegally, by so doing having risked his or her freedom, corporal integrity and life.

Woke up often. On rolling sideways, or on lying flat to the belly, slid downhill perceptively until reached the tree with the soles. In this manner, had to exert myself in a measure in order to keep my position. The situation of my heat sensations was not changing. The partiality of the resting and sleeping was considerably compensated by my happiness in the course of developing.

Woke up to rain. It was slightly more than drizzling. The wind blew as well. Did still not felt cold. Sat up. Took out the other two foils. Spread them on the sleeping-bag. Tried on sleeping.

Often had to set the foils right. One was swept away by the wind. Got up. Put on the clod-crushers. Went after it.

A foil fled up. Looked after it. Around 10 meters farther down, it got caught in the leafage of a pine. It was already scarcely raining.

For the moment, will not fetch it! — thought, and lay down again.

Waking up, opened my eyes. The day was breaking. It was not raining. Stood up. Felt rested and was not cold. A happiness filled me.

I have solved the key issue of my illegal fleeing attempt! — thought. ... Am capable of sleeping outside! ... Am capable of spending a few days in the nature! ... Am capable of reaching such a station which the “hydra” had it not controlled! ... Am capable of approaching and reconnoitering the frontier the safest possible! ... Am capable of leaving under its tentacles the romanian communist state!

Having climbed out of the plantation, looked round. Stood on a high ridge. Outside of the fence, the tract was almost everywhere barren under the completely gray sky. Nevertheless, as compared to the nightly darkness, the morning cloudy light gave the impression of friendliness to me. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Took up my direction of march, and began descending.

Halted short. In front of me, there yawned an earth-fall cleft around 40 meters deep.

In the evening, not much was lacking for a good-sized tumble of mine! — thought.

3. Agent of the “hydra”?

In the afternoon, i was marching on a sunlitly grassy hill-slope. It le-niently descended from the left to the right. Hives appeared in front of me. Did not observe bees. Passed by them. From the right, an isolated house came in sight. It lay down at around 100 meters. In front of it, approximately five shepherd dogs with dark fur bustled about. Halted short.

I do not think — was thinking — that they would go against me.

Went on unchanged. Time and again, looked at the house. The dogs had not perceptibly reacted to my presence. Getting almost in one line with the house, in the door a middle-aged person made his appearance. He wore rustic clothes, on his head he had a felt hat. He held his look on me.

He has already observed me from inside — thought. ... It is strange that he is more vigilant than his dogs!

“Good afternoon!” said i, in the romanian language.

He did not return my greeting, but kept looking at me. Beginning re-moving from the house, i took my eyes off him.

“Where are you going?” asked he, in the romanian language, in a sus-picious tone, in a style experienced on some persons of the authorities as well.

If i were sincere — was thinking — should answer that to Belgrade³⁴ ... But then it would become evident to him that i want to illegally cross the frontier, that am not only a curious nature lover, but also committing an act officially qualified as a crime.

“I am taking a trip,” answered, without making a halt.

“Where are you taking a trip to?!” insisted he, with a voice raised a lit-tle.

“... To the nature,” said i, and nodded towards the hill in front of me.

“Where to the nature?!” asked he, in a tone expressing discontented-ness and a mild indignation. “... To America?! ... As far as that, there is some more left! ... As far as that, there is a bit some more left!”

His last words irradiated ridicule and malevolence. He set his dogs at me. They commenced to bark, and started towards me in a slow double-quick pace. Knowing their behavior generally, i did not get frightened. But had never had to do with so many shepherd dogs at the same time. I halted, swung towards them, and waited motionless.

They approached me only at around 5 meters. Looked at me gently, turned their heads to the right and left, gave barks from time to time. The master waited with interest the developments. I stood on motionless. The initial violence of the dogs got mild, they wagged the tails again and again, indicating that making friends was not excluded either.

34 In the serbo-croatian language: Beograd. The capital of Yugoslavia.

In a tone giving the impression of mercy, the master called them back. The dogs turned round, and removed themselves from me. Turning slightly to the left, i began climbing the slope.

Was he not an agent of the “hydra”? — raised the question to myself. ... Why had he to make mention of “America”?! ... It may be that up to now he has never seen anyone hereabouts going by with a rucksack on the back ... In this manner, i could indeed appear to him as one wandering from home and making his way to the New World.

4. The first night in sleeping-bag

Tuesday, 31 march 1987. The clouds had broken in some measure. The sun still illumined the tract from the west. I climbed on a steep slope among oak-trees, waiting for its reemergence.

I was drawing near to the third element of my orientation system of the first route section to be done marching, the Nagyküküllő. Earlier, had already noticed the rattling of a train passing on the railroad line 300³⁵ running in its valley. At this time, i was before the visual corroboration of the information obtained by my auditive sense.

Getting to the top, the wood came to an end. From the leaf-litter, went on the grass. On the left, the edge of the small plateau was visible. On the right, it extended along the wood. In front of me, from under the following forest-clad hill-slope, the valley gradually unfolded itself. A meandering double row of willows struck my eye.

The Nagyküküllő! — thought.

It was bordered by stripes of light-greening agricultural grounds. Caught sight of the railroad as well. It ran on its opposite bank, under the forest. Houses came in sight. Increasing in number continually, they spread to a village as far as the foot of the hill. In front of me, the terrain commenced to descend steeply. Halted. As if had been in a tower. Behind the first row of houses, a concrete road was visible. On a fenceless grassy part of terrain, it was accessible.

I will take my stand on the principle — was thinking — that keep out of my way the localities!

Turned back. Entered the wood, and turned to the left.

For my first illegal frontier crossing, i was sentenced to 6 months of “imprisonment with serving through corrective labor”. A few days after presenting myself at the place of work, was called to the militia and in the

35 It linked Nagyvárad [Read approximately: 'nɒgyvɑ:rɒd. In the romanian language: Oradea.] and Bucharest, [In the romanian language: București.] the capital of the romanian communist state. [6]

bulletin³⁶ they stamped a seal, which set in writing the interdiction of leaving Marosvásárhely without authorization. That was in force now as well, because i had not served around one month of the penalty. In this manner, the “hydra” had the disposal of a very simple, comfortable and effectual instrument of having me captured: the mere identification.

At its other fringe, went out of the wood. On the edge of the plateau, sat down on the grass. Began studying the terrain. The village had vanished behind the trees on the hill-slope. Slightly on the right in the distance, town buildings were visible.

Meggys! — thought, rejoicing. ... I have put across my plan exactly ... Now, only a bridge is already wanting.

From the direction of the town, took under examination the line of the river. On a nearer point of it, a pipe looking tinny passed in the form of an inverted U over the meandering rows of willows.

That is not suitable for traversing — thought.

In front of me, beheld a footpath. It ran out of the village, and tended towards the river. At its opposite end from among the willows sensation snatches of a foot-bridge struck my eye. Rejoiced.

Also the last river obstacle has brushed aside in my way! — thought, being satisfied. ... How should i approach it without attaining the village? ... Turning to the right, will go down cautiously from the hill, cross the road, cut across the agricultural land, and on the bank of the river will turn to the left.

Took out the bottle. Drank a few swallows of water. Stood up. Adjusted the rucksack on my back. Began descending on the slope.

It descended steeply. Was mostly overgrown with grass. On the left, trees stood thickly. Every now and then, let my feet in a slow double quick pace in order to reduce the expenditure of energy and quicken my advance. At the foot of the hill, a lane led. Getting down on it, turned to the left.

Reached the concrete road. It ascended in the direction of the village. Looked to the left. Only a few houses were visible at around 50 meters. From the right, three persons came on foot on the opposite edge. One of them rolled a bicycle.

I will not cross yet — was thinking — as would cause sensation! ... For that matter, it might be as well to better remove myself from the inhabited area.

Turned to the right on the edge of the concrete band. The humans had a look at me though, but it seemed that they did not give great attention to me. They passed by me conversing. I was drawing near to a white place-name table with black letters.

36 A translation of the romanian and the romanian hungarian names of the identity book of the romanian communist state. [In the romanian and the romanian hungarian languages: buletin.]

Dîrlos³⁷ — read i.

Looked back. The humans had disappeared behind the ascent. Looked round. No person was visible elsewhere either. Crossed the road. Went down from the embankment. The grain-field sprouted on a soft soil. At its edge, halted.

If i went on it — was thinking — would leave striking tracks ... And should not trample on the cultivated plants either ... Cannot round it?

Looked to the left. There were visible the plowed gardens of the outside houses of the village. Between them and the grain-field, a balk ran archedly. Started on in its direction.

From a chimney, a light blue smoke rose high. My salivary glands commenced to function: i desired the hot food.

Was drawing near to the footpath. Looked to the left and right. Did not see a human. Turned to it. With a mild excitement, enjoyed the advantages of the strip of ground a few decimeters wide beaten by a multitude of humans.

On the narrow bridge, there would hardly have found room two persons side by side. It was sustained by thick wire ropes. Its planking consisted of put-across boards. Despite its name, the Nagyküküllő, namely the Big Küküllő did not seem to be in width bigger than the Kisküküllő, namely the Small Küküllő. But its biscuit water as if had filled up the bed in a greater measure, had flowed slower and more evenly.

What a value is for me this bridge! — thought. ... Without it, i could certainly not reach the other bank ... Nevertheless, can gratuitously have the benefit of the outcome of the labors of the builders, of those who had it built, at last of the taxpayers ... They conquered the river and owing to them i also can now conquer it.

The footpath continued in a lane. On the right side, there lay buildings. Did not see a human.

I had considered the railroad approach of the romanian-yugoslav frontier as being the most perilous on the shortest, namely on the Marosvásárhely-Temesvár route. However, had held its complete avoiding to be a needless safety measure, since in order to lessen the risks i had excluded using the fast trains and the stations or the buildings of those at which they called, and had to advance towards the frontier with the accommodation-trains running on the shortest distances possible. Had only strove to make use of a section of its as short as possible. Accordingly, here had to avoid the 300 as well, in order that could then touch it as part of the Marosvásárhely-Temesvár route on a point of its being much nearer to the frontier, subsequently to traveling on the railroad lines 208 and afterwards on the 200³⁸.

37 Read approximately: 'dîrlos. In the hungarian language: Darlac.

38 It linked Arad [In the romanian language: Arad.] and Brassó. [In the romanian language:

The lane commenced to ascend towards the level of the electrified 300. In spite of the raised barrier, looked to the right and left. Did not see a rail-road vehicle. Passed under the wires. A wider and more modern concrete road came after.

This is the highroad — thought.

It was completely unfrequented. On its other side, there commenced the forest. On the right, it was visible as far as a left curve. From the direction of Meggyes, a person was coming nearer.

Now, i cannot enter the forest inconspicuously! — thought. ... Withdraw myself from his visual field as soon as possible! ... Will sham going to the town!

Looked to the left and right. Did not see a vehicle. Obliquely crossed the road. On its edge, turned to the right. Got by a brooklet. Its crystal-clear water rapidly flowed downhill.

Shall i replenish my water supply? — raised the question to myself. ... No! Would only arouse his curiosity ... My water is enough till the morning, and a brooklet shall still turn up in my way.

He wore a simple town clothing, on his head he had a peaked cap. Did not hurry. I looked him straight in the eye. Turning his head to the right and left, he was shunning my sight, as if i had not interested him in the least degree. We passed by each other wordlessly.

What is he doing here at such a time?! — raised the question to myself. ... He appeared to be common, a little poorish, same as my person, same as the overwhelming majority of the humans, same as the romanian communist state ... Even this empty highroad reflects the general and generalized poverty ... Do not think that he would be an offender ... Consider it impossible that he is an agent of the “hydra”, as in my visual and auditive area there flew by no agricultural airplane, and the fighters were obviously far, i did not even see, only heard them, and furthermore was hiding from before them ... But cannot exclude the possibility that he is a squealer ... I think am aware of him, as he could be of me ... In his eyes, i am certainly not a less curious phenomenon either ... Does he not watch me?

Looked back. He proceeded on his way seemingly unchanged.

The time has come to look for a place suitable for sleeping! —thought.

Turned off the road. Entered the wood. Its terrain proved to be horizontal.

Here i will settle myself! — thought. ... Just better remove myself from the road!

I lay on the back, and stretched myself out. A gloomy silence conquered my surroundings. Although had unwrapped the sleeping-bag on a place more closely surrounded by trees, because of my consciousness of

fencelessness felt less secure.

Shall not some sorts of animals approach me?! — raised the question to myself.

Looked sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. At times, sat up and examined round the terrain. But, in addition to the quiet boles and branches hardly distinguishable in the dark going from deep to deeper, saw nothing and heard nothing.

Woke up. It was light. Gray-brownish streaks stretching upwards thinning, then stretching themselves out caught in a mesh the space drawing my eye. Being surprised, sat up quickly.

Where am i?! — raised the question to myself. ... Ah, sure, here reposed myself in the evening ... It was in no way inferior to the sleeping in a bed! ... Nature has proved to be more peaceful than the micro-society surrounding me usually ... Not only it is not a means of the “hydra”, but also it provides protection against it.

5. An agent of the “hydra”

Thursday, 2 april 1987. I was sitting in a compartment of an old-type carriage of a local service to Kudzsir³⁹. All the seats were occupied. The incandescent bulb was not lit, as generally, it was dark. Striving to sleep, fell into a slumber from time to time.

According to the schedule, the train touched the 200 in Alvinc⁴⁰, on the route Marosvásárhely-Temesvár, then in Alkenyér⁴¹ it turned it off. The fast trains called at both stations. The reason why i had to get off at one of the three stopping-places between them.

Woke up. The train stood. Heard from travelers hustling in the lateral passage that it was in Alkenyér.

Shall i go one more stopping-place? — raised the question to myself. ... Would marching return to the 200, to the station after Alkenyér ... But know neither the terrain, nor the direction of march ... Have to get off!

Sprang up, caught the rucksack, went out of the compartment, and asked the people to make way, advanced towards the door.

39 Read approximately: 'kudzir. In the romanian language: Cugir. Small town in a straight line at around 150 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

40 Read approximately: 'alvints. In the romanian language: Vințu de Jos. Village in a straight line at around 175 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

41 Read approximately: 'alkenyer. In the romanian language: Șibot. Village in a straight line at around 160 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

Stepped down from the two-stepped side-stairs. It was still completely dark. The weather had cooled down, it was colder than the preceding day in the morning. Looked at the watch. It was a few minutes past 6 hours.

In this darkness and cold, i am not in the least inclined to go on foot as far as the following station — thought. ... What if would remain here?! ... It is not good to overdo the safety measures either ... Will stay in Alkenyér!

Started towards the old and high station-building. Neither beside, nor on, nor in it was there a light. The lightness of its creamy wall made it visible the doors and window-frames painted dark green seeming black.

Entered the waiting-room. There flooded me the pleasant warm of its smellily close air. On the benches placed under the walls, travelers were sitting side by side. On the left, the barred window of the ticket-office was visible. Inside, darkness dominated as well.

Where is the schedule? — raised i the question to myself.

I observed it being displayed against the wall. Went there. Began studying it. Found out that after a fast train to Temesvár an accommodation-one to Soborsin⁴² would arrive at 8 hours and 16 minutes.⁴³

This shall just fit — thought. ... Its direction is misleading, and i can buy the ticket in a misleading direction as well ... Will get off in Marosillye⁴⁴, and attain Hunyaddobra⁴⁵ on foot ... And now, should sit down to sleep.

Looked round. Opposite to the door, there were a number of vacant places. Went there. Sat down behind a small table. Reclined my head against the wall, and closed my eyes.

There constituted parts of my second illegal-fleeing plan the names of those stations being in a misleading direction to which i had to buy the tickets in various situations. Had learned these by heart. In the case of the accommodation-train to Soborsin, had appointed Zám⁴⁶. It not only differed from my intermediate target, Marosillye, but also signaled misleadingly on my route. Namely, there had to deviate towards Temesvár, the romanian-yugoslav frontier on the railroad line 212, while Zám followed after it on the 200, in the direction of Arad⁴⁷, the romanian-hungarian fron-

42 Read approximately: 'foborfin. In the romanian language: Săvârșin. Village in a straight line at around 115 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

43 The P 2041. [6] During the reconstruction of the happenings, the Railroad Guide 1986/1987 was not at my disposal. Although the above moment probably deviates with a few minutes from the one being valid at that time, from the point of view of the reconstruction of the events the margin is not essential.

44 Read approximately: 'mărofiyye. In the romanian language: Ilia. Village in a straight line at around 135 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

45 Read approximately: 'hunycddobr. In the romanian language: Dobra. Village in a straight line at around 125 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

46 Read approximately: 'za:m. In the romanian language: Zam. Village in a straight line at around 125 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

47 Read approximately: 'arad. In the romanian language: Arad. Big town in a straight line at around

tier.

The door opened. I opened my eyes. An middle-aged person around 180 centimeters tall made his appearance. He wore a well-worn brown coat, on his head he had a peaked cap. Closed the door, halted, and looked round. His eyes fastened on me for a moment. He started towards the center of the waiting-room. Sat down on the unoccupied seat beside me. I resumed my sleeping attempt.

“Where’re you going?” pricked up i my ears, to a scarcely audible voice.

Opened my eyes. Slightly on the left, someone stood by swung towards me. With my sleepy look, lifted my eyes on him. Recognized the peaked-capped person, whom had seen entering earlier. With his jaw drawn in, he was looking steadily at me.

“Where’re you going?” repeated he, almost whispering.

“To Zám,” said i, in the most natural manner possible.

“To the hospital?” asked he, with a slightly changing facial expression and tone.

“Yes,” answered i, without hesitation, although did not know that there was a hospital in Zám.

He left the waiting-room.

This person is probably a part of the exploration machine — was thinking — which the “hydra” has set going after my departure in the stations at which the fast trains call ... But if he had the disposal of my description, why he needed to put me questions?! ... Probably, as photos and texts do not ensure the recognition ... At the same time, i have cut my mustache, the cap covers a part of my head as well, and the features of my face are not completely individual either ... Now he has gone away in all certainty to inform the Securitate, and ask for new instructions ... I was after Alkenyér! ... But the fact that have already been on the march the fourth day, together with the misleading information shall disguise me in the eyes of the “hydra” ... If leave now, shall only give myself away!

Put down my arms on the table, laid my head on them and dozed on.

Somebody patted my arm. I took alarm, yet without giving its utterance.

Maybe it is the militia! – presented itself the idea in me.

Lifted my eyes. The person wore civilian clothes, on his head he had not a cap.

“Sir, i’m sorry,” was he saying, “i must take along the table!”

“Please!” replied i, with an increased politeness, by this means giving

expression to my relief.

I leant back, and closed my eyes.

Woke up to a talk noise. In front of the ticket-office, a number of humans formed a queue. Stood up, and joined it. The peaked-capped person stayed in the hall. Tactfully, he was paying a marked attention to me.

“Where will you ask it?” asked me the lady ticket clerk.

“To Zám,” said i, rather loudly, in order that also the peaked-capped person heard it.

Paid the ticket. Put it in the pocket. Sat down on the bench again.

It is a favorable circumstance — was thinking — that there is a hospital in Zám ... And it is more favorable that with his question the person betrayed that ... If he had asked with “where” henceforward, then i would have thought about the answer, which probably would not have been satisfactory anyway, and with that i would have given myself away ... The best thing to do would have been, if i had remained on the train till the following way-station, and from there had come back with the first service on one of the three suitable stations.

The fast train 345 — was it resounding from the loud-speaker — from the direction of Iași-Paşcani-Suceava-Vatra Dornei⁴⁸-Dés⁴⁹-Kolozsvár⁵⁰-Székelyföldvár⁵¹-Tövis⁵²-Gyulafehérvár⁵³-Alvinc shall draw in the station on the track 2, and shall leave on in the direction of Piski⁵⁴-Déva⁵⁵-Marosillye-Lugos⁵⁶-Borzás⁵⁷-Temesvár.

The waiting-room became for the most part empty. The peaked-capped person remained in.

He typically looks — was thinking — as those, who co-operate with the regime, or have a leaning towards that ... His facial expression is cold and indifferent ... It refers to that above his personal interests certain moral values are inferior to him ... His moving is quick and resolute, he looks down his nose at ... As if felt superior, as if liked to have domination

48 Read approximately: yafy-paf'kany-su'tʃeΛVA-ˈvatraˈdorney.

49 Read approximately: 'de:ʃ. In the romanian language: Dej.

50 Read approximately: 'koloʒva:r. In the romanian language: Cluj-Napoca.

51 Read approximately: 'se:keyföldva:r. In the romanian language: Războieni.

52 Read approximately: 'təviʃ. In the romanian language: Teiuș.

53 Read approximately: 'gyulʃehe:rva:r. In the romanian language: Alba Iulia.

54 Read approximately: 'piʃki. In the romanian language: Simeria. Small town in a straight line at around 150 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

55 Read approximately: 'de:və. In the romanian language: Deva. Big town in a straight line at around 145 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

56 Read approximately: 'lugof. In the romanian language: Lugoj. Town in a straight line at around 70 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

57 Read approximately: 'borza:ʃ. In the romanian language: Buziaș. Small town in a straight line at around 50 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

... His clothing is well-worn and he cries poverty ... It is not difficult to interest such a person under such economic, social and political circumstances ... Especially if he likes the drink: for half a liter of plum-brandy he can do many things ... Or in excess of the portion, there are capable of also rousing him to action one or two kilograms of sugar, flour or rice, one or two liters of oil, or one or two pats of butter ... Or only the good will of the authorities may also be profitable to him.

The fast train pulled off from the station. The peaked-capped person left the waiting-room.

He controlled — was thinking — that i am going towards Soborsin indeed ... Seemingly, he is engaged in coming out to the station before the drawing in of the fast trains going towards the frontier, spies out and squeals the frontierists ... But Alkenyér is a small locality! ... And not far away there are Alvinc and Piski, where fast trains call as well! ... Do not think that so many people flee Alkenyér and its zone that his deed be justified! ... Or, extending this to the level of the whole country, do not think that the illegal fleeing phenomenon take such a great dimension in the romanian communist state! ... So, he is evidently an agent of the “hydra” ... And then, the question arises again: why did he need to put me questions? ... Just in order to disguise himself, to give me the impression of that he has not come out to the station to squeal me in person as a frontierist, but regardless of person he squeals all frontierists ... The paradox of the situation is that he has given away himself before me just with this disguising attempt! ... Because if the “hydra” had me squealed and captured without a spying play, and generally without any personalization, such an action, namely the sudden appearance of the militiamen without any prologue, would appear before me in its naked truth, namely as a persecution of a personal purpose performed by an impersonal being, and through my written statement before other persons as well ... I owe exactly to this need of disguising that they cannot capture me, as the destination of Zám serves for an alibi, and if in spite of the fact they captured me, they would annul their own mask ... Namely, according to the disguising scenario, the person playing the part of the squealer of frontierists cannot squeal me, as because of my destination of Zám he cannot disguisedly consider me a frontierist ... And he did everything possible in the interest of that he could disguisedly squeal me: at first he inquired about my destination, afterwards controlled my ticket buying, then sat out the departure of the Temesvár fast train as well ... And if i had not bought the ticket for Zám, or had gotten on the fast train, then certainly he could and also would have squealed me already, as with my assertion of untruth so established by him i would have given away to him my quality of frontierist ... Further, after the Zámian misleading also the frightening person could have squealed me, if i had manifested my relative fright before him, as then he could have given the

motives of his squealing with that i made myself suspicious in his eyes with my getting frightened ... Make a little move! ... Cannot sleep any more.

Stood up. Went out to the courtyard. It was already full daylight. The frightening person was vending flat doughs fried in oil on the table.

“Three pieces!” said i, and took out a bank-bill of ten lei.

“Six lei.”

He took hold of the requested products in a sheet of grease-proof paper, and handed them over. I started downwards⁵⁸. Began eating. It proved to be curdy. On the first trackway, a freight train was drawn in. Having approached its huge electric locomotive, measured it up. To my knowledge, it was produced in Craiova⁵⁹ on the basis of a swedish license.

A symbol of the anti-soviet national secret policy of the “hydra” — thought. ... Its plant could not be built by accident the farthest possible from the Soviet Union.

Pricked up my ears to the signal announcing trains. Started towards the building.

The accommodation-train 4036 — commenced to speak the loud-speaker — from the direction of Marosvásárhely-Székelyföldvár- Tövis-Gyulafehérvár-Alvinc shall draw in the station on the track 3, and shall leave on to the direction of Piski-Déva-Marosillye-Soborsin.

Quickened. Entered the waiting-room. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Left the building.

I will go ahead — was thinking — in order that in Marosillye on getting down be as far as possible from the station-building in my direction of march!

On the second platform, turned to the left. The train pulled in. It had carriages of three compartments.

I got on the first carriage. Entered the rear compartment. It was empty. Went in the interspace of the pair of seats beside the door on my right side. Put the rucksack up on the baggage-grid. Sat down at the window with my face backwards. Looking steadily at the station courtyard, resumed eating.

According to my plan, i could not make use of the station-building of Marosillye, because there the fast trains called. Its relatively small dimensions and my former experiences indicated that its passenger traffic was insignificant. For this reason, did not consider the complete avoiding of that station as being necessary. Had to marching get as far as the following halting-place of the railroad line 212, Hunyaddobra.

Observed nothing liable to suspicion. The train pulled out.

58 Alkenyér lies in the basin of Maros [In the romanian language: Mureş.] flowing in the direction of the frontier.

59 Read approximately: kpa'yova. Big town in the south-western part of the romanian communist state.

Shall the alibi of Zám have the effect indeed? — raised i the question to myself, with a mild excitement. ... It remains to be seen.

In a station, the train was stopping strikingly much. Beside the second carriage, i beheld a person on the platform, as he removed himself from it a little, swinging towards the locomotive halted, put his hands back, and placed himself in a straddle position. He wore a dark blue balloon-cloth raincoat, on his head he had a black beret. The conductor also appeared by him.

As if he were a military officer dressed in civilian clothes — thought. ... It is visible also from his manners and clothing that he is an inspector ... Is there any relationship between him and the spying person? ... If yes, then that cannot be nothing else, but the Securitate of the “hydra”!

I was sitting leant back, with my hands in the pockets. Held the ticket in the hollow of my right hand. The door opened. The inspector made his appearance in it. His fixed and harsh look had me trembled.

As if he were a Securitate officer! — thought.

The conductor accompanied him. I took up the normal sitting position, and took my hands out of the pockets. I zealously handed the ticket to him, although he did not get to me yet. With some holding back, he was coming nearer with a suspicious look. Took it away, eyed it, with a jotter made a mark on it, gave it back, and turning round left. I felt relief.

It seems — was thinking — that his mission is only the inspection of the train ... The way towards the frontier is clear!

Sat ahead a little, leant back, thrust my hands into the pockets, and viewed with satisfaction as i removed at high speed from the earthly objects visible through the window. The rays of the rising celestial sun stressed and increased the improvement of my mood.

I am drawing near to the frontier — thought, with a growing optimism. ... Not slowly, marching, but quickly, going by train.

The train commenced to slow down before Marosillye. Stood up. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Went out to the passage. Opened the door on the right side. Leaving the station-building on the left side, stood on the lower step of the side-stairs. It calling, jumped down.⁶⁰

A stationary freight train blocked my way. I climbed it. In the belief of my complete screening, was marching forward with hurried steps. On my right side, the track became empty. Turning to the right, crossed the remaining rails. From the area of the station, turned off to a meadow.

60 According to schedule, the train had to arrive at 9 hours and 47 minutes. [6]

6. Across the Maros⁶¹ bridge

I was marching in the direction of Hunyaddobra between the railroad lines 212 and 200 leading close to each other. From the left, huge bridge-railings came in sight.

The 212 runs over the Maros — established.

Reached the bridge. It was drizzling. The river seemed around 100 meters wide. The sidewalk proved to be rather rottenly old and incomplete.

Its planks may broke under my feet — thought. ... I am under the necessity of proceeding on the railroad.

Between the rails, a line of steel-plates around half a meter wide placed lengthwise ran along. I went on it. Followed with attention my clod-crushers so as not to have a fall missing my footing, get a strain or a foot be caught. Between the wooden ties, the river was constantly visible. Its yellowish-brownish muddy mass of water relatively rapidly streamed-swirled from the left to the right. It made a terrific impression on me. Heard only its murmur. Came to a halt. Looked up ahead and behind.

What if a train came now?! — raised i the question to myself.

Cast my eyes backwards over the bridge, imagining a locomotive rushing on it. Was seized by a blood-curdling feeling.

If perceived it only on its touching the bridge — was thinking — i would have no time left for drawing aside!

Proceeded on my way. Now and then, the impression struck me that the bridge swam from the right to the left over the surface of the water. At times, felt giddy. Often, halted and controlled my front and rear sky-line.

7. What kinds of foodstuffs shall i have in Lugos?

With the rucksack on my back, i was standing at the end of the lateral passage of the last carriage of an accommodation-train to Lugos, looking on the sunlit tract moving in the window from the right to the left more and more slowly with the increasing of the height. According to the traveling experiences of my student years between the entrance examination in july 1978 and the finishing of my studies in june 1984, the trains running between Marosillye and Lugos were always formed of such carriages of old type. There appeared the first buildings of the town.

It commenced to slow down. I opened the door. With the face forward, stood on the side-step. Following a few trackways forwarder, the main

61 Read approximately: 'mɔrof. In the romanian language: Mureş.

building of the station dominated the view of Lugos. It calling, stepped down on the bare soil.⁶² Crossed the rails. Mingled in the crowd of humans flocking out through the lateral gate.

Leaving the station, i turned to the left on the sidewalk. Began keeping watch on the names and show-windows of the shops.

On my planned route, Lugos was the locality where had to buy food-stuffs. Though the volume of the supply constituted a matter of my plan as well, in the interest of creating the go-through-ability of the unfavorable eventualities had to start marching towards the frontier with the volume of food as big as possible. For this purpose, had not only to completely exploit the capacity of the rucksack, but also to make purchases on such a place that after it and before getting down the last train i did not have to nourish myself. Because from Lugos, could reach Resicabánya⁶³ — the planned starting-point of my marching — in a few hours, this purchasing scene met the above requirement. At the same time, being smaller and farther from the frontier, judged it as being more advantageous as well from the point of view of my legal safety. Namely, in a big town i considered my coming upon a contact, or recognition by an agent of the “hydra”, and nearer the frontier my identification by a militia patrol as being more probable.

On the left side, a cafeteria came in sight. I was desirous of hot food.

Here, i will eat! — decided.

Entered it. Took a tray. Began examining the buffet. Put on it dishes of the highest caloric value possible: salami with curdled ewe-cheese, meat-ball soup, meat with potatoes, mixed pickles, three rolls of bread and a piece of confectionery. It came to around 35 lei. Put down the tray. Placed my rucksack by the wall. Took up my stand at the table, and began eating.

Notwithstanding that i had lived almost six years from my life around 30 kilometers from the frontier, in addition to the news broadcast by Radio Free Europe too little information, talks or rumors relative to the illegal fleeing had come to my ear. According to those, crossing the frontier meant sure emigration to various countries: Australia, Canada, Holland, Sweden, the United States. Consequently, not only this section of the frontier had mostly been guarded, but also it had mainly been reinforced with diverse means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding.

In the course of my first illegal fleeing attempt, i obtained valuable experiences about the romanian-hungarian frontier. Presuming the relative unity of the frontier-guarding system, considered them as being generally valid. According to one, one could not tracklessly cross on a river-bank either. From another, concluded that at the intersections of rivers and the

62 According to the schedule, the accommodation-train P 2187 had to arrive at 17 hours and 10 minutes. [6]

63 Read approximately: 'reʃitsɒba:nɔɟ. In the romanian language: Reșița. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

frontier there stood watch-towers, as boxes standing on legs around 10 meters high, which made it more difficult and risky the day-time crossing. At the same time, found out the advantages of the river variant: under the screening of the dikes and the vegetation the frontier was approachable in the day-time as well, and the fence was go-round-able.

Could get certain information after my arrestation at the militia and in the prison, where had the opportunity to meet companions in distress. The main content of the relation among us had been constituted by exchanging our experiences.

In the station house of the militia in Nagyvárad⁶⁴, i talked with a companion in distress from Kolozsvár⁶⁵ of hungarian ethnicity. According to his telling, he had crossed the romanian-hungarian frontier in day-time in the zone of Nagykároly⁶⁶. The plowed stripe passed along a wood. Earlier, he had gotten over to the romanian-yugoslav frontier as well, somewhere in the environs of Versec⁶⁷ in a maize-field, at night. At the same place, the officer interrogating me said that there are even four fences at the hungarian-austrian frontier.⁶⁸

In the prison in Nagyvárad, i met a companion in distress from Nagyszeben of german ethnicity. He had made a trial together with his wife, at night. They had been caught prior to having crossed the frontier by the frontier guards. I could also talk with four companions in distress from Élesd⁶⁹ of romanian ethnicity, who were returned from Yugoslavia. The authorities discovered them while on travel to Zagreb in a train. Allegedly, because of their domicile their file was sent to the judiciary in Nagyvárad. As they told, had gotten off the train in Széphely⁷⁰, and started on in a south-westward direction. On the flat terrain, they advanced only in the night, in the day-time rested. Approached the frontier crawling in a single rank not far from a derrick, the first one feeling after the possible strung wire, namely alarming device. The serbs gave 1,000 dinars for 100 lei, with which around 100 kilometers could be traversed.

According to one of my illegal-fleeing principles, both visibility and invisibility were reciprocal, so their advantages and disadvantages were also reciprocal. At the same time, considered it to be riskier to advance at

64 Big town in a straight line at around 8 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier. [2]

65 Big town in a straight line at around 140 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier and around 255 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

66 Read approximately: 'nogyka:roy. In the romanian language: Carei. Small town in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

67 Read approximately: 'verjets. In the serbo-croatianserbo-croatian language: Vršac. Yugoslav town in a straight line at around 13 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

68 In another respect, he did not say a word about the only iron curtain.

69 Read approximately: 'e:lefd. In the romanian language: Aleșd. Small town in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier and around 200 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

70 Read approximately: 'se:phely. In the romanian language: Jebel. Village in a straight line at around 25 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

night on an unknown terrain than in day-time on a known terrain. Accordingly, in the vicinity of the frontier had to perform reconnoitering in order to search the best crossing place. Furthermore, in the dark not only frontier guards, but also various natural factors imperiled: branches, pits, precipices etc. For all these, adhered to creating the possibility of the day-time crossing.

Taking into account my negative experiences relative to the river variant, to my adherence to the day-time crossing, as well as to my requirements relative to the lack of fence and of my tracks, the idea of crossing in a forest had occurred to me. I had foreseen some of its advantages: smaller visibility, in case of shooting the protection of the trees, the sure lack of watch-tower, and the probable lack of fence and plowed stripe. For this reason, univocally chose the forest variant.

The forest map of my big atlas informed me that the romanian-yugoslav frontier ran in a forest only on its section being on the hills of Versec⁷¹. This geographical unit was suitable also because of its relatively hardly passable terrain. Namely, according to my presumption not only fewer frontierists made use of such a zone, but also it could be guarded with more difficulty. And my principle was to lay out the most possible time and power in order to increase the probability of crossing.

Considering its notorious guardedness, the approach of the frontier constituted the basic problem of this illegal-fleeing plan. The chosen frontier section was situated in the zone of Kákófalva⁷² and Varadia⁷³. Kákófalva was directly attainable by a Zsidovin⁷⁴-Oravicabánya⁷⁵ local-service train. But taking into account an experience of mine in 1980 as well, according to which those trains were controlled by frontier guards, I excluded this possibility from my plan.

I had pondered over getting down from the train last in Boksánbánya⁷⁶, and approaching Kákófalva marching on the western side of the Dognácska mountains⁷⁷. However, had judged that this variant was less safe, as its direction forming an acute angle with the frontier the inhabitants of the localities lying along it implied a greater peril. For this reason, had chosen

71 Geographically, these hills appertain to the Versec mountains. [16] I named them "hills of Versec" because my atlas denoted the highest mountain of the tract by the name of "Versec Barrow", and in the vicinity of the frontier there were only hills.

72 Read approximately: 'ka:ko:fo:lvɔ. In the romanian language: Grădinari. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

73 Read approximately: 'vɔ:ɔɖɔ:ɖɔ. In the romanian language: Vărădia. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

74 Read approximately: 'zidovin. In the romanian language: Berzovia. Village in a straight line at around 25 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

75 Read approximately: 'orɔvitsɔba:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Oravița. Small town in a straight line at around 17 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

76 Read approximately: 'bokʃa:nba:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Bocșa. Small town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

77 Read approximately: 'dogna:tʃkɔ. In the romanian language: Munții Dognecei.

Resicabánya for the starting-point of the section of route to be done marching, from where could approach the hills of Versec approximately perpendicularly to the frontier. In order to reach Resicabánya, had to change in Lugos, then in Karánsebes⁷⁸.

Ate my fill. Could not eat everything. Had to leave behind a part of the mashed potatoes and of the pickles, a roll and the piece of confectionery. Two visibly poorer humans hung about next to the entrance with the faces inwards. Having removed myself from the table, one of them immediately stood in my place, and in a selective manner began turning to account my leavings.

He may have been waiting for this moment for some time past — thought.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. The man had a bite of the potatoes with the roll of bread.

The confectionery shall veritably make him happy — thought. ... The happier, the unhappier he is.

In order that my supply be sufficient and varied, i entered all the food shops being in my way. Overlooked their poorish shelves. In a self-service store, bought a tin of tinned fish of 750 grams, three jars of haricot-beans dish of 500 grams, and in its sweets section 250 grams of milky candy. In a greengrocery, spotted jarred haricot-beans dish with pork of 500 grams. In a confectionery, took two bags of honey-cake, a box of chocolate drops, and five pieces of soft-centered chocolates. In general, bread could not be had though, or it was rationed only, in a specialist shop could buy two small loaves, “at free”.

Set the tin of tinned fish in the left lower pocket of the rucksack. Put the candy in the upper one. Placed the six jars into the lower compartment among articles of clothing, in order for them possibly not to brake. In the upper one, there was still left place for the other sweet stuffs and the loaves. The rucksack became full.

I started back. It pleasantly surprised me the degree of supply with foodstuffs of Lugos. Not only the bread, but in a less measure also the other products passed for shortage goods all over the romanian communist state. Was satisfied with both the quality and the quantity of the found foodstuffs.

78 Read approximately: 'kɔra:nʃebɛʃ. In the romanian language: Caransebeș. Small town in a straight line at around 60 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

8. The night of terror

At the lateral gate of the railroad station, i was walking to and fro or standing about on the sidewalk. In accordance with my plan, but mainly drawing a lesson from my experiences in Alkenyér, did not take the liberty to enter its waiting-room. It was a favorable circumstance that it did not rain. Not knowing the schedule, as an accommodation-train broke through from the direction of Temesvár, was under the necessity of directly inquiring about its destination.

It had grown dark. From the right, an accommodation-train drew into. It was formed of light blue double-decker carriages. I entered through the gate. Approached its nearest slab.

Timișoara-Caransebeș — read i off the inscription.⁷⁹

In double-quick, went for the rucksack. Lifted it on to my back.

Got on. In the dark carriage, few humans were visible in the dim light filtering in from outside.

“Are you coming from the mountains?” asked me after a traveler.

“Yes,” said i, without stopping or looking back.

“Is still there snow?”

“There still is ...”

His possible following answer did not come to me, because i had left the scene. The train pulled out.

Ascended to the upper deck. It was empty. In its other end, an incandescent bulb was on. Went to the last seat pair on the left side. Put down the rucksack on an empty place. Sat down in next to the window. From the purse, took out 10 lei, the rough price of the ticket to Karánsebes. Caught it in the hollow of my right hand, thrust my hands into the pockets of the overcoat, and leant back.

Was bound to the environs of Karánsebes by the military exercise held in the spring of 1979. Malingering circumstances of war, being nourished with scarce and cold food, ensured with possibilities of cleaning ourselves conformed to the nature, being quartered in big tents, we were put to hard efforts around 10 days in the nature. Recalling in the memory these experiences unpleasant at that time, but after all turning out to be useful from the point of view of my illegal fleeing attempt, the conductor cropped up at my side.

“The ticket, please!”

Handed the money to him.

“I am going as far as Karánsebes,” said i.

⁷⁹ Read approximately: timi'foARA-KARAN'sebef. According to the schedule, the local-service train C 1578 had to arrive at 20 hours and 44 minutes. [6]

He took it away, looked at it, put it in the pocket, and went on.

Corruptness — was thinking — but the corruptness brought about by a corrupt and corruptible political regime ... And this is good, this is being wanted ... If the society and the human do not make anything against the national secret political power of the “hydra”, at least they weaken its economic power! ... We took back an insignificant part of the money it had exploited from us and from the society.

I heard of the possibility and phenomenon of this kind of traveling by train without a ticket for the first time in 1978, during doing the military service from my to-be university colleagues. It turned out already in the first year of study that this traveling manner was very wide-spread in the circles of the students. At that time, i began applying it as well. Regularly, one had to pay for the conductor around half of the official price of the ticket. In this way, from Marosvásárhely to Temesvár, as against the around 70 lei, one could travel by train with 25-35 lei. All the conductors experienced by me proved to be partners in this affair, and they turned me away warning me in good faith only when they were controlled. Sometimes, also the inspectors took part in this form of income completing.

I looked out through the window. Only the reflection of the interior of the carriage was visible on it dimly. At times a point of light shimmered in the distance, a darker something scurred past near by. Stared into the swinging of the carriage. With my body, felt and took over its mild vibration. My hearing was held by the clattering of its wheels touching with the rails.

I am drawing near towards the frontier — thought. ... Towards the notorious romanian-yugoslav frontier ... Towards the freedom ... Or towards the complete captivity ... Or towards the complete lifelessness.

There was no one around who would have acted for freedom, who would have been disposed to risk for it his remnant freedom and life as well. Co-operation and competition were wanting. But i did not still need association and was still stimulated. Merely felt very lonely. A mild excitement and feeling of uncertainty possessed me.

In all certainty, a wolf from Yugoslavia would not feel uncomfortable in the romanian communist state — thought. ... But a yugoslav human obviously would, as within a state all depend on the level on which the claim of the citizens to freedom is ... There are many humans who do not even know that something better may exist, and for this reason they accept the offering and given things as being normal ... Many flee in the inebriation of alcohol ... Those of weak morals become delinquents ... And those who do not swim shall sink ... How many people are there from the 22 million who are now illegally making their way to the frontier? ... Certainly, i am not the only one ... No. Am not alone ... Am only isolated ... Am isolated, as the majority can not, shall not, and dare not ... Am isolated, as the ma-

majority is politically uneducated ... Am isolated, as the majority is unpretentious ... Am isolated, as the majority comfortably plays at communism ... Am isolated, because of the atmosphere of fear ... But am isolated from need as well ... Am self-isolated ... Am self-isolated, as association is a crime also taken in itself⁸⁰ ... Am self-isolated, as two persons show more easily that they are on their way to the frontier ... Am self-isolated, as the frontier guards can easier detect two persons ... Am self-isolated, as two persons can lead themselves with more difficulty ... Am self-isolated, as in my case the association would be tantamount to using a tentacle of the “hydra” instead of a waist-belt ... Isolation is bad, but i need it.

The train called at an extensive station.

I have arrived — thought.

Karánsebes lay on the railroad line 100, Bucharest-Temesvár. The fast trains called here though, i had not excluded making use of it, as it did not constitute a part of the route Marosvásárhely-Temesvár. However, according to my plan, in the interest of an increased safety i could marching reach Ökörpatak⁸¹, the nearest halting-place on the 115 running to Resicabánya. Knew it from my map that starting out towards Lugos this branched off to the left.

Its unusually large main building was visible on the left side. Got down. Around seven trackways separated me from it.

It is much larger — was establishing — than the buildings of the large stations known by me ... I do not want that the bygoners in Alkenyér repeat themselves! ... Will go to Ökörpatak!

I started back. Passed over the last carriage of the train. Stepped down from the platform.

It would not be good — was thinking — if someone caught sight of me.

Came to a halt, and looked round. In the dim light perfusing the station, did not see a human. Proceeded on my way.

I came across the railroad arching to the left with a small curvature. The slopes of its high embankment were overgrown with thick vegetation. Tightly at their foots, there ran fences of establishments plunged in darkness.

I am under the necessity of going on between the rails — thought.

Advancing with steps close to the normal, my feet mostly touched the stones, and there was a peril of bumping into the concrete ties. Pacing only on the smooth surfaces, my steps were too short. And could not step on ev-

80 The penal code punished the association with the intention of committing penal offenses with imprisonment of at least 6 months and at most 3 years, namely with just as much as the “fraudulent crossing of the state frontier” itself. [8]

81 Read approximately: ‘əkərpətək. In the romanian language: Păltiniș.

ery second one. The march seemed to be at a snail pace.

It commenced to drizzle with rain. I came to a halt, and looked round. It struck my eye the contrast between the light filtering through from the back, and the obscurity yawning in my direction of march. In front of me, the railroad completely disappeared not only in the blackness, but also in its curve. The establishments did not look to come to an end. On both sides, above the vegetation around half a meter high there loomed wire-netting fences.

From the front or the back, at any moment there could appear a train suddenly — thought. ... Outside the rails, the advance would be still lower ... The visibility is small and now have to use the hood as well ... In addition, began to already be sleepy ... Reaching Ökörpatak has become too difficult and perilous ... Will go back!

I entered the station-building. In front of me, the schedule-table hung against the wall. Under it, came to a halt, and began examining it. The next Resicabánya train had to start out at 0 hours and 35 minutes.⁸² Looked at my watch: it was 22 hours and 30 minutes or thereabouts.

I shall have to wait around two hours — thought.

On the right, a door opened into the waiting-room. I entered it. Few travelers stayed in. Put down the rucksack next to a bench. Sat down, leant on the arm-rest, let my face in the palm, and closed my eyes.

Suddenly, a diarrhoeic stimulus overcame me.

In all certainty, it is the result of my over-nourishment in Lugos — thought.

Got up, and left the waiting-room. Going out through the exit door, turned to the right.

WC — read off the inscription of the plate on the following building.

On coming out of the toilet, i crossed the concrete road leading out to the town, and turned in front of the main building. My eyes fastened on a person quickly coming nearer beside the wall. He wore a blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. On his right side, a pistol swung. Being surprised, the streamlines of terror flashed through my body.

A militiaman!!

Instinctively, i did not halt short, went on invariably on the surface, although maintaining the normal bearing and motion required some efforts. With the purpose of creating the appearance of indifference, made an exception with the head, which i held not inclined, as usually, but straight. Did not look into his eyes, but only fixedly ahead. With my facial expres-

sion, made an effort not to display the storm raging in my soul. My heart responded to his steps uniformly pattering louder and louder with an accelerating throbbing. Did not feel his look on me a moment. Getting by each other, he said nothing, with an unchanged cadence the pattering kept on with a decreasing sound intensity. To the influence of the appearance of his absence of interest towards my person, felt somewhat relieved. But the inertia of the surprise and terror was still effective in me.

At the entrance door, i turned to the left. In front of me, there stood a militia soldier next to the wall with his face to me. Inevitably, we looked into the eyes of each other. His sighting was not effectless either. But in the wrap of my already formed and experienced more intense mood roused by the militiaman, felt protected. He seemingly unsuspectingly took his eyes off me. I looked to the right. The terror conquered me: in the waiting-room, a militiaman was looking at the bulletin of a traveler, gave it back, and strikingly quickly going to the nearest other, identified him as well.

Away from here!

In order not to produce sensation, i approached the schedule-table, looked at it, as if had studied it, turned round, and in cold blood started towards the exit door, in the same manner as had come in. Feeling the look of the militia soldier on my back, waited that he would possibly call me back. Leaving the building, turned to the left.

Hiding my raging soul in the tranquil body, i was removing from the terrible scene, as if had only been out walking. In front of and in the entrance-hall of the station-building in Karánsebes, it was touch and go that my illegal fleeing attempt had not been interrupted, and my natural liberty had not been transformed into social captivity by the militia of the romanian communist state.

Is there a small place safe for me in this railroad station? — raised i the question to myself.

Passed by in front of the following building. Directly after it from the left, there viewed a small grassy area planted with ornamental bushes.

Here, i could hide myself — thought.

Looked back. It seemed that no one saw and kept close watch on me. Stepped over the wooden fence around half a meter high. On the opposite edge of the little park, a concrete fence around 2 meters high stood. Above it, town buildings were visible. Went behind a bush. Stooped crouching down.

It is evident — was thinking — that the non-commissioned officer and his aid are not in possession of my description, or that without mustache and with the cap they have not recognized me ... What a favorable circumstance that i got a diarrhoea just when they controlled the waiting-room! ... What a realization that without sensationism i crushed through the visual field of the militiaman and of the soldier! ... If it had not happened so,

could have declared though that had not the bulletin, but this is a convention, and at least for this reason they would in all certainty have taken in me to the precinct station to subject me to manual search or to control me by means of telephone ... If they had searched me, probably they would have found the bulletin, and in it have observed the stamped page ... Or else, i would have declared in vain that went to the mountains, as the camouflaging articles of clothing, the many foodstuffs and the relative nearness to the frontier would have raised enough suspicion for checking on my identity through telephone ... Scarcely had a narrow escape! ... Should not have come back to the station! ... Made the same mistake as in Alkenyér! ... Should have taken up the fight with the railroad-stones, the concrete ties, the vegetation, the dark, the rain, the sleepiness, the possible train cropping up, as the surroundings of the man-made objects and the nature did not threaten me with imprisoning! ... This morning in Alkenyér and now here in Karánsebes, have been exposed to the peril of being caught! ... And did not even approach the frontier!

Like a wounded, who just through his wounds experiences the surrounding perils, with the bitterness caused by the forcedly unfavorable turn of events, i was crouching behind the bush. The overcoat and under it the warm sweater excluded the possibility of my feeling cold. It was favorable in the unfavorableness that it did not rain any longer.

My rucksack remained in the waiting-room — thought. ... But my money and my papers are by me ... My more than 2,000 lei are enough to even purchase new equipment and food-supply ... Therefore, shall not be constrained to give up this illegal fleeing attempt, and to go back to Marosvásárhely, where they would probably put me in prison because of the few days of unjustified absence ... Now, it proved true the justness of my illegal-fleeing principle according to which had to keep the most possible things in the pockets of the articles of clothing being on me ... What shall i do? ... It is a fact that from now on must stay neither in the station-building, nor around it ... Shall set off towards Ökörpatak? ... The way is perilous ... Can get on the Resicabánya train here as well ... And, after all, it is still untimely to renounce my equipment ... For the time being, will wait for the train and in the meanwhile will try to get back my rucksack! ... Would it not be better to wait outside the station? ... It is late in the evening ... Do not know the town ... There is a possibility of my being identified just there ... No. Shall not be in a safer place with leaving the station ... In addition, here shall have a greater chance of getting back my rucksack ... So far, certainly, they have already finished controlling the waiting-room ... Can try it just now!

Stood up. Watching the platform, started with slow steps on the grassy soil. From behind the building, no human emerged. Beside the fence, came to a halt. Looking to the right, carefully pushed forward my head. Did not

perceive a militiaman.

Stepped out of the park. Turned to the right. Was drawing near to the main building walking. In the appearance of a complete peace of mind, my excitement was increasing. Slightly gravitated to the left, almost as far as the concrete edge of the first track, in order to see into the waiting-room as soon as possible.

In the frame of its ever growing window, among persons in civilian clothes a militiaman had not appeared. Turned my attention to the entrance door. From the hall, a number of travelers had viewed. There had me trembled the edge of a blue uniform.

I halted. Turned round. With unchanged steps started back. Would have liked to run away, but the fear of manacles kept me back. Did not look behind.

What would happen — was raising the question to myself — if the militiamen came out, and observed me, as i am removing alone from the normal waiting place of the travelers? ... It may be that even so they would shout after me.

Still repeated this operation several times. But the blue-uniformists were in on every occasion, sometimes in the entrance-hall, sometimes in the waiting-room. Their perseverance increased my terror and uncertainty.

I will go out to the town after all! — decided. ... At least for a reconnoitering ... Will not climb the fence, as this would raise the suspicion even in civilians!

Passing by in front of the entrance door, i did not miss to look to the right discreetly. The militia patrol stayed in. I went on unchanged.

In front of the toilet, i turned to the right in the small street. Perpendicularly to it at the end of the station-building, a wide road ran. On its other side, a table indicated that i was just facing the militia. With its dark windows, without that it would not have distinguished itself from the other old-style buildings. In front of the station to the right, a rather spacious square lay. It was completely empty. In some places, street lamps were lit on it.

I turned to the right on the sidewalk. Looking sometimes ahead, sometimes to the left, searched the surrounding buildings and the road disappearing slightly on the left behind them. Neither a human, nor a vehicle viewed. Reaching the right corner of the square, turned round.

It disturbs me — was thinking — that am visible from afar ... If am caught sight here, shall cause a greater sensation then in the station ... Had better go back behind the bush, till is not late!

On the second track, the Resicabánya train drew in. Its complete and

intense illuminatedness attracted my attention. I went out beside the fence.

Looking to the right, there struck my eye the militia patrol, as they were removing perpendicularly from the entrance door. They watched the few humans getting on. Reaching the train, they turned to the right. Under a window, the non-commissioned officer came to a halt, swung to the left, drew himself up to his full height, and on the tips of the toes checked the inside of the carriage surveyable by him.

As if they were in quest of somebody — thought. ... It is strange that in an almost empty train so much electric power is “wasted” in this romanian communist state sparing to the prejudice of the humans ... Shall i get on? ... Do not think that they shall observe me ... After all, without the rucksack would look usual ... But would arrive in Resicabánya at night ... Should wait until the morning a good many hours ... With the purchasing, could lose an entire day ... And it is not sure that would get a khaki rucksack and camouflaging pants ... Have better wait here till the night is over!

I looked the leaving train longing. But my craving was divided between it and my rucksack. The area of the station unfolded itself in front of me in its full width again. On around 100 meters, a great number of track-ways ran. On the right, a foot-bridge stretched over to the other part of the town. On the left, there stayed freight sets without locomotives.

It struck my eye that many militiamen arrived. A patrol came down from the stairs of the foot-bridge. They headed for the freight sets. Some of them turned into double-quick. They looked ahead strikingly fixedly, as if they had completely excluded the possibility that a frontierist was lurking on their left side. My terror intensified. I went back behind the bush.

It is possible — was thinking — that they are looking about for me! ... Away from here!

I left my hiding-place. After the fence, turned to the left. Advanced almost running hurrying.

The following building proved to be the last one. From the left, a concrete fence, from slightly the right, railroad vehicles and carriages loomed through. I got to a recess. Hid myself in it. Turned back, and from behind the wall kept an eye on the developments.

Newer militiamen hurried or ran over the rails, looking fixedly under their feet or towards the freight sets.

They are not coming towards me! — established, feeling a slight relief. ... But this does not yet exclude the possibility, that they are looking for me ... They do not look in this direction, so they have not observed me ... It is probable that the freight cars are loaded up with various kinds of goods, and the rushing maneuvers of the authorities maintaining order are related to the guarding and defense of the “socialist property” ... As the

case may be, it would be enough that one of those figures, throwing suspicion on everybody and intensely made active, glimpse me in order that my illegal fleeing attempt from them and the “hydra” end in a failure ... It would be the best, if i hid myself in a stopping carriage.

The great part of the blue-uniformists vanished among the freight sets. Started on.

An accommodation-set broke through. It was composed of old-type carriages. I got on the first one. On the lateral passage went ahead. In the region of its middle, drew away the door of a compartment. A relatively warm air struck my face strokingly. Entered it.

On the hither end of its bench on the left side, placed two bands of toilet paper. Sat down, lay down turning sideways, stretched myself out, and closed my eyes. Felt secure, warm and comfortable on the hard surface. Relaxed, both corporally and spiritually. The tiredness and the sleepiness came upon me.

Pricked up my ears to a noise of humans getting on the carriage. Opened my eyes. The day was breaking. Got up. Drew away the door, and stepped out to the lateral passage. Sighted a sweeping woman.

“Is the train about to leave?” asked i.

“Later.”

“Where shall it run?”

“To Baucár⁸³.”

“Thank you.”

I stepped down. Felt rather rested. Wiped off the sleep from my eyes. Looked ahead in the half-light. Did not see a militiaman. From the direction of Bucharest, a fast train came in the station. With slow steps, started away.

Drawing near to the main building, my excitement became more intense, i felt more and more uncertain. A person of the authorities did not brake through. With an increasing attention, was looking at the enlarging windows. In the waiting-room, a militiaman was not visible. My fear mingled with some happiness. In the hall, a blue uniform did not appear either. Gravitated towards the entrance. My heart already beat in the neck. In the direction of the schedule table, there was no person. Stepping in, looked to the left: it proved to be empty. On the right, through the window of the door only benches showed. Cautiously and quivering approaching it, its entire lifeless sight unfolded itself in front of me. There filled me the excitement of happiness.

Unbelievable!

After the endured horrible nightly happenings, i was inclined to look for a blue uniform everywhere and on everyone. In vain searched the

83 Read approximately: 'boutsar. In the romanian language: Bouțari. Village east of Karánsebes.

courtyard, in vain looked round in the entrance-hall, and in vain saw the empty waiting-room, nowhere observed a militiaman. With the complete disappearance of the blue uniform, the contradiction between the possibility of the worst eventuality and the fact of the best eventuality reached its culmination. A few moments had to pass until accepted the new reality. My fear vanished into the thin air.

My rucksack? ... It is there! Got it! ... Untouched!

I was overcome with a completed feeling of joy. But did not waste the valuable moments: with hurried steps went there, clutched it with both hands, and like one who flees from a burning house to safeguard a human grasping for breath, left the station-building. Turned to the left. Reaching a bench made of laths painted green, came to a halt, and put it down beside it. Breathed freely again.

Swung towards the tracks. Looked round. Did not see a militiaman. The fast train had already departed. A little farther back, there struck my eyes an accommodation-set without a locomotive. It was composed of three carriages. In its windows, travelers were visible, and new ones were getting on.

That is a peculiar train — thought. ... Where could it go? ... Look at it!

Without the rucksack, set off towards it. Had to go over around five trackways. The inscription in red letters on the white plates hung on the sides of the carriages became more and more discernible.

București-Reșița⁸⁴ — read, become enthusiastic, and immediately spun round back to my rucksack in double-quick. ... Here is the possibility of my definitive escape from the militia in Karánsebes! ... In all certainty, these three carriages have been uncoupled from the fast train ... Will not buy a ticket! ... Than to enter that terrible building once again, would rather take the consequences of traveling without a ticket.

Got on the last carriage in the direction of course. Turned to the right in the lateral passage. There stood about many people at the windows. In succession, i controlled the compartments. They were packed. In the last one, found out a free place. Pulled off its door.

“Is that place occupied?” asked i.

“No.”

I put up the rucksack on the baggage grid. Drew away the door, and sat down. It was an extremely pleasant feeling to rest in the peaceful civil-social surround of the train to Resicabánya in the possession of my rucksack.

The train pulled off.⁸⁵ I did not omit to cast one more glance at the station-building. In front of it, there stood a militia patrol. They were looking

⁸⁴ Read approximately: buku'refty-'refitsa.

⁸⁵ According to the schedule, the accommodation-train P 1151 had to depart at 5 hours and 42 minutes. [6]

at the train fixedly and hardly.

A repulsive symbol of a repulsive regime of a repulsive national secret political monster — thought.

9. The attraction of Bánság⁸⁶

I leant back, and closed my eyes. Fell into a slumber again and again. At times, opened my eyes, and looking slightly to the right, watched the nature still dead viewing through the window of the lateral passage: on smaller hills the smaller leafless trees congregated in smaller clusters and woods. Nothing and nobody disturbed me. Neither the conductor.

The train called at the Déli⁸⁷ railroad yard in Resicabánya, at the terminus.⁸⁸ I waited for the compartment to empty. Got up. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Stepped down.⁸⁹

Looked round. A militiaman was nowhere visible. In relation to the station of Karánsebes, it seemed to be insignificant. In every part, forest-clad high hills formed my sky-line.

In conformity with my plan, i set off with hurried steps in the direction of the pulling in of the train, approximately to the south. Passed by in front of the small station-building. Saw nobody in it. On the right side, the Berzava⁹⁰ flowed. Took the sidewalk running on the bank.

According to one of my illegal-fleeing principles, i could touch the localities only in the needed respects and for the shortest time possible. With Resicabánya, my single relation was constituted by the planned and realized place of getting off the train. In compliance with it, here the best thing to be done was leaving the town the earliest possible.

The Resicabánya map used for drawing up my plan by virtue of its dimensions was not suitable for fixing the leaving path. For this reason, had to do that on the spot, namely on the other bank of the Berzava. That is, had found out of the map so much that indispensably had to cross the river, and for that a street running upwards from the station suited the best.

86 Read approximately: 'ba:nfa:g. In the romanian language: Banat. It is a region in the south-western part of the romanian national state.

87 Read approximately: 'de:li. In the romanian language: Reșița Sud.

88 According to the schedule, it had to arrive at 6 hours and 49 minutes. [6]

89 From Marosvásárhely, i had by rail made 350 kilometers, with 7 accommodation-trains, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching the following stations: Szászegerbegy (Agârbiciu, Agârbiciu), Nagyszeben (Sibiu), Szerdahely (Miercurea Sibiului), Alkenyér (Șibot), Marosillye (Ilia), Hunyaddobra (Dobra), Lugos (Lugoj) and Karánsebes (Caransebeș). [6]

90 Read approximately: 'berzɔvɔ. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Bîrzava, Bârzava.

The bridge high arched over the bed around 3 meters deep and 20 meters wide. Beheld a military officer on it. He wore a yellowish khaki uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He went in my direction of march.

It would not be good — was thinking — if outwalking him i had myself caught sight of.

Clambered up the embankment. The street proved to be a wide road. In a slower tempo, turned to the right on the sidewalk. On the left and in front of me, around 50 meters separated me from the steep side. It was thickly overgrown with small deciduous trees. At the foot of the hill, houses were situated. Neither a street, nor a footpath ran towards it.

The nature is here unapproachable for me — established. ... But, after all, it seems to be impassable ... Probably, only on the road leading to Oravicabánya i shall be able to get out of this socialized natural cirque.

There viewed a table pointing to the left.

Oravița⁹¹ — read its inscription.

Looked to the left. A paved street forked off in the opposite direction, and led up on the hill. Crossed the two trafficless ways. On the sidewalk on the right side, turned to the left. It ascended bending to the right. On both sides, houses were arranged.

The section of an approximately north-southward direction of this road along with a brook formed the first element of my orientation system concerning the route section to be done marching between Resicabánya and the frontier. According to my plan, i had to meet it in its middle region.

A dark khaki ARO⁹² drove past me uphill. In its rear-window, there were visible uniforms of the same color, but with a lighter shade. I mildly trembled.

Military men! — thought. ... Today, i have already seen military men for the second time ... But, probably, they are not frontier guards ... As, in all probability, it would have been striking for them that from a town at around 30 kilometers from the frontier with a big rucksack on my back i am going on foot outwards in the direction of the frontier on the road running towards the frontier and approaching the frontier at around 4 kilometers.

A “Taking photographs forbidden!” sign-post broke through. After it, the road dropped from sight, then in the distance emerged again on a bare slope. On its right side in its proximity, there were visible buildings of military-style.

Barracks! — thought. ... Probably, the ARO went there ... Will have to

91 Read approximately: o'ravitsa.

92 The jeep of romanian communist make.

avoid to marching pass by in front of it ... Even if it is not inhabited by frontier guards ... Even if a few of its soldiers have not caught me ... Will not risk!

I came to a halt, and took under observation the terrain being on the left side. Slightly higher up, a recess was visible. From it, in a narrow place, one could get up on the hill. It steeply ascended. Vines and fruit-trees covered it. On their left, there lay the house to the courtyard of which they appeared to belong to.

It seems — was thinking — that i can climb the hill-slope without by so doing getting into relations with humans ... But notwithstanding that it is not completely fenced, would not like to step in the private garden ... Will try to pass beyond of the barracks by hitch-hike! ... Can make the remaining few kilometers as far as the intersection of the road with my planned route without peril, as that road section of a north-southward direction is relatively far from the frontier, and it does not approach it either.

From the town, a white Dacia came nearer. I waved. It did not pull up.

I crossed the road. Entered the recess. Got a nearer view of the terrain. The blue cabin of a Roman⁹³ broke through from below. Turned back, and went to the edge of the road. It trailed a trailer. From its slow advance, it seemed to be loaded. The driver was sitting in the cabin alone. Waved him. Pointing at the ascending road, he expressed his regret.

I have no choice — was thinking — but to avoid the barracks through the garden ... With its cutting through, shall cause no damage to the proprietor.

On the bare soil, i clambered up among the vine-plants. Higher up, it was mostly overgrown with grass. Feared that would be caught sight of from the house, and called upon to turn back. It had disappeared behind the vegetation. Made way with difficulty. At times, had to interrupt the clambering up in order to recover my breath.

Getting to the top, i came to a halt. A small plateau unfolded itself in front of me. It was mainly overgrown with grass. All round, there could be seen the leafless trees of the woods stretching up on the slopes.

From here, i can easily descend approximately in a westward direction — thought. ... Have succeeded in avoiding the barracks!

Beside, among and above the trees in the distance, there were outlined the ranges of the surrounding high hills and mountains. The sky showed whitely blue. The sun in the course of rising shed its light upon the western tract. The sparse traffic of the road leading to Oravicabánya made the quiet nature mildly buzzing.

Bánság had already been attractive for me long before the around six

93 The truck made in the romanian communist state on the basis of the Man license.

years spent there. Partly for this reason i had chosen Temesvár for the location of the continuation of my studies. Knowing it better, the attraction grew more marked.

In this, the yugoslav influence had a great part. Inhabitants of the neighboring country often came across to the weekly markets organized in the towns relatively near the frontier. By this means, such products streamed in to the region which in the other parts of the romanian communist state were not or were only scarcely known and available. At the same time the programs of the televisions in Belgrade and Újvidék⁹⁴ could be received as well. Therefore, the inhabitants of Bánság took their shares of the relative yugoslav wealth, liberalism and tolerance. This determined their mentality in a large measure.

Furthermore, here throughout centuries there lived together humans in the overwhelming majority of cases of romanian, hungarian, german and serbian nationality. In consequence, in this region the nationalism had come to the lowest and the ethnic tolerance to the highest level. Many people professed that Bánság was the Occident of Romania.

And there was still something that made this region more attractive not only for me, but also for all those who wanted or would have wanted to gain their freedom by illegal fleeing. As its western boundary coincided with the romanian-yugoslav frontier, throughout decades Bánság constituted the gate of freedom, of an other-world and of the new-world.

I looked to the west. Beside, among and above the leafless crowns of trees, in the mist of the evaporating dew, there touched the brown of the earth and the blue of the sky. Considered to see in space the way leading towards the other-world chosen by me and tens, hundreds and thousands, foresaw in time the beginning of the new-world desired by me and tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions. The affronts of the past, the natural good looks of the present and the hopes placed in the future met in me. Standing in the gate of freedom, of the other-world and of the new-world, admiring the nature, an unprecedented elevation of spirits overcame me: it was the attraction of Bánság.

10. Is the nightly march possible?

Resicabánya is already behind my back — thought. ... It is high time to rest after the labors of the night ... I must see to a sleeping-place!

Approximately in a westward direction, i cut across the plateau. On the fringe of the wood, the terrain commenced to leniently descend, afterwards

94 Read approximately: 'u:yvide:k. In the serbo-croatian language: Novi Sad.

it became horizontal again on a narrow part of its. Was covered by leaf-litter.

This terrain section is fitting for settling — thought.

Put down the rucksack. Pulled out the sleeping-bag. Unrolledly, placed it with the length perpendicularly on the ground as a chair. Sat down. Took out the bag with the cake. Began eating.

Throughout more than twenty-four hours, i just went something on foot — thought. ... Now have before me a newer route section to be done marching ... Only that, this does not run in the region of the middle of the romanian communist state, but towards its frontier, and its other end is in Yugoslavia ... From Marosvásárhely to Szászegerbegy⁹⁵, had to only be careful that in a given moment withdrew myself from the visual radius of the airplanes and avoided the localities; there had to only fear of detection ... However, from here towards the frontier, things are already different ... Do not think that for this route section the “hydra” would have had it set up a searching system fixed to my person, as for it my illegal fleeing attempt through the romanian-yugoslav frontier is expectable in the direction of Temesvár ... But irrespective of this, here there is already a system which it developed decades ago, not only for detecting frontierists, but also for their capturing ... For this reason, now have to keep away not only from the localities, but also from the humans! ... In the day-time, it is not difficult for me to round a locality ... But it is impossible to avoid the humans, what is more to stay outside their visual field ... But last year on 27 september met humans even between the dikes of the Berettyó⁹⁶ ... While after Marosvásárhely a person catching sight of me rested satisfied with at most setting his dogs on me, after Resicabánya he may already squeal me as well ... The nightly march on the hill by the Kisküküllő proved to be slow and perilous though, but here even at the price of the slowness and perilousness must try it once more! ... Taste the tinned fish! ... Did never see such yet.

Under the circumstance of the lack of meat, brought about by the oversized export, the fish meant one of the most important protein source. Live sweet-water carp and chilled sea trout, mackerel or herring could often be had. However, the shelves of the food shops experienced by me mainly in Marosvásárhely were permanently full of tins of tinned fish for the most part of 205 grams. Probably because, on the one part, not many inhabitants consumed them, on the other part, the fishing sea-going ships of the romanian communist state could produce that without expenses of hard currency. In the light of these, the tin of tinned fish of 750 grams from Lugos had arisen my attention and curiosity.

95 Read approximately: 'sa:segerbegy. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Agârbiciu, Agârbiciu. Village at 7 kilometers from Kiskapus on the railroad line 208. [6]

96 Read approximately: 'berettyo:. In the romanian language: Barcău.

With the clasp-knife, i ripped up its lid. A strong smell struck my nose. In oil, around half-span long silvery fishlets lay in it. Cut down a bit and tasted it. Proved to be underdone, and with its peculiar seasoning nauseous.

It has an unsupportable taste — established. ... I cannot imagine what kind of condiment they could put in it ... Probably, it is a semi-finished product ... But will not throw it, as i may still need it! ... As with reconnoitering, illness or wounding may lose days ... And hungrily, shall like it certainly ... In another respect, will exclude the possibility of being taken ill just from this!

Covered it back. Put it back into the left inferior pocket of the rucksack. Packed up again the milky candy from its white paper bag, the chocolate drops from their cardboard box, and the honey-cakes from their cellophane bag into polyethylene bags. Placed the candy and the drops in a lateral pocket each, in order to be at hands, and the chocolate ones not to molder away. Because of their fragility, put the cakes in the upper compartment.

Looked out a place for sleeping. Threw away the dry branches from it. Controlled whether there were under the leaf-litter stones or twigs that could have made my resting uncomfortable. Spread out the two foils and the sleeping-bag. Folded-up the scarf, and placed it for a pillow. Took off the clod-crushers. Slipped in, drew up the zipper, and strove to sleep.

Late in the afternoon, i began descending the hill. The sun had already set, but it was not dark yet. Trees dominated its slope. In some places, cut through openings or orchards. At times, saw vineyards or gardens. Occasionally, farther there broke through houses as well. Had to much go round about the natural obstacles.

Got down to the valley. The day was drawing in. A concrete road appeared in front of me. After it two rows of trees were visible side by side.

The section of the road leading to Oravicabánya of a north-southward direction and the brook! — thought, rejoicing. ... I have already reached the first element of my orientation system!

Did not perceive a vehicle though, crossed the concrete surface running. The brook around 3 meters wide flowed rather rapidly. There was visible its bottom.

Quickly, took off the clod-crushers and the socks. Tucked up the legs of my pants. Caught my things, and stepped into the water. My sole did not perceive mud, only a hard earth surface. In its middle, it reached approximately to the knees. Stepped up on the grass of the other bank.

I have rid myself of the road as well — thought, satisfiedly.

The darkness had already completely made itself master of the tract.

A low hill followed. I activated the compass. Took up my planned direction of march: west and 30 degrees south. Started upwards on its slope obliquely. It was overgrown with grass. Advanced slowly, but easily on its relatively even soil.

Got up to the top. On the right down in the valley, an incandescent bulb was on. It illuminated the entrance of a house. Turning slightly to the left, began descending.

Bellow, stepped over a brooklet. Went up on a country lane. Looked to the left and right. In front of the house, there loomed a white Dacia. Subsequently to the bare surface, the terrain commenced to ascend.

It was going from dark to darker, the objects were fading better and better, the distances seemed to be going from little to less in my eyes, while i was making way more and more slowly, and with more and more difficulty. Managed to get up on the top.

With this pace, i shall hardly reach the frontier — thought. ... Have better try the day-time march!

Slightly on the left, there loomed a wood. Entered it. The trees increased my feeling of safety. Its terrain leniently declined. Looked after a place fit for lying down. Did not find a horizontal one.

The gravitation shall disturb me in the sleep — thought.

Had disposed my resting-place in the direction of the declination. Having brushed my teeth, dressed the warm clothes. Stuck the clasp-knife into the ground. Settled myself in the sleeping bag with the feet downhill.

A leaf-litter rustling broke the stillness. Lifted up my head. It came from the dell being on the left of my direction of march and lying. A slight coughing sounded. The sounds of the steps grew louder. Then, they gradually died down.

In the vicinity, there must be a house — thought. ... It shall be good to move farther away the earliest possible!

11. Is the safe day-time march possible?

Saturday, 4 april 1987. I woke up. The day was braking. Drew down the zipper of the sleeping bag. It was chilly. Sat up. Put on the clod-crushers. Stood up. Drew up the zipper of the sleeping-bag. Folded it in halves

lengthways. Tightly, rolled it up. Stuffed it into its keeping-bag. Put the package so come into being into the rucksack. From the foils, shook off the dry leaves. With the damp clout, wiped off the dirt stuck on their lower parts. Folded them up. Slipped them behind the sleeping-bag. Tied down the rucksack. Lifted it on to my back. Started on in the direction of the top.

Felt rested. Went out of the wood. Turning in my direction of march, proceeded on my way.

Slightly from the left, a house broke through. I turned to the right. Looked back again and again. It having disappeared from my visual field, anew turned towards the frontier.

Having warmed up as required, i came to a halt, and put down the rucksack. Took off the overcoat and the sweater. Packed them. Marched on in the camouflaging waistcoat.

The terrain was formed mostly by steep hills. In spite of that, i made way easily, putting to use the intensive sport activity pursued in my early youth and the prolonged march reiterated day by day in the course of the late months. At the same time, the soles of the clod-crushers well adhered to the soil. It was covered mostly by grass, less by shrubs, shrubberies, trees, clusters of trees, rarely by woods.

Getting to a top, as a rule i sat down, on the one part to take a rest or to nourish myself, and on the other part to fix in details the way to be followed on. For this purpose, first pointed out a point of support in my planned direction of march in the sky-line formed by the height being in front of me. Afterwards, taking into account the characteristics of the slopes and the valley, selected the most suitable terrain units for reaching it. Considered this to be indispensably important from the point of view of the quickness, safeness of the march and of minimizing the effort.

In the valleys, in most cases brooklets gurgled. I took in fresh water from them. Because they were found relatively often, filled the bottle only half. It was not only crystal-clear, but also more savory than the tap water.

My planned route was roughly parallel with the section in the Krassó⁹⁷ Valley of the road leading to Oravicabánya. The villages lying along it were not visible. At times, solitary houses cropped up. I watched what kind of connections they had with the villages situated in the valley. Perceived neither electric, nor telephone poles. Sometimes, met more or less beaten footpaths, narrow hilly roads. Did not see a human.

The highlanders live isolated — thought. ... The most favorable circumstance is that on my possible catching sight it is excluded the possibility of informing the authorities through phone ... I do not think that they would so much be interested in squealing that are able to make the way as far as the nearest village on horseback or on foot ... At the same time, can-

97 Read approximately: 'krɔʃfo:. In the romanian language: Caraș.

not see how the possibly still informed authorities could capture me on this difficult terrain ... Practically, there is no peril of squealing or capturing.

Slightly from the left from around 200 meters, there suddenly appeared a small house. In order to have a look at the terrain to be made use for avoiding it, looked to the right. On the opposite ridge, beheld a person, as looking at the ground he was heading in the direction of the house. He wore rural clothes, on his head he had a felt hat. Held a hatchet in his hand. A dog was after him. In a moment, i turned my look back.

It seems — was thinking — that he has not caught sight of me ... I have to avoid the meeting! ... Cannot change the direction without the risk of self-giving-away!

Keeping my direction of march, but slowing down, i began descending on the slope. It was overgrown mostly with grass sparsely. Nethermore, there ramified a shrub.

A screening possibility! — thought. ... Behind it, i will halt! ... If he has already caught sight of me and comes to me, will say that a small stone got in my shoes.

Behind the shrub, i sat down so that it completely screened me of the person. Unlaced the right clod-crusher. Took it off, and pretended to empty it. Put it on back.

Till now, he should already be in the house — thought.

Got up, and turning to the right proceeded on my way. Did not look in the direction of the house, just fixedly ahead. In my peripheral sight, he did not appear.

Got up to the ridge. Looked to the right and left. From behind a stump, he crept forth, and set out towards me.

If he is capable of watching for me in a lying position — was thinking — then he takes things seriously.

His facial expression referred to a mixture of curiosity and suspicion.

“Good morning!” said he, in the romanian language.

“Good morning!”

“What has brought you here?!”

“I am taking a trip,” answered, as naturally as possible.

“... I did not know why you were hiding,” he said, a little excusing himself. “That is why i waited for you.”

“I was not hiding,” excused myself as well. “I was emptying a clod-crusher ... A small stone had gotten into it.”

“... Where are you from?”

“From Resicabánya.”

“... And where are you making a trip to?”

“The Dognácska mountains interest me ... Could you recommend a

path to me?" took i the initiative.

"Why not!" said he, swung to the left, and pointed at a terrain section overgrown mainly with grass, being on the right from my planned direction of march. "Here you can descend, then after the pines turn right!"

"Thank you very much! Good-by!"

"Good-by," said he, without being about to go and taking his look off me.

I began descending in the pointed direction. In the distance, there were visible heights clad with forest. The sky was not cloudless, but the sun was shining.

If i had not concluded the dialog — was thinking — he would obviously not have done it either ... What could he think of me? ... The circumstance that it is saturday made my statements more believable ... From the tone of his answer, gathered that he considered my question relative to the path as being rather objectless ... Indeed, the tract is beautiful though, but in the nature of the territory of the romanian communist state generally, and also in the environs of Resicabánya particularly, there are many places more beautiful, more known and more frequented than this one ... And so far, have nowhere perceived a touristic establishment or a tourist ... And in the matter of the frontierists, with regard to the great differences in level, the terrain is rather unfitted for approaching the frontier ... So that the person, and in general the inhabitants of the tract, probably have never seen either tourists or frontierists in these parts ... But since the region is relatively near the frontier, and in all certainty also the humans of this place know about the fact that many flee illegally the romanian communist state through the romanian-yugoslav frontier, it may be that i seemed to be suspicious from this point of view as well ... All these are corroborated by his facial expression as well ... It is possible that although i did not satisfy him that was a tourist, he did not convince himself of my frontierist identity either ... So far, he has had to stop my spying upon.

Looked back. He was not visible. Turned to my planned direction of march.

About noon, i got to a ridge. It was overgrown with grass. At its opposite edge, came to a halt, and began examining the valley circa 20 meters in depth. At around 200 meters, observed a brook. It seemed to be around twice as wide as the former one. On its other side close to it, a rubbled lane ran.

The Dognácska! — thought, rejoicing. ... I would have not believed that would reach it so soon!

The second element of my orientation system consisted of the Dognácska and the non-modernized road running along it. After this, the three dimensions of the third element — concrete road, railroad and brook — fol-

lowed at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. At the same time, intended to use the hills of Versec for an orientation point of support. Namely, had considered that, because they had a height comparable to that of the surrounding mountains, they had to be visible already from a great distance.

Put down the rucksack. Sat down on the grass. Took out a jar of haricot beans. Consumed it with the tea-spoon of the clasp-knife. My eating ended with the chocolate drops. All these were completed by the early-spring fresh crystal-clear brooklet water being the most pleasant at such times.

Lay back. Relaxed my back muscles being continually strained in the course of the march. It was uncommonly pleasant. Looked at the sky showing blue and white among and above the sunlit blades of grass. There sounded only insect buzzing.

In this peaceful nature no one is seeing me — was thinking — no one is looking at me, no one is spying upon me, no one is shadowing me, no one is persecuting me ... I am free ... But am free only in the nature! ... And only here, because in the society of the communist state of the romanian “hydra” was and would be a captive ... What sort of a state is that in which a human has to be captive in his or her human quality in the society, and he or she may be free only in his or her animal quality in the nature?! ... What sort of a state is that on the territory of which only the animals are free?! ... Away from here!

Stood up. Slightly on the left from my planned direction of march far away down in the valley, beheld a small reach of a relatively wide water.

Would it be the Danube?! — raised i the question to myself. ... The Danube flows behind mountains and is much farther ... No. It may not be the Danube ... It must be the Krassó.

Looked to the left and right. Saw neither a human, nor a vehicle. Crossed the lane. There followed a stripe around 10 meters wide overgrown with grass. After it, at the fringe of a wood, the terrain commenced to ascend again.

On the height, slightly from the left, there emerged a cottage. Came to a halt. In front of me, a leniently declining small pasture lay. On its other side, a wattle met my way. On the right, rocks made the terrain impassable.

I am under the necessity of passing by in front of the house and afterwards to climb the fence — thought.

Began descending on the grass. Barking struck my ear. Looked to the left. Two shepherd dogs and a watch-dog were coming towards me. I came to a halt. Surrounding me, they kept a distance. With a reduced heat, barked on. Slightly on the right, observed a wattle gate. A wire fixed it to a pile. It was barricaded by a few small crowns of felled trees.

Someone should come out for solving the situation — thought, while looking at the house.

There made his appearance the master. He wore simple peasant clothes, on his head he had a shabby black felt hat. He was plodding towards me on the other side of the fence mildly smiling.

"I have gotten stuck ... "said i, explaining and excusing myself, and smiling back.

He was coming nearer wordlessly. Catching sight of him, the dogs ceased barking.

"Beautiful dogs ..."

He did not say a word, did not look at me. Getting to the gate, he drew aside the crowns of tree. Began undoing the wire.

"I am a tourist ..."

"Where do you go?" started he speaking.

"I am taking a trip ... I am traveling through the Dognácska mountains."

"... Where do you come from?"

"From Resicabánya."

He drew away the gate.

"Thank you very much!" said i, while passing through.

He scanned my face smiling on.

"Ahem, ahem. You have precise purposes ..." said he.

He expressed surprise and curiosity. Neither a sign of ill-will was visible on him.

"It is my saturday off ... For the week-end, a bit of recreation is needed ..."

"You have precise purposes ..."

Evidently, he knows — was thinking — that i am a frontierist ... And suggests rather complicity than indifference or hostility ... After all, he could not squeal me, even if he wanted to ... There is no reason for turning to a misleading direction.

"Thank you for the help! Good-bye!"

I started onwards on a lane. It entered a wood. Was partly grass-grown. Led horizontally among the relatively thin and low trees. Roughly kept my planned direction of march.

His reaction is another sign of the fact — was thinking — that the tract is not frequented by tourists and probably by frontierists either ... His words corroborate my presumption that the highlanders are not so much isolated from the out-world that they do not know the illegal fleeing phenomenon ... In another respect, the suspicion of the hatcheted person was replaced by conviction in him ... Obviously, as i am nearer the frontier.

It commenced to leniently descend. Got out of the wood. The height

and steepness of the hills had considerably diminished.

The terrain undulated in front of me already not termably hilly. From the left, a flock of sheep came in sight.

Up to the present, i met two humans — thought. ... Against my will and in spite of the fact that had done my best in the interest of avoiding the meetings ... Those occurred necessarily ... Now the first time there arises an opportunity for saying no to a meeting: this time will not meet the shepherds of the flock being in front of me!

Slightly on the right, a terrain section sparsely overgrown with grass offered itself for a camouflaging and screening. Entered it. Sat down on the leaf-littery grass with the face to my direction of march. Took out a honey-cake. Keeping an eye on the perilous place, began eating.

In the high grass, deers ran across in front of me. It attracted my attention that they gave out barking-like cries. I had already experienced them earlier though, just at this time realized their origin.

An interesting terrain section came after. On a plow-land covering a hillock, a row of fruit-trees passed through roughly in my direction of march. I turned to its balk. Looked back. On a top of a similar height, a shepherd drove sheep in the direction of the former flock.

I have not been able to completely avoid his visual field after all — thought. ... If so far he has not caught sight of me, neither shall he from now on.

Pricked up my ears to barking. Looked to the right. A big white shepherd dog was hurrying towards me. Far behind him, a young shepherd followed him. He wore rural clothes, on his head he had a black lambskin cap. Looked not so much at me as at the earth. I stopped.

Another person obliged or being constrained to the nature was coming nearer towards me. While i knew about certain animals that they were not perilous, about others that they were perilous, judged the behavior of the humans living in the environment of animals and beside animals as being incalculable. Did not know that under the circumstances of impunity what kind of instincts the lure of value acquisition could set free. It raised my fear that a ferocious animal was at his disposal. According to my plan, had to accommodate myself to the environment: in the right pocket of my waistcoat the clasp-knife was at hands.

This is not a seemingly accidental meeting, like the first one — thought. ... And also not one seemingly caused by dogs, like the second one ... The young shepherd seemingly wants to meet me ... Should he set the dog on me, i will use the clasp-knife!

Clenched my teeth, thrust both hands into the pockets of my waistcoat, held the clasp-knife in my right palm, while looking at the animal. With his head, he came close to the height of 1 meter. Our looks met. Kept his mouth open, slightly gasped for breath, mildly growled. Came to a halt in front of me. More softly, kept giving a bark. As if had been waiting for orders from the back.

“Is he a perilous dog?” asked i, in an artificially light and friendly tone.

He raised his eyes. I did not get to know his intention. His manners seemed to be mildly provoking. As if the being at his disposal of the dog had determined his attitude. Searched my equipment.

It is probable — was thinking — that he ponders over the power relations ... My hands thrust into the pockets may not be to his taste.

He passed by in front of me. At around 3 meters, halted roughly in my planned direction of march, and swung towards me.

“He is not perilous,” began he to speak. “... Keep quiet!”

Turning away from me, the dog ceased to control me, and commenced to follow his nose in the surroundings. I swung slightly to the right, and with slow short steps started.

“Don’t you have some cigarets?”

“Sorry, i do not have,” said. “... I had, but ran out of it,” added, intending to disguise myself for the case if he had disposed of my personal description.

“Where do you go?!” asked he, curiously distrustfully.

His tone referred to that in reality he knew where i was going, only my answer interested him.

“I am taking a trip ... To the Dognácska mountains ...”

This version does not very much stand any longer — thought. ... The soil configurations of the tract cannot be called hills either ... In addition to this, he knows as he saw that i have bent my steps in the direction of the frontier ... If i deviated from it, would only provide a corroboration for his presumption verging on conviction ... At the same time, would give evidence of my distrust, would suggest him the possibility of his squealing.

“Am i on the right way?” asked, trying to support the credibility of my statement.

“... Yes,” said he, in a formal tone, as if he had not wanted either to raise the truth on the level of dialog.

“I would give you with pleasure, but have no one ... Good bye!” finished the dialog objectless for me, and sped up in my planned direction of march.

It is strange — was thinking — that i have gotten into such a situation in which there is no alternative to marching towards the frontier; and just when am relatively near it ... If he had “shown me the way”, he would have played a joint role in the act relative to losing my way of my touristic

play ... But he has not done it ... Probably, as it was too evident for him that i am a frontierist ... It is already late in the afternoon ... Do not think that he will go on foot as far as the first village with the purpose of my squealing ... It is strange also that this meeting was necessary as well ... Even if had observed him, as he broke through from behind the hillock, then neither could have avoided him because of his dog ... Further, he could not catch sight of me from afar, so i could not be the aim of his way ... Although according to the scene he came to me to ask cigarettes of me ... And why did he need the dog?

An extended orchard came in sight on the undulating terrain. Slightly on the right on a crest, a building lay. It seemed to be abandoned.

I do not think — was thinking — that at the set of the day, and so much the more at the beginning of the spring, humans would stay in the orchard.

Reached a brook. Its turbid water around 1 meter wide flowed rapidly from the right to the left. Halted short.

Would i have attained the third orientation element yet?! — raised the question to myself, being surprised. ... Prior to the brook, should have met a concrete road and a railroad! ... Would my map be defective?

Began scrutinizing the terrain looming in front of me in the dusk. Perceived neither of the lines of communication.

According to these, this brook was not marked on my map — established. ... Because from my orientation system, i did not omit a single brook meeting my planned direction of march.

Near by, a plank bridge was visible. Went across it. Marched on with rapid steps on the horizontal terrain.

It commenced to ascend. Not slowing down, climbed onwards on the grassy slope. It had already grown dark.

Got to the top. The plateau discernible in front of me was overgrown with grass, rarely with small trees.

Here, i will put up for the night! — decided.

Slightly on the right, caught sight of a cluster of trees. They intercepted a place just of around the height of a human. Next to them, stopped. Put down the rucksack. Among them, began disposing my sleeping-place.

A hooting of locomotive sounded. It came from approximately the north-west from the distance.

The railroad! — thought, rejoicing. ... I am not far from it any longer! ... Tomorrow, shall be able to cross the frontier!

The consciousness of the nearness of the last element of my orientation

system affected me captivatingly. It increased the speed of my preparations. The regular clicking was growing in volume from Zsidovin. The peculiar hooting of deep tonality repeated itself louder and louder. They were the only distant sounds braking and dominating the silence of the nature. Their maximum volume indicated that the train was passing by in front of me down in the valley. The clicking continuously, the hooting occasionally were echoing still for minutes more and more softly, till they had died down completely in the direction of Oravicabánya.

Lying on the back in the sleeping-bag, i was looking at the sky. The light of stars met in my eyes. A sublime feeling descended upon me.

The same sky, the same stars can be seen beyond the frontier as well — thought. ... I feel not in the communist state of the romanian “hydra”, but on the Earth planet ... And Yugoslavia is also a part of this! ... New-world, heaven, garden of Eden, paradise, nirvana, or anyhow you are called, where are you? ... We desire with all our hearts: be here on the Earth! ... We hope from the bottom of our hearts: you are as near to us as near we are to you ... Extraterrestrial human, who are there in the new-world! ... Deliver us from the evil! ... Your world come! ... Earth human, who are there in this-world! ... Deliver yourself from the evil! ... Create the new-world!⁹⁸

I felt in the new-world beyond the Earth, till completely sank into its terrestrial dream.

Started on at the peep of the day. Entered a wood. It was sparse. Its leaf-littery soil had remained roughly horizontal. Advanced easily among the small trees.

Got to its fringe. A large valley unfolded itself in front of me. Came to a halt.

Here it is! — thought. ... This is the valley, through which the train passed in the evening ... In this, there is situated the third element of my orientation system, the road-railroad-brook ... According to my map, from it there are still around 4 kilometers as far as the frontier ... Therefore, the following hill still appertains to the romanian communist state ... From its top, i can well reconnoiter the frontier ... It would be good to leave behind the valley still early in the morning ... Later, its cutting across would be more perilous.⁹⁹

98 With this paragraph, i do not “pray” — as it has been interpreted and programed with their personal secret political propaganda relative to my person by the ethnical and the national secret political organizations generally, and the hungarian national secret political organization particularly, according to their interest relative to the falsification of my person and deception of humans — but it constitutes an expression of my atheist principle according to which the religion is a creation of the human consciousness and not a reflection of the existence and actions of a supernatural being.

99 The law defined the stripe of the frontier guards, which was constituted by a stripe spreading

Slightly on the left from my planned direction of march, down in the valley, behind a row of poplars, as if buildings had been visible. The farther details of the terrain were faded in the obscurity of dawn. Straight in front of me, a sprouting grain-field lay. Swinging slightly to the right, stepped on it.¹⁰⁰

I marched as rapidly as possible. The continuously lenient descent of the slope came in handy in this. Earth soles adhered to my clod-crushers. Becoming thicker and thicker, they rendered difficult and decelerated my advance. From time to time, halted, and shook them off, as much as could.

The modernized road broke through.

From here, there have to still be around 4 kilometers as far as the frontier — thought.

Looked to the left and right. Did not perceive a vehicle. Got down on the concrete surface. Came to a halt, and began shaking the clod-crushers, rubbed them against and hit them to it, till cleared away the earth soles. In haste, crossed it. Descended on a meadow.

Notwithstanding that it is not a plowed stripe — was thinking — the frontier guards could detect me also on the basis of the tracks left on the road ... Till the broad daylight, i will have to reach a wood or another camouflage.

The railroad broke through. It ran on an embankment scarcely 1 meter high made of stones. There struck my eye the contradiction between the natural grass and the building material artificially transported there. I easily climbed it over.

from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 20 meters, and in which the frontier guards had the right to move, to set up outposts, and to fix up devices of frontier defense. "The employees of the socialist organizations or the members of the co-operative farms" could only enter the stripe of the frontier guards in order to perform certain works and only with the authorization of the commanding officer of the competent frontier-guard outfit. The persons arriving at the localities of the frontier zone were obliged to present themselves at the militia within 24 hours to report the planned period of their stay. In the day-time, only those persons were allowed to stay in the vacant parts of the frontier zone who took part in works, and were able to certify that their domicile was in the frontier zone being near the place of the works, or that they were registered at the organs of the militia, or that they were employees of an enterprise in the frontier zone. At night, one was allowed to move with or without vehicles of transport from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 2 kilometers only in the public roads marked out by the authorities, and staying in the vacant lots without authorization was prohibited. From the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 50 meters, one might not have planted high agricultural plants. In addition, from the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 500 meters, it was forbidden building sheepfolds and hunting. The grazing ground of the animals could range in the day-time as far as the stripe of the frontier guards, and at night from it at least to the depth of 500 meters. [5]

100 On the photo of the front cover, on 8 august 2019 at 12 hours and 32 minutes or thereabouts, on the slope of the hill at issue at around 200 meters on the right of my illegal-fleeing path, the grain-field is already harvested and plowed, the greenish color is rendered by the second growth. Down on the flat terrain, the first dark green vegetation stripe runs along the road and the railroad, and the second one along the brook.

The meadow continued. At around half a kilometer, a low hill stretched to the right and left. I focused my attention on the grassy terrain unfolding itself in front of me.

Looked up, in order to better examine the approaching hill-slope. Slightly on the right up on the edge of the top, my eyes remained instinctively fixed on an object of human make. Although a few hundred meters separated me from it, and it stood not on inclined, but straight legs, owing to my experiences of the former year on the bank of the Berettyó, instantly recognized it.

A watch-tower!!

12. Have the frontier guards observed me?

Being transfixed with horror, i halted short. Was standing with no camouflage and screening in front of the watch-tower. Giving myself up to despair, burst into tears.

It has gotten lost! — thought. ... My substantial and careful planning and purchasing work of months, my efforts and risk assumptions during the days of my illegal fleeing attempt are in the course of going lost here in the vicinity of the frontier together with my natural liberty ... It is not a little thing from the middle of the territory of the romanian communist state to so much approach its frontier ... How many humans did or would pay tens of thousand only for the transportation into the frontier zone and a guidance! ... And by train and on foot, with the least possible expenses i have wrought my way in beside the frontier! ... Have gotten through to the threshold of Yugoslavia, and right here they catch me?! ... No! This is not possible! ... What shall i do?

Looked aside. Another sign did not refer to the frontier. On the meadow, there was visible no screening possibility. On the bare hill-slope overgrown with grass, a shrubbery lay each in front of me nearer, and slightly on the left farther.

I am not so near the frontier — was thinking — in order to press for an immediate crossing ... First of all, have to screen myself! ... Guide on the left shrubbery!¹⁰¹

101 On the inserted photo, on 9 august 2019 at 10 hours and 35 minutes or thereabouts in the forenoon after crossing the bridge at around 200 meters on the left from the place of the observation of the one-time watch-tower, the flat terrain is not a meadow, but an unplowed stubble-field. The watch-towers were since then pulled down. The watch-tower of the epoch, designated with black proportionally, but slightly oversized, stood on the apparent edge of the top. Presumably, the two shrubberies being seen on the photo are the sprouts of the shrubbery being on the left from me, and respectively that being in front of me on 5 april 1987.



With all my might, began running towards it. The rubs of the terrain did not affect the straight line of my headway. Did not round the little holes either. Due to my clod-crushers, they did not diminish my speed significantly. Their hard rubber soles of a suitable molding well adjusted themselves to the relatively soft soil. At times, stepped in pools overgrown with grass, splashed about their water, the legs of my pants became wet. The rucksack swung to the right and left on my back.

The meadow suddenly ended under my eyes. The bed of a brook unfolded itself yawning gully-likely. Its biscuit water flowed rapidly from the right to the left.

The Cernovec!¹⁰²



¹⁰² Read approximately: 'tsernovets. In the romanian language: Ciornovăț. When i observed the watch-tower, on the photo of the front cover i could be at around 100 meters on the right from the poplar that may indicate the right end of the row of poplars, namely on the run it did not get into my way the ditch intersecting the meadow in its neighborhood. The watch-tower was visible slightly on the right from my direction of march perpendicular to the Cernovec up on the grassy top in its entirety, as i approximately indicated it with the black streak. The outpost of new type discernible beside it on its right side possibly stands on the same place.



It surprised me, because in my fright and haste had forgotten about that the railroad had to be followed by the brook.

I will cross it! — decided.

Between the lower bank line and the vertical bed wall, there extended a bare strip of land. It leniently declined around 1 meter widely. Jumped down on it. Drawing myself up to the full length, the level of the meadow covered me up approximately to the neck.

Oh, how deep it is! — established. ... Maybe, i do not have to go as far as the shrubbery!?

I bent. The watch-tower disappeared from before my eyes. Felt relief a little. Crouched down.

The bed seems to provide a fit screening — thought. ... I will remain on the bank! ... If they have observed me, whatever happens, they will capture me, so for the moment there is no reason for acting on ... A certain time has to elapse in order to get to know whether the frontier guards have observed me ... At the same time, rest a little!

Put down the rucksack. Took out the two foils. Laid them out side by side. Lay down on the belly on them. Still panted, my heart pulsed high. Was tensely waiting for the situation to become clear. Spiritually, was prepared that at any moment green-uniformists appeared on the upper bank. Hearkened whether heard a hum of engine or human voices. But only the low gurgling of the water was audible.

Time hung heavy on my hands. Was able to seize with my senses, to grasp with my thoughts a split second as well. In their fullness, they far surpassed the happenings of the sleep of a night. As my physical tiredness diminished, so decreased my excitement as well, and increased the probability of the hoped eventuality that the frontier guards had not observed me. My state of mind roughly returned to the normal.

Sat up. The water of the Cernovec was around 2 meters wide. The wall of its bed vertically touched the coat of green of the meadow. The blades

of grass stood out in the greyish white of the sky. The lower banks beelined my sky-line. On them there were set in order smaller or larger willow shrubs and willows at a shorter or longer distance apart.¹⁰³



At around 300 meters to the south, a red-brown bridge without rails was visible. On it, a horse-drawn cart had emerged coming from the left bank.

If they look just in this direction — was thinking — they cannot observe me in the long row of willow-twigs ... Thus, a country lane cuts across the meadow ... Examine the terrain from the frontier!

Posted myself in a crouching position, swung in the direction perpendicular to the line of the bed, and cautiously got up till my eyes reached at the level of the meadow. The watch-tower stood slightly on the right, at around 500 meters. Did not perceive a frontier guard. In front of me, on the right and on the left, the foot of the hills of Versec put an end to the horizontal surface. The long stretch of slope was overgrown mostly with grass, rarely with shrubs and shrubberies. Its upper line constituted my sky-line approximately parallel with the brook. Another watch-tower or object of human make was not visible.

If the frontier guards have not come so far — was thinking — then obviously they had not observed me ... I have to remove myself from the watch-tower!

Folded up the foils. Put them in their place. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Stooped got up, and making haste, set off to the south.

Reached a bank section stoned with natural stones. At a length of around 10 meters and a width of 5 meters, it gradually ascended as far as the level of the meadow. The right bank had remained unchanged.

Probably, it serves the watering of animals — thought.

Looking ahead, beheld a horseman on the other bank. He stood at

103 On the inserted photo, the bank of the brook is seen on 9 august 2019 at 13 hours and 2 minutes or thereabouts at around 200 meters on the left from the place on which on 5 april 1987 it blocked my way towards the shrubbery. On its this section, the watch-tower of the epoch would be seen today as well. Since then, the sparse willow shrubs have proliferated and grown.

around 30 meters from the bridge. Wore a kind of grayish-blue uniform, on his head he had a bonnet. I took cover, and fell on my left side on the pavement. The bed wall had not screened me from him completely. It proved to be already late: he turned the horse towards me, and started him with slow paces. My terror and desperation broke out again.

It is probable — was thinking — that he is a militia soldier ... Would they have observed me after all?

Lost my breath. Sank my eyes, and as a combatant being wounded on the front was immovably waiting for the developments. From time to time, glanced up. He was continuously drawing nearer with an unchanged speed small in a leisurely.

He has not a uniform on! — established, having a sign of relief. ... It is a certain kind of union suit ... The frontier guards have not observed me! ... Conversely, he has observed me ... Would he be a stable-lad? ... And what if he squeals me to the frontier guards?! ... For else, why i would interest him?!

Slightly felt relief. But the peril of squealing still held me in terror. There were already audible the steps of the hoofs on the grass. Looked up at him, our looks met for a moment, and sank my eyes again. Getting in front of me, he pulled up the horse. I did not look up at him.

“What’s the situation like, uncle?” asked he, in a calm and slightly ironic tone.

He is a stable-lad indeed — thought. Following from the situation, my intention is evident. Therefore there is no reason for keeping back the truth. In addition, with my sincerity i may arouse his confidence and sympathy.

“I want to cross the frontier,” said, softly, in a tone seeming to end at crying, and raising my eyes to him put the right palm on the left one and stretched them out towards him. “Do not tell me, please!”

In spite of my atheist character, joined my hands and implored him. This was produced by my religious bringing up, my instinct of self-preservation, but mainly by my powerlessness and longing. It depended on the stable-lad the momentary possibility of gaining my freedom, of realizing my purpose in life, and of attaining such other sublime values, which are desired by all humans, which are striven for by all humans, and for which the religious humans invoke their “god”. In these critical moments, i could not be the master of myself and of my situation. He was my lord, my almighty and my god. Humbled myself before him.

He said nothing. His face irradiated understanding and compassion. Maybe, he was also surprised and affected by my special behavior. By way of guarantee, he lifted up his right hand, as if had given me his blessing, and pulled at the reins.

After Resicabánya, from safety reasons, i treated every person as being

a possible squealer. And in the immediate vicinity of the frontier, despite the threatening of the watch-tower standing on the top, the stable-lad did not seemingly collaborate with the frontier guards. In the space of a moment, the “infernal” mood of consciousness of the certainty of my capturing, maltreatment, arrestation and imprisonment turned into the “paradisical” mood of the pleasant surprise of my recognition, of the renascence of the hope of my escape.

There is a possibility — was thinking — that the frontier guards have turned their attention just to the moving of the stable-lad, and have concluded from this to my presence here ... But i would not like, if someone else caught sight of me here near the bridge ... Right away, have to start on!

Proceeded on my way in double-quick stooped.

By the isolated willow shrubs and short willows, i passed easily, without having to change over to route-step. Approached the bridge. It linked the two banks horizontally. Cried age. This was visible also from that on the right and left it merged with the soil and the coat of green.

If now a human or a vehicle rose to view — was thinking — i would have no possibility of screening.

Passed under it. Close to the following willow shrub, my clod-crushers sank a little in the softer soil. Ran on invariably.

It is not good — was thinking — that i leave tracks just here in the vicinity of the bridge, but cannot waste the time to spread dry earth on them, as it is more important the speed of removing myself from the watch-tower and the bridge ... Reversely, have to take advantage of the possibility of reconnoitering now presenting itself!

Halted, and looking to the right drew myself up a little. The meadow and the hill-slope remained essentially the same. Beheld a watch-house. It lay up on the inside of the top. Its frontage looked to the south, slightly to the east. For the most part, trees screened it. After it in the west, there was visible a wood. The hill unsurveyably ran farther to the south. Did not perceive another watch-tower.

The watch-house disappeared behind the slope. I looked back. Could already hardly discern the bridge. The watch-tower was still visible.

How far shall i go? — raised the question to myself. ... From the bridge, am not observable any longer ... There is no reason for leaving the visual field of the watch-tower, as in the day-time i can in no way go out to the meadow ... In relation to the watch-tower and the surrounding terrain, the bed wall screens me though, but on the upper bank someone may appear suddenly at any time ... Therefore, my safety requires that i do not be visible from the immediate vicinity either ... The only reason of my pro-

ceeding is searching for a suitable hiding-place.

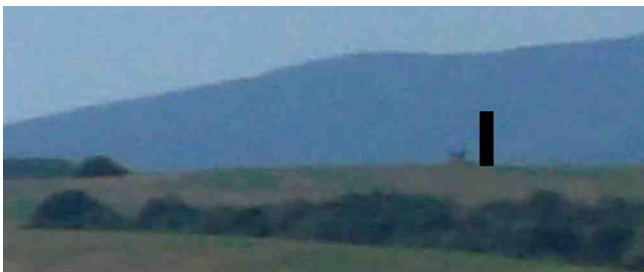
I was drawing near to a thicker and longer willow shrub.

I would hardly find one better than that — thought.

Halted, and looked round. The left bed wall overtopped me at around 2 meters. Above the right bank, did not perceive a watch-tower. On the left from the direction perpendicular to the brook, a stable-like building showed partly.

It is probable — was thinking — that the stable-lad came from and went back there.

The watch-house remained screened. From the watch-tower, around 2 kilometers separated me.¹⁰⁴



104 On the inserted photo, on 8 august 2019 at 13 hours and 9 minutes or thereabouts, my path done on the bank of the Cernovec is surveyable on the whole in its entirety. I reached the bed of the brook approximately where the right edge of the photo intersects the row of willows, then stopped towards its end. Approached the no longer existing bridge in the region of the middle of the seen row of willows. Among the leaves, a few stable-like buildings are seen. On the approximate place of the watch-tower, an outpost of new type is discernible on this photo as well.

A human nowhere showed himself or herself. Put down the rucksack. Turned my attention to that a sizable part of its left lower pocket had been seeped by the oil of the tinned fish.

What has happened?! — raised i the question to myself.

Controlled the lid of the tin. It seemingly invariably stood in its place. Pressed it several times, but did not sank deeper.

It closes badly — established.

Took out a bag. Wrapped it, and put it back. Drew forth food. Sat down, and began eating. On the lower half of the leafless willow shrub, bundles of grass and dry twigs were drawn in the direction of the flowing of the brook.

The level of the water was higher here as well — concluded. ... It may be, it is a favorable circumstance that in winter it did not fall and last more snow, in early spring it did not rain more, and that i have not arrived earlier here ... Since if the water had flooded the lower banks, i would now cower in the shrubbery wet to the skin at least waist-high, unless the frontier guards would already have captured me ... Possibly, then it could have occurred to me also the idea of returning on the hill behind my back ... But it is certainly a favorable circumstance that the stream increased the screening and camouflaging capacity of the shrubs ... And i will increase them on, till will assert my principle that for an outside observer my human character must hold off, must fade into the nature on the level of the appearance.

Took off the overcoat, and rammed it into the rucksack. The sweater likewise. Changed the jeans to the camouflaging pants. Put on the cap. Set about executing the hiding-place.

Gathered dry grass and twigs. From the neighboring willows, broke off branches. Set all these on the chosen shrub, so that its interstices became as uniform and narrow as possible. At the same time, strove to create the semblance of naturalness.

Try out the hiding-place! — thought.

Drew forth the two foils. Doubled them lengthways. Spread them out behind the shrub. Roughly, it leniently declined upwards as compared with the flowing of the brook. Placed the rucksack in its lower end. From above, slipped in it.

I was lying with the feet in the direction of the bridge. Under me, the moistly soft soil leniently declined perpendicularly towards the brook, and more steeply forward. On my right side, the vertical bed wall screened me completely from the outside world. Its moistness gradually decreased with its height. Archedly reaching the coat of green, it eaves-likely excluded the least possibility of someone to take notice of me from the meadow. On the

left side, among the branches, slightly saw out to the right bank. Also the clothing contributed to my camouflaging with the khaki of the cap, shirt and pull-over, the natural colors of the waistcoat and the pants, as well as the brown of the clod-crushers.

My screening and camouflaging are as suitable as possible — thought.

The hiding-place was not sufficiently long to be able to stretch myself out, sufficiently wide to be able to lie down on the back, and sufficiently high to be able to sit up. Most often, i rested on my left elbow and on a part of my back, and kept my feet contracted. In order to relax, at times somewhat stretched out one or another, and from the elbow fell on the back, as much as could.

It was still morning, and i had to spend the whole day in this uncomfortable position. But the time did not hang heavy on my hands. Each passed-away moment corroborated my belief in that the frontier guards had not observed, and the stable-lad had not squealed me. Felt more and more secure.

The behavior of the stable-lad is giving food for thought — thought. ... He works near the frontier, so obviously has some sort of relation with the frontier guards ... When he caught sight of me, immediately turned towards me ... Why? ... From curiosity or from sense of duty? ... His disdainfully humorous address indicates not only that he had become aware of my quality of frontierist, but also that he looked down on me rather from the point of view of the authorities ... As on 28 september last year, also the lieutenant frontier guard in Bors¹⁰⁵ called me “uncle”¹⁰⁶ ... At the same time, he had to know that he was in the visual field of the watch-tower, that from his motion and gestures the frontier guard possibly seeing service could find out that there was a frontierist on the bank of the Cernovec, and he made a secret of that ... And he did not squeal me after all ... Why? ... I consider two eventualities as being likely ... The first one: in this zone, there is practically no illegal fleeing phenomenon; in my illegal fleeing on the brook bank, the stable-lad detected an event known by him in general, but not experienced; he came to me from curiosity; he was not aware of the risk which he undertook with the non-squealing¹⁰⁷ ... This version is corroborated by also that because of the Dognácska mountains it is hard to safely get in here ... The second one: also here many frontierists flee; the stable-lad came near me with the intention of squealing; my imploring affected him; he knew that early in the morning the watch-tower is

105 Read approximately: 'borf. In the romanian language: Borș. Village in a straight line at around 2 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier. [2]

106 The frontier guard called me “nene”, [Read approximately: 'nene.] the stable-lad “bădie”, [Read approximately: b'a'die.] of which meaning is essentially the same.

107 The law did not compel the inhabitants along the frontier to collaborate with the authorities. It only ordained that the frontier guards “in their activity leant on the voluntary participation of the citizens”. [5] But, in all certainty, the authorities had created the conditions under which the humans felt the voluntariness in law as being obligation in fact.

still empty, and left me in peace ... In any case, his attitude is of an inestimable value for me!

The sun was shining. Tinkling, barking of dogs and cries struck my ear. They came from downwards, from either banks.

Flocks of sheep — thought.

Focused my attention on the new phonic signs. It seemed that they were growing louder from the right bank, while on my side remained constant. From time to time, turned my head to the left and kept an eye on the space above the coat of green.

Beheld a shepherd dog. He was coming nearer from downwards pacing on the brink of the bank. A chill came over me.

If he smells me — was thinking — he shall commence to bark ... At that, the shepherd will come here ... If the frontier guards do not take notice of it, everything shall be up to him.

Held my breath. The medium-sized dog with a black-and-white fell was nosing out to and fro in the grass. From time to time, he came to a stop and searched about. He did not look towards me. Going past in front of me, he commenced to remove doggedly. Then, he disappeared upwards on the bank. I breathed freely again.

The hiding-place and the camouflaging clothes saved me — thought. ... What a value in use represent here these clothing colors well fading in the terrain, this leafless willow shrub with the dead grass, twigs and branches on it! ... However, he could have nosed the fish and the condiment smell of the oil of the conserve ... It seems that the momentary local air currents were favorable to me ... In another respect, the persons being mixed up in projecting, producing, filling and putting into circulation the tin were not favorable, and not only to me, but the other buyers either ... How negative consequences may have this perfunctory work made it possible by the planned economy! ... As if the “hydra” had placed its time-bomb in my rucksack, from which there is no escape any longer, as i may not dig it in to the ground, may not put it in the brook, because its smell would spread and may not post myself here to wash ... Cannot only know when it shall explode ... Hope that never.

From the left, a shepherd appeared. He wore sheepskin-coat reaching down to his heels, on his head he had a black lambskin cap.

If his dog did not perceive me — was thinking — in all certainty he shall not do it either ... Unless he will give evidence of more refined perceptions, just like the dog-setting person between the Küküllös ... But, after all, if he took notice of some curious sighs among the branches, neither then he could imagine that there be a human behind them.

He was coming nearer walking on the edge of the other bank. From time to time, came to a halt and shouted across to his fellow being on the meadow of the left bank. He fixed his eyes on my hiding-place. I mildly shuddering, we seemed to look each other steadily in the eyes.

He is looking — was thinking — but not seeing.

The sight did not cause a perceivable change in his conduct. He took off his look from my hiding-place. Walked away in front of me. With around 10 meters upper, he halted, and turned round.

Where did i make a mistake — was raising the question to myself — that have gotten in this undesirable situation?! ... From the fringe of the grove, the heights on the other side were only very obscurely visible; so was not able to observe the watch-tower being in front of me ... Furthermore, my map had informed me that from the last element of my orientation system there were still around 4 kilometers as far as the frontier; for this reason, at that time did not consider it necessary to wait for the broad daylight, and in conformity with my habit from the edge of the top hold a reconnoitering ... Made haste ... Here was the mistake! ... It would not have been a great thing to wait for a while of around one hour... Then would not have gotten in this situation still critical, would not have exposed myself neither to the watch-tower, nor to the stable-lad, nor to the shepherd dog, nor to the shepherd ... And from there, could have looked over the terrain beyond the watch-tower as well, and could have fixed the best path to be followed in the evening ... Or maybe could have seen the frontier as well, and would already dispose of a concrete crossing plan ... In this manner, it is missing not only the evening path or the crossing plan, but also the possibility of their drawing up.

At noon, consumed a jar of haricot beans with pork. Liked it. So much the more, because was very nearly sure of that also in their possible bad consequences had managed to rode out the perilous minutes of the morning and the forenoon. The time passed by for my good.

These branches, twigs and grass bundles delimit me not only from the outside world and the public — was thinking — but also from the law, namely from enforcing them to me ... Because it is a fact that am out of the law ... Not only now, but also since my departure from Marosvásárhely ... Moreover, even before that, as the third paragraph of the article 245 qualifies also the preparations for the frontier crossing as being a crime ... Only that, there is an essential difference between my present penal situation and the earlier ones ... In Marosvásárhely, in the course of buying the distilled water or the waistcoat, the representatives of the public could not squeal me as a person preparing himself for the illegal crossing of the frontier, as those goods are utilizable for other purposes as well, and many others buy them as well ... That could have been done

only by a squealer sales clerk instructed about me, but then it would have appeared from the official documents being produced in the course of the penal procedure that the “hydra” had a town-level network organized, probably with the aid of the Securitate, for my shadowing ... However, they excluded the creation of such papers, as those would have been proofs in favor of my persecution, and against the communist regime, moreover against the “hydra” ... And they did not ordain a house search, probably for the same reasons ... Although marching towards Meggyes in the nature i could appear as being curious in the eye of a person beholding me, but was too far from the frontier that the idea of my illegal fleeing attempt occurred to him ... And as regards the dog-setting person, that could be an extreme manifestation of curiosity, though can accept hardly enough that he was able to have me bitten all over with his dogs, only as i had not exactly told him my destination ... But, after all, how there would have looked the reporting of a person living in the nature at several hundreds kilometers from the frontier concerning the illegal crossing of the frontier?! ... During traveling by rail, i melted into the environment best: then not even a militiaman could have suspected that making use of the trains running to Kudzsir, Soborsin, Lugos, Karánsebes or Resicabánya wanted to get through to Belgrade ... In this situation, the peaked-capped person strove to make an alteration in Alkenyér ... If he had succeeded in that, the militiamen being informed would certainly have considered his performance as being professionally dishonorable and enviable ... In all certainty, the persons appearing in the Dognácska mountains knew that i wanted to cross the frontier ... But, on the one part, the squealing was physically realizable with difficulty, on the other part, probably they did not feel prompted to it ... Here on the bank of the Cernovec, my situation is unambiguous: at the first sight can one see by the look of me that am a frontierist ... Squealing is not a great thing, as the frontier guards are only at a few hundred meters ... If someone obtained knowledge of me, and he or she were not well-intentioned, then subsequently to his or her squealing the frontier guards would mercilessly enforce on me not only the written will of the communist regime, but also the unwritten will of the “hydra” ... Between them and me, there are two factors here ... The first one: the stable-lad, the shepherds and all those who work here ... The second one: the nature ... So, have two possibilities to avoid the tentacles of the “hydra” ... The first one: the good-will of those appearing here or obtaining that ... The second one: identifying myself with the nature ... It is evident that can only cherish the hope of the first one ... So, it is left the seeming melting into the terrain ... Not only staying in the nature can be forbidden here, but also its viewing ... As, at the very worst, if a human came here only from love for nature, the frontier guards could anyway impute him or her the attempt of illegal frontier crossing, as the penal code allows them to say that

he or she makes preparations for committing this crime ... So it is illegal all the information which obtained about the hither side of the hills of Versec, it is illegal the thinking as well ... Only that the point of view of illegality is not mine, but of the "hydra" ... For me, nothing is more accessible, nothing is more necessary, nothing is more important, nothing is more natural here and now, than obtaining information and thinking about the terrain of the hills of Versec, about the romanian-yugoslav frontier, and weaving plans for crossing it ... Probably, it is well behind the watch-tower, as it was built on the edge of the top just in order for the hill-slope to also be surveyable from it ... Presuming that it passes parallel with the frontage of the watch-house, and taking into account that neither in the west, nor more in the south a watch-tower is visible, can arrive at the conclusion that it must be behind the watch-house the place where the frontier turns west ... On the basis of my information till now, can draw up a concrete crossing plan: will point out a direction between the watch-tower and the watch-house, and, considering the bareness of the terrain, may be in Yugoslavia still this evening ... But do not sufficiently know the terrain ... Know nothing about the means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding ... There is the peril of the alarming apparatuses ... Probably, a fence would obstruct me ... The nearness of the watch-house is also an unfavorable element ... It seems that the terrain behind the watch-tower can be reconnoitered ... Furthermore, considering the forest of the hills, am able to create the possibility of the day-time crossing in them, according to the original objective of my plan ... Taking into account all these, the nightly crossing does not appear now an acceptable variant ... It shall be the best, if after the dark will go across the meadow, will climb up the hill, and tomorrow will hold a reconnoitering ... In this manner, can find out whether the frontier turns indeed to the west behind the watch-house, and may find the crossing place the most suitable possible as well.

13. What is it like the terrain behind the watch-tower?

The sun had sunken behind the hill. The sound of the small bells had died down, the cries of the shepherds had held off. At times, a far barking indicated that the flocks of sheep were not in the vicinity any longer.

Neither the dogs, nor the shepherds threaten me any longer — thought. ... Last year on 27 september, in the watch-tower on the bank of the Berettyó the frontier guards saw service only up to 12.30 or thereabouts ... So, i can presume that at such a time this one is already empty ... The time to act has come!

Slipped out. Stood up, and looked round. Near the stable, a number of

horses grazed.

Probably, it is a stud-farm — thought.

Elsewhere, the virgin nature constituted my visual area. Began keeping listening. The barking indicated that the flocks of sheep were prepared for spending the night somewhere far away down.

No imminent peril — thought. ... On the meadow, i can easily get across ... Pack up, and make my tracks disappear!

Took out the two foils. Wiped them. Put them into the rucksack. Took off the branches, the twigs, as well as the grass from the shrub, and threw them up on the coat of green. Put the refuse resulted from the repasts into the loose soil. Made my footprints inconspicuous with the clod-crushers, and strewed them with earth.

Now, fix my evening direction of march! — thought, and swung to the west. ... Slightly on the right, there is the watch-house ... On the left in the distance, there lies the sheepfold ... Accordingly, the best direction is: slightly to the left ... But pin it down exactly!

Took out the compass. Fixed that with how many degrees had to swing to the left from the westward direction.

It may be — was thinking — that one activation shall not prove to be enough to get up on the hill: create the possibility of the quick activation in the course of the march!

Put the pocket-lamp in the right pocket of the waistcoat.

And now, cross the brook!

Looking to the right and left, examined the surface of the water. Slightly upper, it was narrower and less deep. The edges of its lower banks were overgrown with grass.

There it is more rapid — was thinking — but the easiest crossable.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Went to the looked-out place. Tucked up the legs of my pants. Pulled off the clod-crushers and the socks. Took them into my hands, and stepped into the water. In the middle, it shortly came above the knees. Stepped up unto the narrow coat of green of the right bank.

Stood up, and swung towards the bed wall. It was not completely vertical. With my left side, leant against a sparsely grassy part of it. My eyes got in the plane of the meadow. Was waiting for the complete nightfall, searching the eastern side of the hills of Versec rising to view long stretching from the right to the left in the distance.

Not a cloud was visible in the sky. The stars were twinkling more and more intensely. The place of the sun had been taken over by the moon approximately in a north-westward direction.

It shall not be darker any longer — thought. ... There is no reason for

waiting on ... Activate the compass!

Pulled it out of the pocket, opened up its box, with the string let it fall inside under the waistcoat, drew forth the pocket-lamp, from under with the right hand fit it to it, with the left hand pressed down the lower margin of the waistcoat, and with the chin the upper one, and with the thumb shifted the switch.

This operation is safe though — was thinking — but it would be still safer to no more use the pocket-lamp ... A single beam of light gotten out could rate as a striking sign in the eyes of a frontier guard standing on guard ... I hope that the phosphorus shall remain active as far as the top.

Put the pocket-lamp back in the right outside pocket of the waistcoat, and the compass in the other one. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Clambered up the steep side of the bed. Took out the compass, and swung in my pointed-out direction of march. Looked at the position of the moon: its horn was on my right side.

It is moving in the sky though — was thinking — but the moon also shall roughly help me in the orientation.

I pushed out into the meadow. On the third step, perceived soft soil with a part of the sole, with the other one nothing. Being unsteady on my legs, halted short.

What is there here?! — raised i the question to myself.

Diminishing my initial dash, stepped on, down on soft, up on harder, down on loose, and up on bare soil. My eyes accommodated themselves somewhat to the moonlight reflected by the earth.

I am on a plow-land — established. ... What was the shepherd looking for here?! ... In all certainty, not a better grazing place for his sheep.

The furrows differed from one another in their dimensions. The bigger ones were more spacious than the agricultural furrows. Partly, grass had overgrown them.

This is not a usual plow-land — thought. ... Obviously, it serves purposes of frontier guarding.

Its structure was characterized by disorder. I incessantly fell into another situation. The possibility of inurement did not exist. Could not calculate my current following step either. Advanced slowly. Riveted my eyes mainly to the ground. But had an eye on the position of the crescent as well. At times, halted, and looking up controlled the surveyable terrain.

From the black reach, a still blacker streak separated roughly perpendicularly to the direction of the brook. It became wider and wider. A chill came over me.

What is that?! — raised i the question to myself.

Attaining its edge, the furrows vanished. Came to a halt. It seemed around 2 meters wide. From its other edge, an earth wall plunged under the

level of the plow-land perpendicularly. It ended at around 2 meters deeply. As if its trough-like bottom were covered by mud. Its hither side also was roughly vertical.

A ditch — established. ... It is impossible for me to get across it ... Is it of this kind on the bank of the brook as well?

Turned to the left. Marched on the unplowed stripe leading alongside it.

From the darkness, the soft gurgle of the brook sounded through. From its bed, the ditch was separated by an earth wall. Its top descended, afterwards ascended.

It is traversable! — thought, rejoicing.

Went across it. Turned to my pointed-out direction of march. The terrain remained invariably plowed.

Had to fight for every meter. At times stumbled upon the furrows, at times staggered on them, at times slipped down from them, at times they broke under my body weight. But did not fall down once, partly owing to my clod-crushers.

It is probable — was thinking — that these terrain conformations of frontier guarding are destined for excluding the possibility that a vehicle coming over the bridge turn off to the left, by so doing removing itself from the possible sector which is guarded by living force ... Considering the matter from another point of view: if this sector were guarded by sentinels, then obviously they would not have plowed up the meadow and dug the ditch on it ... Therefore, i can consider the possibility of meeting with frontier guards as being practically excluded.

This consciousness produced an effect for satisfaction, spiritually made the march easier. The slight noise of touching the earth of the soles of the clod-crushers seemed to have the dead silence shaken. The barking repeating itself from time to time corroborated my consciousness that i was far from the sheepfold. At times, with the compass, adjusted my direction of march. Its phosphorus remained active. In the starry sky, the moon lighted and showed my way on.

A ditch broke through. It ran in the direction of the brook roughly parallel with the former one. Its slope descending vanished from sight in its darkness.

Is there mud in this one as well? — raised the question to myself. ... I have to try its crossing!

Sat down on its edge, rested on the palms, and put forward the right foot feeling my way on its grassy side. It uniformly descended. Pushed myself farther inside. Paced on. Attained its bottom. It proved to be dry. Stood up and rapidly climbed out of it. Kept on fighting with the plowed

terrain.

Got to a ditch. It was approximately parallel with the brook. In the moonlight, could well discern that its slopes around three times wider met roughly in a right angle, and were entirely overgrown with grass. Standing, let myself down into it, and clambered out of it. My soles perceived a smooth and hard soil.

I am on a country lane — thought. ... In all certainty, this ditch forms the boundary of the sector made unfit for traffic for vehicles ... It looks like the ditch i saw along the road leading from Temesvár to Zsombolya.¹⁰⁸

In 1984, when i was a fifth-year student, they took us by bus to a factory visit to Zsombolya. In a given moment, we turned our attention to that on either sides the road was lined by enormous ditches overgrown with grass, impassable for vehicles.

The terrain commenced to ascend.

I have reached the foot of the hills! — thought, rejoicing.

Slowly, cautiously began climbing the slope. It was overgrown with grass. There lay scattered dry remains of cut-out shrubs. With a view to avoid causing noise, went round about them, and took care in order not to step on them.

Got to the top. The moon, providing a relatively large visibility, unveiled a knobby terrain in front of me, letting me forth on into the secrets fearfully guarded with arms of the communist regime of the “hydra”. It undulated roughly on the same level with me approximately in a westward direction. It was overgrown mainly with grass, sparsely with shrubs, trees and clusters of trees. In the obscurity, no sign indicated that there would have been a human-made object on the surveyable terrain.

I have the possibility to march on — thought. ... But do not have a knowledge of the terrain ... Do not know where the frontier runs ... It would be perilous to draw near towards it, as could put into action an alarming device, or a sentinel could observe me in the moonlight ... The terrain section is rich in screening possibilities ... Here, will put up for the night, then tomorrow morning will hold a reconnoitering!

Started on in the direction of a cluster of trees. The terrain commenced to leniently descend. Disposed my sleeping-place among the trees.¹⁰⁹

108 Read approximately: 'zomboyó. In the romanian language: Jimbolia. Small town in a straight line at around 3 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

109 On the inserted photo, it is seen the ridge descending from the north to the south on 9 august 2019 at 8 hours and 56 minutes or thereabouts which i touched in the region of its middle on 5 april 1987 in the evening. The plowed flat terrain cut across previous to it is screened by the row of willows.



Woke up. It was almost a complete daylight. Quickly sat up, and looked round. Did not see a watch-tower, a watch-house, or other artificial objects.

Indeed, all is pure nature here around me — established.

Roughly in a north-westward direction above at around 50 meters, beheld two trees pulled up by the roots. The thick trunk of the right one pointed with its crown roughly to the north, and that of the left one to the west. The root-systems full of earth touched each other perpendicularly. They produced an effect of high walls.

It seems — was thinking — that the thrown-down trees constitute the best screening possibilities.

In haste, slipped out of the sleeping-bag, stepped into the clod-crushers, lifted on the rucksack to my back, picked up the things of the sleeping-place, and set off in double-quick up on the slope.

In the vicinity of the root-systems, reached a country lane. It ran roughly in a westward direction. It was nearly completely overgrown with grass.

This has not been used a good while any longer — thought.

Crossed it. Beside the trees, came to a halt, and looked round. In the north and west, there screened me the immense root-system, between them a high thicket, and in the east a more sparse shrubbery on the left side of the lane. The hole of the tree lying to the north somewhat stretched under it. It was lined with leaf-litter.

It seems the most suitable hiding-place possible — thought. ... Sitting in it, from farther i shall not be visible from either directions.

Took off the overcoat and the sweater. Began doing packing.

Placed the rucksack under the northern root-system. There lay about twigs.

Screen myself for the case — was thinking — if frontier guards suddenly appear on the lane!

Gathered some twigs. On the edge of the hole, stuck them into the ground archedly.

Began examining the terrain more attentively. In the north, near-by the high shrubbery screened me completely. In the east, the valley of the Cernovec yawned. In the south, a knobby terrain for the most part overgrown with grass undulated. In the west, farther a wood extended.

Just the very thing is not visible — was thinking — what interests me the best of all: the terrain behind the watch-tower ... Is it reconnoiterable? ... Try!

Put on the khaki synthetic-fiber cap. Going round the root-system to the right, started. From behind the high shrubbery, a bare terrain section unfolded itself in front of me. More sparsely or thickly, it was surrounded by higher vegetation. Keeping myself relatively screened, crouched down, and tried to see through the more sparse shrubbery running on its northern edge.

The top is plateau-likely — established. ... The watch-tower is not visible ... On the right, the valley of the Cernovec ... On the left ... the watch-house!

Bringing myself face to face with its near reality did not happen effectlessly: the streamlines of a shiver-making excitement imbued my body.

I must get across the bare terrain — was thinking — in order to better see the plateau!

Lay flat, and began creeping on the grass. At times, had to round reeds or thistles. Sometimes, had to throw aside spinous twigs. At intervals, had to halt, in order to clear away the runners fastening on to my clothing.

Natural means of the frontier guards — thought.

Reached the shrubbery. Its twigs stood sparsely. A little crept in among them, so that were able to see more. Focused my attention on the watch-house.

It was situated at around 200 meters. Its longish form ran mostly in a westward, slightly northward direction. Its walls were painted cream, its doors and the frames of its windows green. It was covered with a tiled roof. Did not see a frontier guard. At times, there was audible the barking of wolf-dogs.

I hope — was thinking — that the breeze shall not carry the smell of the tinned fish under your noses ... During the around six hours spent in Bors, i did not experience wolf-dogs ... But saw frontier guards coming from duty ... It is perceivable hence as well the difference between the romanian-hungarian and the romanian-yugoslav frontiers.

In a great area, the surrounding terrain was overgrown with grass and in some places with trees being situated relatively regularly in relation to

one another.

Probably, it is an orchard — thought.

Slightly on the left, a watch-tower stood. A frontier guard was not visible in it. Behind it far high up, the eastern barrow towered towards the sky, according to my map at the height of 258 meters above the sea level¹¹⁰. I knew that it was divided between the two states. It screened the other two barrows. Slightly on the right, at around 1 kilometer the watch-tower was visible. It stood on a little lower level. Its aggressiveness and superiority of the day before did not exist any longer in my relation. Innocently and inoffensively, as if it had looked to the east. In line with it far below on the flatland, three other straight-legged watch-towers were set in order.

The frontier section of north-southward direction — thought. ... From it to the west, the watch-house looks on approximately to me, to the south ... In front of it, a watch-tower ... More to the west, the eastern barrow ... Now can already take it for certain that the frontier winds to the west somewhere in front of me ... Is it not visible?

Focused my attention on the terrain behind the watch-house. Perceived neither a plowed stripe, nor a fence. Turned back.

Got into my hiding-place. My legs stretchedly got under the root-system, only my trunk showed from the hole. On my hands, scratches looked red, itched and ached. Took out the bag with the pharmaceuticals. Cleansed them with sanitary spirits. Leant against the slope around 45 degrees of the hole.

Recapitulating — was thinking — in front of me the frontier runs roughly in a westward direction ... If i take into consideration my experience on the bank of the Berettyó, according to which from the watch-tower there were still around 100 meters as far as the frontier, at present around 300 meters separate me from it ... Between it and me, the watch-house ... On the right, the valley of the Cernovec ... Behind me, the knobby terrain forming the eastern margin of the hills of Versec ... On the left, the enormous root-system of the other thrown-down tree ... There is still the possibility of the reconnoitering to the left ... Have a try at it as well!

Stood up. To the left, rounded the root-system. Cautiously paced by the side of the trunk around half a meter thick. Reaching the end of the shrubbery, stooped behind it with the face to the watch-house. Crouched down, moved sideways around 1 meter. Began rising my head.

A sprouting grain-field unfolded itself in front of me. It descended in a tiny measure in my viewing direction. At around 150 meters, its smooth surface was interrupted by the watch-tower impressively. A chill came over me. Its box stood on oblique legs some 10 meters high, just like the

110 Probably, in reality at the height of 362 meters. Its romanian name: Dealul Verzișor. [Read approximately: 'dealul verzi'for.] [10, 14]

one of the watch-tower on the bank of the Berettyó. In its small windows, did not perceive a frontier guard. Behind it, the left part of the watch-house was visible. The terrain section sparsely clad with trees dominated the entire horizontally leniently wavy background. Nothing else referred to the frontier on it. The foot and the slope of the barrow far up were overgrown with grass, shrubs, sparsely with trees. A wood covered its upper part. On its peak, a cylindric stone building rose from it, and throve like a small immense crown.

Is it in the romanian communist state or in Yugoslavia? — raised i the question to myself. ... Is it not a sort of watch-tower? ... Neither its form, nor its dimensions, nor its building material bear upon this.¹¹¹

Under the wood, as if the edge of a bare stripe of ground had been visible. It ascended at an angle of around 45 degrees roughly in a south-westward direction.

It is just possible — was thinking — that it is the plowed stripe ... But it may be a lane as well ... Or a formation produced by an earth-slide ... In any case, it is probable that in a part of the barrow am already seeing Yugoslavia.

Once again, attentively examined the terrain, from the peak to the watch-house.

Nothing new — established. ... Away from here!

Went back. Slipped in the hole. Took out food. Began eating. Was full of information. Had only to process them.

The position of the watch-towers, the watch-house and the barrow corroborate — was thinking — that i am a few hundred meters from that frontier section which runs approximately in an east-westward direction ... Although did not see the plowed stripe and other means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding, know the terrain well ... In principle, it would be better though to cross in a wood in the day-time in conformity with my original plan, but why would not try it here at night?! ... As am practically already beyond the risks of the reconnoitering ... Why would engage in a newer reconnoitering?! ... Why would give up the known for the unknown, the certain for the uncertain?! ... In all certainty, the crossing on the bare terrain implies leaving of tracks, but the ensuring of the success of this illegal fleeing attempt is more important than that of the following one ... In this hiding-place, can safely wait till the day is over ... After dark, will remove myself from the watch-house in a westward direction, then turning to the north will cross the frontier at the latest on the slope of the barrow!

The tapering barrow, proudly dominating the tract in the distance, caused me curious feelings. I was lying around a few hundred meters from

111 Judging on the basis of the information being accessible on the internet, it was in all certainty a real estate of historical and archeological interest.

its frontier though, i was still in the relatively attractive south-western region of the romanian communist state. For this reason, in the barrow assumed shape for me the whole Bánság. Having cut across the meadow of the Cernovec, reached that geographical unit, on which had planned and prepared myself to leave the romanian communist state. For this reason, in the barrow assumed shape for me the whole of the hills of Versec. My plan of frontier crossing having a relation to exclusively the hills of Versec, in that saw by far the greatest probability of my success. For this reason, in the barrow assumed shape for me that gate, through which could get from captivity into freedom, from the land of this-world onto the land of the chosen other-world, and of the by-me considered land of the desired new-world, Yugoslavia. Had so far experienced none of the countries of liberty by direct means. For this reason, in the barrow assumed shape for me generally the land of liberty, and particularly Yugoslavia. The ornamented peak beamed in my eyes for a symbol of freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world.

My these feelings were strengthened by the news, which i had read in the prison in Nagyvárád in the newspaper *România liberă* that in my then target state, Austria, Jörg Haider had been elected president of the Liberal Party. That meant the shifting to the right of the political formation. Therefore, the Socialist Party governing together with it held out the prospect of breaking up the coalition. In this way, it occurred to me the possibility of a negative changing of the relatively liberal austrian policy for refugees. In addition to this, for the case of an exclusive coming into power of the right-wing forces i counted on a negative judgment of my asylum application because of my political convictions of that time deemed to be social democrat.¹¹² Considered Yugoslavia as being such a state which ideologically was neither communist, nor capitalist, or it was communist, but steadily disposed towards right-wing reforms. For this reason, judged that it was the ideal breeding ground for my new-world ideology, middle-way at that time.

In the vicinity, the frontier guards, the on-the-spot personifiers of the national-communist terror state and state terror of the “hydra”, were ready at any moment for hounding the wolf-dogs on me, for holding me up by the force of arms not sparing my body and life either, for snatching me from the stainless nature, for depriving me of the freedom ensured by it, and for carrying me back for a captive in the society perverted by the “hydra”.

Besides the depression produced by the cloudiness of the sky and the lack of the sun, the sharp contrast between the near threatenedness, repelling power and the distant attraction, attractive force between the exist-

112 Between 1990 and 1991, i realized just in Austria for the first time that in the judgment of my asylum application determinant has been not the party ideology, but the national criterion.

ing present and the desired future relations determined my mood. The mystery of the nature and proper place of the cylindriform structure being on the peak tinged my disposition to romantic.

After the noon nourishment, i still undertook two reconnoitering incursions: at first to the opposite edge of the bare terrain section, for the second time behind the tree-trunk. Obtained no new essential information.

My daring that i had gotten so close to an outfit of frontier guard filled me with self-confidence. In spite of the fact, and although acted self-surprisingly in cold blood, did not feel the complete master of my situation. Was conscious of that the excessive self-assurance was not only self-deception, but it could also result in making mistakes. However, the spontaneous desire for progress and the relative successes as well stimulated me to do more. Made an effort to restrain myself and not to step over the limits of perilousness.

The reconnoitering constituted the only moving possibility that i afforded. The other part of my time, had to spend fixed to a place and unmoving in the close hiding-place. At such times, felt mostly the negative consequences of the made mistake. For days running, from the morning till the night had marched and drew near towards the frontier. And at this time, was constrained to be physically almost completely passive.

If yesterday i carried out the reconnoitering on the fringe of the grove — was thinking — and pointed out the best evening path, then could now march without restriction in the forest, if had not already passed the frontier up to the present ... Also on the bank of the Berettyó, endured the waiting with difficulty, notwithstanding that there had the disposal of some safe freedom of movement among the shrubs ... In another respect, there could not leave my hiding-place safely, because my way backwards mostly coincided with the visual field of the watch-tower ... Here, conversely, this is possible in a southward direction ... Making the best of it, not only could remove myself from the watch-house and watch-tower safely, but also hope that farther could turn to the west ... At the same time, the nearness of the watch-house is alarming ... On the one part, every patrol starts out of and returns to it: here is the most probable the possibility of coming upon frontier guards ... On the other part, the following night may be clear-skied as well, and in moonlight it would be perilous to march at around 200 meters from the watch-house ... In addition, the nightly variant has considerable disadvantages: a bad step on the knobby, then steeply ascending terrain, and my ankle can become dislocated; an unfavorable movement among the shrubs, and my eyes can get damaged ... And know nothing yet about the means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding ... All those perils are removable in the day-time in the forest, and there the trackless crossing is accomplishable as well ... The marching to the

south is risky though, but the nightly variant is not safer either ... Further, have a psychical advantage: am confident that not one of the frontier guards really think about that in this sector in full daylight a frontierist is staying, what is more, is reconnoitering ... Up! ... Away from here!¹¹³



14. Shall i find a better crossing place?

Came out from under the root-system. Stood up, and looked round. Did not see a human. Looked at the time: it was 16 hours or thereabouts. Hid under the leaf-litter the jar of the conserve, as well as the tin paper of the soft-centered chocolate consumed. Pulled out the twigs stuck on the edge of the hole, and cast them on the thick shrubbery. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Set off approximately in a south-eastward direction.

Began descending on the slope. In the shade, there were visible scattered ashes, burnt-down grass and reed, carbonized twigs, shrubs and small trees blackened and mangled by fire.

The frontier guards have burnt up the vegetation — thought. ... Probably, in every autumn they set fire to the plants grown in the course of spring and summer and then withered in autumn ... It is a favorable and curious circumstance that they left untouched the shrubberies in front of the watch-house ... Obviously, there is a connection among the throwing down of the big trees, the burning up of the vegetation and the frontier guarding ... In all certainty, they look favorably at nothing, which is capa-

¹¹³ On the inserted photo, on 10 august 2019 at 19 hours and 50 minutes or thereabouts, on the whole it is seen the sector on which i had performed reconnoitering in front of the watch-house. Probably, had climbed the hill-slope on the left side of the second shrubbery from the right. From the ridge, had let myself down to my sleeping-place, then the following day climbed out to the plateau, on which the watch-house lay. It is characteristic that from that sector the stable-like buildings were not seen.

ble of camouflaging and screening ... The throwing down of the trees would have been a good frontier-guarding performance only if they had carried them away as well ... But probably they have not had money for that any more ... In this way, the matter has just back-fired: if they had not rooted out them, i would not have been able to dispose a so safe hiding-place, and my reconnoitering way screened by the tree-trunk would have been limited to the possibilities ensured by the shrubbery.

Feeling myself completely screened from the back, i turned approximately to the south on the slope. Did not stick to this direction of march, only strove to remain out of the visual field of the watch-tower. With the purpose of controlling, often looked back. The sky was covered by gray clouds. For moments, the sun came out from behind them time and again.

Slightly on the right upper on the slope, a freshly plowed ground viewed on my near sky-line. Its furrows of the same dimensions were uniformly distributed. A number of meters from its edge a tripod around 4 meters high stood on it. Halted short.

Would it be a terrain conformation of frontier guarding? — raised i the question to myself.

Set off towards it with accelerated steps. Beside it, halted, and examined the human-made object. No inscription was visible on it.

Probably it serves agricultural purposes — thought.

Looked back.

The watch-tower!!

It rose above the grass-covered knobs making parade of its height. Also from its legs a few meters were visible. Swinging to the left, i started on. Let myself down to a lower level.

It seems — was thinking — that they have not observed me ... It is probable that there is no longer a frontier guard in it ... As also the watch-tower on the bank of the Berettyó was left already early in the afternoon.

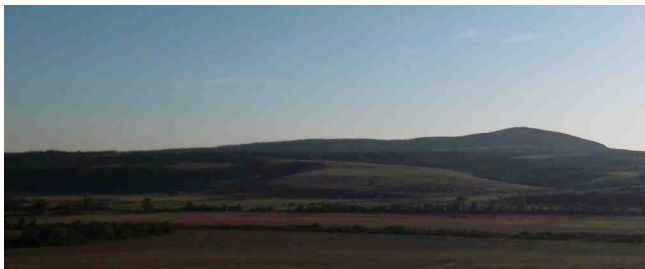
It commenced to drizzle. I came to a halt, and put down the rucksack. Took out the overcoat. Dressed in it, and drew its hood on my head. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Started on.

From the south, a wood emerged in front of me. It ran from the east to the west upwards on the hill-slope approximately perpendicularly to my direction of march. It was constituted by short trees.

At long last! — thought, feeling relief rejoicing.

It proved to be relatively sparse. Entered it. Took off the hood. It was neglected, just as the bare terrain.

It is time and place to make my way to the west! — thought.¹¹⁴



It became thicker and thicker. Many times, there held me up the branches clung to the rucksack. Produced more and more noise.

The march here is slow, tiring and perilous — thought. ... I will try it outside the wood!

Turning to the right, got out of it. Looked to the north. The watch-tower was not visible. It did not rain any longer. Turning to the west, climbed on beside the trees. Looked mainly to the right, at times to the left.

The watch-tower did not view. Beheld the opposite fringe of the wood. It became narrower and narrower. On the top, it ended in a point. Close after it, there cropped up a country lane. It ran approximately from the south

¹¹⁴ With the inserted photo, i fixed on 10 august 2019 at 19 hours and 49 minutes or thereabouts how my path being directed to the south was on the whole surveyable from the hill before the Cernovec. It is characteristic that the stable-like buildings had not cropped up in my visual field during that time either. Presumably, the line of my turning to the west can be indicated only on the second photo.

to the north. I looked to the right and left.

A frontier guard!!

On the left at around 30 meters on the lane, he bent his steps towards the watch-house. He wore a greatcoat, on his head he had a winter-cap. Seemed to be unarmed. Was coming nearer looking at the ground, seemingly fallen into a deep thought or absent-mindedly.

Instinctively, i swung round, with my eyes on the soil and on tiptoe, so that did not cause striking noise stepping on the dry vegetation, took a few hurried cautious steps backwards, came to a stop, and dropping on the knees, afterwards on the elbows, stooped. Was waiting immovably, holding my breath.

Heard nothing. Turned my head to the left, and began lifting it slowly. Caught sight of the frontier guard, as he was removing with the same carriage of head and rate on the lane, giving no evidence of that he would have perceived me. Kept my eyes on him, till he vanished from sight behind the descending slope.

I got up. With hurried steps, entered the wood. Sat down on the leaf-littery soil. Breathed freely again. All these had taken place so speedily, to such an extent i had to focus on eluding the events with fatal consequences, that did not even take fright.

I had a narrow escape! — thought. ... Wonder at how undisturbed acted! ... Would it be recklessness? ... No. It is not recklessness, as observed him in time; could not have done it sooner, as the thickness of the wood did not make it possible ... Wonder at how well my reflexes worked, how well they co-operated with the intellect ... When observed him, my primary need was that he did not catch sight of me ... For this reason, first of all needed not to take fright ... Otherwise, could have acted badly, or could simply have grasped the failure as being inevitable, and just by so doing i could have had myself caught sight of ... Furthermore, on the one part, had to remove myself from the lane as well as possible, and on the other part, still before i would completely have risen to his view, had to stoop ... In order not to produce noise, had to step attentively ... Had to estimate the time that was at my disposal for removing myself from the lane, namely in which among the trees i might still have faded in his eyes ... As soon as he viewed from behind them, i was gotten farther from him, and had been taken cover ... I could not have acted better! ... To eluding my failure, the khaki color of the rucksack contributed in all certainty, and also did the fact that the terrain is overgrown not only with grass, but also with other higher plants ... Our psychical attitude differed as well ... For me, the sudden appearance of a frontier guard was not unexpected ... And he did not expect to catch sight of a frontierist in full daylight, and what is more, to come across him, as in the majority of the cases they approach and try crossing the frontier in the night, and this zone is not fitting for the

nightly march ... Probably, only an insignificant part of the frontierists make use of the zone of the hills of Versec ... Namely, the bulk of those coming from the direction of Resicabánya in all certainty try on the terrain north of the barrow, fitting for the nightly march as well, and those coming from Oravicabánya do it rather in the direction of Fehértemplom¹¹⁵ because of the Krassó ... Even if he had perceived me with his peripheral sight, also then he would naturally have been predisposed to put my phenomenon among the natural ones ... At the same time, he seemed to be absent-minded, inattentive and heedless ... A frontier guard would not be permitted to walk in the frontier zone in this manner, even if he is not on duty ... Would he not have wanted to catch sight of me? ... The question is justifiable ... Am confident that at the bottom of their hearts a part of the frontier guards disapprove the communist regime, mainly that part which is not inhuman and brutal with the caught frontierists ... The frontier guards are entertained under pauper circumstances, irrespective of how they relate to the frontierists ... It is still green in my memory what sort of meal was prepared for the frontier guard coming from duty at night in the watch-house in Bors ... And in the morning just that frontier guard knocked me down on the ground with a blow with the fist leveled on my stomach ... If he caught sight of me, it was not to his interest to stand up against me, as while he did not bear arms, he could presume that i had the disposal of at least a thrusting-cutting weapon ... As the official doctrine considers us as being anti-communist, anti-socialist, anti-state, anti-national and anti-people criminals; they instilled in them the belief that we are perilous ... Therefore, his interest demanded that he disguised my observation ... Further, by so doing the measures to be taken with the purpose of my capturing would have been the most efficient as well ... For this reason, the fact that he did not stand up against me, and the appearance that he did not catch sight of me, do not yet mean that he did not observe me ... If he caught sight of me, in any case he had to show surprise: a few kilometers from the frontier to observe a civilian person, as here probably only frontier guards are permitted to move and move regularly; in the day-time to observe a frontierist, as they generally march at night; in this zone to observe a frontierist, as it is difficult of access and fitting for the day-time marching and crossing, but this is practically known only by the inhabitants of the neighborhood ... According to my experience of the prison, the bulk of the frontierists crossed or attempted crossing the frontier in the night ... In addition to this, i found the forest map, making it possible spotting the zone of the hills of Versec, in the thick atlas of 165 lei, and do not think that numerous frontierists would have procured that relatively expensive publication ... Therefore, the fact of my observation not only would have surprised, but also would have shocked him! ... Reversely, he re-

115 Read approximately: 'fehe:rtemplom. In the serbo-croatian language: Bela Crkva.

moved in the same manner, as had come nearer ... If he caught sight of me, i can still imagine that he did not try to capture me, also that he wanted to disguise my observation, but it is already unimaginable that he would have been able to disguise his surprise or state of shock ... No! He did not catch sight of me! ... The facts prove that he did not catch sight of me! ... Therefore, one could say that i was in luck ... But here the question is not why i was so much lucky that he did not observe me, although he passed by me just at around 20 meters, but why i was so much unlucky that the necessity of my crossing the lane arose just when and where he appeared ... As if i had looked only to the right, we would certainly have met on the lane ... If he had come just one minute sooner, he would not have caught sight of me, as in his seeming absent-mindedness he would not have looked to the right, and if he had come just one minute later, he would have caught sight of me, as after crossing the lane i would have remained completely uncovered in front of him ... The circumstances were favorable to me again ... After in Zám there is a hospital, in the station of Karánsebes contracted a diarrhoea just at the right moment, on the bank of the Cernovec the stable-lad did not squeal me, now the frontier guard did not catch sight of me ... Surely, this is relative, a matter of point of view, since similarly can emphasize unfavorable circumstances as well ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that the "hydra" had an agent sent out to the station of Alkenyér for the time of my presence there, that it had the station of Karánsebes controlled by the militia at the time of my presence there, that a possible or real agent of its caught sight of me and came to me on the bank of the Cernovec, and that now it did not depend on the frontier guard that we did not meet on the lane ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that it is possible for the "hydra" to anywhere at any time have anyone hired for shadowing, interrogating, controlling, arresting anyone, or for whatever other ill-intentioned activity, without the risk of punishment ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that the "hydra" has had the level of living beaten down so far, that in the interest of fighting down the delinquency against its state it has it increased the efforts required on the part of the militia on the whole territory of the country, and in the interest of forcing back the illegal fleeing phenomenon it has the illegal crossing of the frontier of its state qualified as a crime, and has it urged the collaboration of the civilian population with the frontier guards in the frontier zone ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that i was born in a world communist in its ideology and nationalism as well, where a chauvinist national secret political monster being disguised in a communist cloak, having its extremist nationalism preserved, cultivated, excited, propagated, raised to the level of political action, is able to act and acts at its own will over the humans and against the humans ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that i was born in the world of the "hydras", in such a world, in which they secretly bring

into existence, rule or endeavor to rule the states for national secret political Tyrannosaurus Rexes ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that i was born on the planet Earth, on such a planet, in which the social development is still in the "hydra" age, it has not yet attained the level of development of the new-world ... It is an unfavorable circumstance that the extraterrestrial humans coming from and representing the new-world, assuming an air of secrecy, keep away from direct relations with us and let us anguish in this earthly "hell" ... Although am confident that in the universe infinite in space and time there are an infinity of civilizations, am unable to catch the significance of the abstaining of those from the new-world ... We do all we can to send information concerning us, to enter into relations with them ... Then why do they shun us?! ... As the shunning relation is anti-progress as a matter of course ... Do they not fear that our civilization shall be perished by the impact of an asteroid?! ... We give a great attention to saving all vegetal and animal species in the course of dying out — and they would be indifferent just towards humans?! ... Or do they know that for the time being a cosmic catastrophe do not threaten us? ... When will they send to our planet that asteroid which shall eradicate only these national secret political Tyrannosaurus Rexes, in order that the liberated terrestrial humans should be able to pour their ashes in the refuse dumps of history? ... Away from here, from the empire of the Tyrannosaurus Rex Romanus!

Having been hardened by a newer experience, spiritually clarified by the meditation, physically rested, i went out of the wood. The sky remained cloudy. Turned to the left. Slowly, cautiously, approached the lane. On the right, it disappeared on the sky-line formed by the bare terrain, on the left it became more and more visible among the trees. Reaching it, came to a halt and looked to the right. It proved to be empty. Turning my head left, leant slightly forward in order to survey it as complete as possible. A frontier guard was not visible.

Set off running. Became completely uncovered from the north and from the south. Having crossed the lane, a sprouting grain-field followed in a width of around 50 meters. Its soil was not so much wet to result earth soles on my clod-crushers.

I am leaving tracks — was thinking — just in the vicinity of the lane, but have no other choice.

On my left side, i attained a pine-plantation. Slowed down to march-step. Its low trees covered a hillock. Their unusually long needles struck my eye. The lower branches touched the ground.

I did not see such a type of pine yet — established.

It commenced to leniently descend. At the corners of the plantation, a prominent terrain section blocked my way. Turned to the left.

I do not need the overcoat any longer! — thought.

Halted, sat down on the steeply ascending slope of the hillock under a pine on the pine-needle leaf-litter, loosened and took off the rucksack from the shoulders, and removed the overcoat. Stuffed it in the lower compartment.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Proceeded on my way. The terrain was overgrown with grass, in some places by stones and rocks. The swell ceasing, turned to the right. A little valley unfolded itself in front of me. It became steeper.

At the bottom of the valley, there appeared in front of me the bed of a meandering brooklet. Stepped over it. Its other slope suddenly commenced to ascend slightly south from my direction of march. Relatively sparsely-planted, it was clad with a long-boled small-crowned type of pine.

I do not know this one either — thought.

Began clambering up on the pale coat of green. Because of the steepness, could make use of only the foreparts of the soles of my clod-crushers. From time to time, looked up to control how much was still left, and where would get to. Among the boles and their crowns with long acicular leaves, there showed white clouds.

High grass viewed in front of the sky. It looked dryly yellow. Above it at around 100 meters, a leafless deciduous wood appeared. It ran high up on the top¹¹⁶ long roughly in a north-southward direction. Stepping up onto the new terrain section, i halted, and looked round.

In the north, the watch-tower was not visible. In the west, the grassy slope ascended more leniently. Above it, the brown wood stripe overhung from the right to the left. In the south, the steeper lower slope continued approximately in a southward direction with the sparse pine-wood on it.

On the slope, there is no screening possibility — established. ... For this reason, i must not march on in a westward direction, towards the wood and the frontier ... Will turn to the south!

Swinging to the left, proceeded on my way on the brink of the upper slope.

The pine grove came to an end. Its steep slope turned aside on the hill approximately in a right angle. In front of me, the terrain commenced to steeply ascend. Upper, a number of isolated fruit-trees long arched to the west.

The moment has come to climb up to the wood! — thought. ... The only screening possibility is constituted by the fruit trees.

Began clambering up towards the first fruit-tree. Each step sensibly in-

116 In all certainty, on the top of the hill of which romanian name is "Dealul Chilia" or "Chilii", [Read approximately: 'dealul'khilia,'khi:li:] [14] and which following the eastern barrow is the second highest hill of the area.

creased my height. Came to a halt, and looked round. In the north, the watch-tower had not emerged. In the north-east, the pine-wood had still screened me.

Had become completely uncovered.

Certainly, for a person viewing from the valley of the Cernovec, i fade in the mist of the atmosphere among the indiscernible details of the terrain — thought. ... Only a frontier guard patrolling near by could observe me.

Got up to the first fruit tree. Looked round. Nowhere showed a watch-tower or a frontier guard. Stepping in front of it, continued my arched clambering.

At the last fruit-tree, came to a halt. The remaining part of slope was overgrown only with grass. Observed a number of old wooden electric poles. They were arranged at the fringe of the wood. On the right, they disappeared among the trees.

There runs a lane on the ridge — concluded i.

Started on with accelerated steps. It became steeper and steeper. The soles of the clod-crushers adhered fast to the soil. Made a great effort. The sprinting performed between 1974 and 1976 in the training camps in Borszék¹¹⁷ and Szováta on the mountain-slopes uphill crossed my mind. Being satisfied, enjoyed at this time the benefits of the outcome of my labors of that time.

Midway, i was under the necessity of halting in my complete uncoveredness. Recovered my breath, while was surveying the surroundings. On the left, the lane left the ridge, and at around 20 meters from me ran down on the slope. Slightly backer, far down in the valley there were visible houses. They seemed to be so wee, as if had looked down on them from an airplane.

Oh, how high i have gotten! — thought, being surprised. ... The village must be Varadia.

On the right, there rippled some of the terrain units of the hills of Versec. The barrow was not visible. Down in the mist of the humid atmosphere, the flat ground of the bottom-land of the Cernovec extended as far as the unsurveyableness.

I am completely without screening though — was thinking — feel more secure than on the bank of the brook behind the shrub, or in front of the watch-house in the hole ... Only the nearness of the lane is alarming.

Clambered on. Advanced slowly, but with my each and every step visibly drew near to the top.

117 Read approximately: 'borse:k. In the romanian language: Borsec.

From among the trees the rays of the sun emerged. They broke through the leafless crowns more and more intensely. Slightly on the right, a forest-clad peak emerged among the boles. Keeping growing, the height proved to be coniform. A shiver went through my body. On its left side, another peak appeared. It was also clad with forest. My excitement increased.

The two barrows in Yugoslavia! — thought, rejoicing. ... Yugoslavia!! ... I am seeing Yugoslavia!!

Getting up to the top, a marvelous sight unfolded itself in front of me. As far as the eye could reach, in front, on the right and on the left, nothing, but forest. From it, the tapering central and western barrows towered in their shapes of cone, dominating the whole tract.¹¹⁸ The eastern barrow was screened by the forest.

The symbolizing of the hills of Versec, of the freedom, of the chosen other-world, and of the desired new-world were taken over by the two barrows lying on the yugoslav territory. The first time in my life i looked directly at the by-me deemed soil of freedom, chosen other-world and desired new-world. In this respect, did not see a symbol any longer, but the reality of the objects of my present conviction and prospects relative to the future. Above it, the sun being in the course of westering was shining for a glory. It made the sight not only more beautiful, more romantic, but also more useful: it showed the way leading towards the freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world.

It succeeeded!!!¹¹⁹



118 Above the sea level, at 647 and, respectively, 590 meters high. [10]

119 On the inserted photo, the woody valley being seen on 10 august 2019 at 6 hours and 48 minutes or thereabouts in the morning is probably the one from which i had gotten up near the left end of the woody top being seen in the background on glimpsing the two barrows in Yugoslavia.

15. Where and when shall i cross the frontier?

A distant buzzing of motorcycle struck my ear. The forest was mildly vocal from it.

As if it came from the zone of the middle barrow — thought. ... It does not imperil me, as it is in Yugoslavia.

The lane ran just in front of me. In its wet, but not muddy soil there deepened rubber-tyre tracks.

A tractor or a cart left them — thought.

Looked to the right. On the horizontal top at around 50 meters, the lane entered the thick of the trees approximately in a straight line, and vanished in their dark. In front of me, the forest was sparsely formed by big trees. Immediately subsequently to the bare earth strip, its terrain descended steeply. Slightly on the left, a similar lane wound upwards on the other slope. Above on the ridge, it joined the one in front of me. On its smooth surface gotten wet by rain, a pair of tyre tracks were visible.

As if they derived from a jeep — thought. ... It seems that they are new ... That is not a lane of common use, in all certainty only the frontier guards use it ... Away from here!

On the tips of toes, but as quickly as possible, i strode over the lane. Began descending in the forest in the direction of the descent. The soil was carpeted with a thick layer of leaf-litter. With a view to make easier my advance, held on to the boles around 30 centimeters thick.

I did never experience this sort of tree¹²⁰ — established.

There viewed the other lane. It obliquely went past me.

I cannot avoid it — thought. ... Had better cross it as soon as possible!

Turned to the left, so much that drew near to it perpendicularly. The steepness of the slope had considerably diminished.

Stepping on the lane, looked to the right and left. Saw neither a frontier guard, nor a vehicle. Crossed it in a haste. Kept the direction of march perpendicular to it in order to remove myself from it as soon as possible. The rays of the sun did not reach me directly any longer. From time to time, looked back in order to control my visibility from the lane.

The lane having disappeared behind me, i turned to the west. It made my orientation easier that the slope descended mostly in this direction. It became steeper and steeper. Had a slide again and again. Where could do it, let myself slide on meters, by this means diminishing my effort and quickening my advance. The intensity of the light decreased continually.

It is a superb zone! — thought. ... It surpasses my every earlier imagi-

120 Presumably, austrian oak.

nation and hope ... On the one part, a forest, thick in its unsurveyable dimensions and the thickness of its trees, which according to all indications extends far into Yugoslavia ... On the other part, a mountain-resembling smooth surfaced terrain ... Accordingly, owing to my physical condition and the clod-crushers, can easily march on the steep slope, the thick boles screen me well, and in a given case they can shield me from the bullets¹²¹ ... Have no doubt about that this very day shall cross the frontier!

Beheld the bottom of the valley. A brooklet gurgled in it. The other slope commenced to ascend just after it with a similar angle. Slid down on the narrow bank formed by stones.

It is already two days — was thinking — that i had not drunk fresh water ... However, now will not waste the time with filling the bottle!

Washed down my hands. With the palms, drank from the crystal-pure water. Stepped over the brooklet. Began clambering up the steep slope.

In order to make use of the largest possible surface of my soles and to decrease my expenditure of energy, turning slightly to the right, took up an oblique direction. In some places, smaller or larger stones, at times rocks showed from under the leaf-litter.

As if i were in the mountains — thought. ... Notwithstanding that the sea level of the hills of Versec does not account for this ... Only now avail myself of the mountaineering clod-crushers indeed ... With a different kind of shoes, would march with much more difficulty.

Cuckoo! sounded the bird song. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I halted, and looked round.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Did not catch sight of the cuckoo. Started on.

Now, i hear cry of cuckoo the first time in the nature — established. ... It is a newer note, which increases the peculiarity and the romantic of the hills of Versec.

Approaching the ridge, the sun cropped up in front of me. It sent its light through an unsurveyable part of the forest approximately at the same level with me in the course of westering. The terrain became horizontal on around 3 meters.

I am not far from the frontier any longer — thought. ... Will not sit down to rest until having crossed it!

The other slope commenced to steeply descend approximately in my planned direction of march. The sun had disappeared behind the following hill.

I hope — was thinking — that on this terrain shall hit upon no means

121 According to the law, the frontier guards could fire on the frontierists, if they did not stop neither on the summons "Halt!" and "Halt, because i will shoot!", nor on warning with a shot in the air. The shot had to possibly be leveled at the legs, therefore they could commit even homicide. [9]

or terrain conformations of frontier guarding ... A fence could have been built with difficulty even on the ridge ... Cannot imagine that there be a plowed stripe in the forest, and so much the more on these steep slopes ... It is just possible that am already in Yugoslavia! ... Till it has proved to be true, will keep a westward direction!

Still had to let myself down into further three valleys, and had to clamber up three ridges approximately in their direction of descent-ascent. They very much resembled one another and the former ones in their running direction, depth, height, steepness of their slopes, and the character of their surfaces alike.

The easily passably sparse forest persisted without interruption. Its soil was mostly covered by leaf-litter. In the vicinity of the fifth ridge, there turned up moss. It almost completely overgrew the rocky terrain. I marched without halting. In spite of my habit, did not rest even on the tops.

From the sixth slope, i got to a roundly horizontal forest section. The relatively far thick of the boles constituted my horizon in front of me, on the right, and on the left. Was eagerly keeping close watch on the leaf-littery soil and the trees, looking for phenomena indicating the crossing of the frontier or its existence.

Beheld a triangle painted on a tree at a half a human's height. It contained figures as well. Examined it.

I cannot infer from it the identity of the state — thought. ... Probably, it is a forestry stamp.

Marched as quickly and as cautiously as possible. Only the cautiousness bridled my advancing speed in some measure. Could not keep away from the rustle of stepping on the dry leaves though, but the crack of twig braking could. Often controlled the direction. The terrain remained horizontal.

Oh, wish i were already in Yugoslavia! — broke the desire out of me, more and more frequently.

Again and again, looked up and tried to reach with my eye as far as possible. But outside of the brown of the trees, nothing was discernible.

It is interesting — was thinking — that the greater is my conviction, according to which am in Yugoslavia, the greater is the probability of that i reach the frontier.

Watching the leaf-litter, barbed wires cropped up in front of me at around 5 meters. Straining horizontally parallel with one another, they blocked my way from the left at an angle of around 45 degrees to my di-

rection of march. The uppermost one reached to the level of my chest.

What is that?! — raised i the question to myself, being taken aback.

Looked to the right and left. It did not seem to come to an end. A terror passed through me.

A fence! — established. ... What could i reach, what could i get into, which had to be fenced?! ... Who wants to keep me from moving on?!

Slightly farther from it, the place of the big trees standing sparsely was taken over by small trees standing thickly. Between the young-growth and it, there ran a sparsely leaf-littery blackly bare stripe of earth having the width of around a road.

The frontier!! — thought, with a chill coming over me. ... The clutches of the tentacles of the “hydra”! ... I am still in its romanian communist state!

The discovery made my hope scattered, destroyed my almost consciousness that was in Yugoslavia, made me depressed, and struck terror into my heart. Those, of which forest existence i could not imagine, there were in front of me.

Fence and plowed stripe?! — raised the question to myself. ... Both fence and plowed stripe?! ... Both fence and plowed stripe in the forest of the hills of Versec?! ... Fence: the will of the “hydra”, that after oppresses and persecutes us, do not let us leave, makes us captive ... Plowed stripe: the omniscience craze of the “hydra”, that was able to have these big trees pulled up by roots only in order to find out with how many persons have shrunk against its wish the numerical reserve of the subjects of its communist state, of the objects of its national secret political experience, of the staple of “new human” of its communist regime ... Signs, symbols and evidences of the failure of communism.

The around five barbed wires were fastened to the outside trees. Turned my attention to human footprints. On the edge of the plowed stripe, they were directed inwards.

They come from the boots of frontier guards — thought. ... Also the frontier guards step on the plowed stripe sometimes.

As quickly as possible, took off the rucksack, laid it down on its flat side, and pushed it through under the fence. With shaky hands, fixed the third barbed wire from below on that being above it, pushed down the second one, slipped through, with both hands caught the rucksack, and on tiptoe stepped on the stripe. Somewhere from the middle of my trunk, a delight-resembling feeling broke out. My clod-crushers hardly sank into the wet soil.

It is probable — was thinking — that the autumn, winter and the early-spring moisture pressed it down so much ... This year it was not plowed and harrowed yet ... On tiptoe, i will leave deeper tracks.

Paced on letting myself down on the entire surface of my soles.

These ones are scarcely perceptible — thought. ... What is the trend of the stripe like?

Reaching its middle following my curiosity i came to a halt, and looked to the right. At around 20 meters, it bent to the left, and the forest constituted my sky-line. On the left, at a similar distance, it turned to the left, and the thick of the small trees was visible. Started on.

Stepped up onto the new terrain unit. The young-growth did not prove to be so thick as it had seemed to be from farther. Easily penetrated into it. Going round about the trees, and pushing the branches out of my way, after a few steps a ditch around 4 meters wide and 1 meter deep appeared suddenly, parallel with the plowed stripe. Its bottom was overgrown with grass. The crowns of the outside trees bent over it.

Climbed down on the slope. On the right, beheld a white frontier stone around half a meter high. Its shape, of a roughly square-based prism slightly laid to the right, was placed in the middle of the ditch. On its lateral surface, the latin serbo-croatian equivalent of the initial-word SFRY of the word Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, and on its top a number was painted with black. Farther on the right and left, around 10 meters from one another identical frontier stones were set in order snaking.¹²² On the right at around 5 meters on its opposite edge, there stood a dark gray plastic column. At a human's height a span-wide blue-white-red band, in its middle with the five-pointed red star, indicated its appertaining. Climbed out of the ditch. Turned towards it. Putting an arm around it, kissed the yugoslav colors, and was overcome by emotion.

“Thank you, Yugoslavia!” mumbled.

Beside me, there ran a non-modernized lane around 3 meters wide. Two wheel-tracks sharply deeply beaten out led on it trackway-likely. I crossed it. Put down the rucksack. Dropped on the knees, let myself down on the legs, and gave free course to my feelings.

Where does it come from this happiness insupportable without tears? — raised the question to myself. ... As i have become neither freer, nor wiser, remained poor and weak ... Only have crossed the frontier of the territory of the romanian communist state ... Those humans who organized themselves in the romanian “hydra”, founded and have maintained the eastern state, on its territory are free, wise, rich and powerful, in all certainty they are happy as well ... With the aid of their state financed with the labors' outcome of the society, they have kept the citizens in absence of rights, spiritual darkness, economic poverty and political incapacity, by means of all these making them unhappy ... Because of them the millions of those humans cannot be happy, because of them i could not be happy ei-

122 According to the law, the boundary stones were placed on the frontier line, which was formed by the totality of the fictive straight lines interconnecting them. [5] It was wrong, therefore, the conception spread in the common knowledge, according to which the frontier was identical with the plowed stripe.

ther! ... Why would i not be happy, when kept out of my way the fatal flounders of the tentacles of this raging monster in Alkenyér, Karánsebes, then also beside the frontier of its state! ... Why would i not be happy, when have gotten out of the hunting-field of the romanian national monster feeding on human liberty, knowledge, labor and power! ... Why would i not be happy, when have crossed that frontier of the romanian communist state which the romanian “hydra” made so notorious and deterrent with its guardedness and murdering of illegally fleeing humans! ... Why would i not be happy, when has sprung up my conviction according to which have broken from the chains of the legal poverty, spiritual isolation, economic penury and political weakness, and can take my future in the hand! ... Why would i not be happy, when have gotten in the gate of freedom, the chosen other-world, and the desired new-world, and the first time in my life touching the soil of these the first time after many years think myself free again!

16. Where shall i go?

My outburst of joy subsided. Looked at the time. It was half past seven or thereabouts.

I have crossed the frontier at around seven — thought. ... If a romanian communist frontier guard came this way and observed me, at the best he would order me to return to the Socialist Republic of Romania! ... But he could also shot me down! ... Then he would declare that i did not stop at his summons and warning¹²³ ... Away from here! ... But i will leave a sign for the yugoslav frontier guards of that have crossed and where have crossed the frontier.

I put the cap on the plastic column. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Perpendicularly, began removing from the frontier. The forest continued. Much shorter trees constituted it much more thickly. Side-stepped them now to the right, now to the left. At times, advanced stooped. The terrain commenced to leniently descend.

There is no more reason for fighting with the hills — thought. ... If do not hit upon a lane up to that time, along the first brooklet will go out from among them!

123 Later, i heard of a case in the prison: romanian frontier guards opened fire on a frontierist already gotten beyond the frontier, shot him, went after him, and brought him back to the romanian communist state. It is to be noted that the law interdicted using firearms, if it had violated the territory or air space of the neighboring state, [9] and also the illegal frontier crossing committed by the frontier guards. [8]

The bottom of the valley came out. It was large in relation to those of the former ones. A relatively wide brooklet gurgled in it. Rejoiced. In the west on the sky-line, the rays of the sun somewhat still broke through the leafless forest of the hills already lower, but still steep-sloped.

On the stony bank, came to a halt, and put down the rucksack. Took out the compass. Controlled the direction of the brooklet. It vanished in the forest approximately to the south-west.

The frontier roughly runs from the north to the south — thought. ... Marching beside the brooklet, slower though, but i will remove from it on.

Washed down my face. Drank water. Filled the bottle. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. Crossed the brooklet. Turning to the left, marched onwards on its right bank.

The trees had grown almost of such a size as on the eastern side of the frontier. Getting farther and farther down, the brooklet became wider and wider, its bank higher and higher, in some places gully-likely. The place of the stones and dry leaves was gradually taken over by a green plant carpet. I advanced more and more easily and rapidly on the leniently descending bank.

Beheld a non-modernized path. It led on the right side roughly parallel with the brooklet.

I will turn to it! — decided.

Pricked up my ears to a hum of engine and voices. Looked to the left. A red tractor dragged long tree-trunks. A number of persons followed it on foot. I marched on undisturbed.

It can be seen from the tractor as well — was thinking — that i am in Yugoslavia.

Got out of the forest. The sun was not visible any longer. The path crossed over the brook risen from the brooklet, and bent approximately in a westward direction.

From the darkness, there broke through houses. A lit-up window was not visible. Loud talk caught my ear. Did not understand it.

The first time i hear the serbo-croatian language directly — thought. ... Another sign of that am in Yugoslavia ... There is no reason for entering the village ... Must look for a place suitable for sleeping!

Turning to the right, let the path. The uneven terrain was overgrown with grass. In the east, shrubs and small trees loomed.

Had not found a horizontal place. Got to a leniently declining longish

small depression.

It relatively answers my purpose — thought.

Lying on my back, a cloudless starry sky unfolded itself in front of me.

The same sky — was thinking — the same stars and star systems, the same knobby terrain overgrown with grass, shrubs and trees, the same hills, and yet how much better i feel ... The same natural world, the same human world, and yet an other-world ... Not another national world, but a world of the federation of other nations ... Another and another kind of political world ... Another and another kind of state ... Politics and state can make the humans not only captive and more captive, poor and poorer, weak and weaker ... Politics and state can also make the humans free and freer, rich and richer, powerful and more powerful ... Politics and state are the most effective instruments in the hands of the humans in reaching and increasing the happiness ... With the aid of politics and state, the humans can deliver themselves from all the ill generally, from the evil “hydra” particularly ... With the aid of politics and state, the humans can carry through all the good, they can bring the “heaven” or “paradise” onto the Earth ... With the aid of politics and state, the humans may “redeem” the world, can create the new-world.

Woke up to drizzling. It was still completely dark. Felt rested. Looked at the watch. It was nearly a quarter to six.

The day shall brake immediately — thought. ... There is no reason for getting entangled in sleeping in the rain!

The day had broken. It did not rain any longer. Turning to the left, let myself down into a slade. A grassy puddle came to my way. It had a completely limpid water.

It is suitable for cleaning myself — thought.

Put down the rucksack. Took off the overcoat and the sweater. Changed pants.

Made ready the soap, the towel and the shaving-kit. Drew up the sleeves of the pull-over, tucked up the ones of the shirt. Began laving.

Shall i give myself up to the authorities here — was raising the question to myself — or go as far as Belgrade? ... Feel shivery, if think about the nearness of the frontier ... Furthermore, there is still the ambition in me to go to Belgrade ... After all, my interest is to settle in the capital ... Will go on! ... Will enter Versec, and there will get in a vehicle of transport!

Marched on approximately in a north-westward direction on the edge of the hills. Knew that, as the largest locality of the tract, Versec lay west

of the western barrow. Stuck not so much to the direction, as to the path the most easily passable. Eagerly searched for the yugoslav characteristics.

The wavy terrain was mostly overgrown with grass. It became flatter and flatter. On the left side, plowed lands appeared. Frequently passed by acacia groves.

There broke through the two barrows in Yugoslavia. The middle one, like a gigantic regular cone, tapered high towards the sky, and widely grew in size below as far as my level. On the right in the distance, the eastern one also appeared. It seemed to be dwarfed by the middle one. Its visible part was entirely clad with forest. In the north-west, it steeply descended. Its southern slope leniently slanting fused with the forest of the mass of the indiscernibly stretching hills. On its peak, the cylindric building was not visible.

Where is the tapering eastern barrow?! — raised the question to myself. ... Where is its ornament-likely building?! ... Where is its superiority?! ... Where is its symbolicalness?! ... On the territory of the romanian communist state, on the eastern edge of the hills, it appeared in front of me making a deep impression, symbol-likely, in order that then disappear, and now in Yugoslavia came in sight once again ... But it is no longer what it was ... It just stands out in relief from the northern fringe of the forest ... The attraction of Bánság no longer exists ... The hills of Versec are already uninteresting for me ... From here, also its symbolizing seems to be reversed: as if it symbolized the gate and the land of captivity, and of the non-chosen and repulsive old-world! ... That state in which i was born, but by which the “hydra” forced me to flee my native land, and which already scarcely counts something in my eye ... It counts, as subduing a part of my native people, my childhood memories attach me to it, and my family and human relations, in so far as those had not become dominated by the hidden morbidities of the hungarian and the romanian societies.

The hills of Versec were visible almost in their whole largeness: in front of me the three high forest-clad barrows were set in order from the east to the west, on the right the forest of the longish lower hills stretched to the south, in the unsurveyable. The middle barrow went up high and extended from up downwards in my momentary direction of march, captivantly dominating the range. Slightly on the left, the western barrow approximating imitated its bigger companion. Far on the right the eastern barrow, almost insignificantly. Although the first time they unfolded themselves in front of me all three at the same time, they lost their symbolic worth, and relapsed to the level of a geographical curio. I was already treading the soil of the by-me presumed other-world of the new-world.

Marched along a ditch on the grass approximately in a westward direction. Pricked up my ears to noise of vehicles. In front of me beyond a plow-land at around 300 meters, they ran perpendicularly to my direction of march at an unfamiliar rate and unusually frequently. For the most part slightly from the left, they took a sharp curve towards the barrows.

A concrete road — thought. ... Obviously, it runs to Versec ... On it, i will be able to advance quicker.

Was drawing near to a country lane. Its line coincided with my direction of march. Turned to it. In its wheel-tracks and depressions of its soft soil, there had accumulated rainwater in some places.

In such a puddle, i can wash my shoes — thought.

The sun had commenced to shine. Slightly on the right across the concrete road, a small brick house stood. It seemed to be unoccupied. The buildings of Versec were not visible. On the left side of a right curve, a thick log lay. It ensured a partial screening in relation to the vehicles.

Stopped next to the puddle being in front of it. Took off the overcoat. Put it into the rucksack. Took out the cleaner brush. Began removing the mud traces come into being on the legs of my pants.

Crossed the concrete road. Marched onwards on its left edge. It led towards the western barrow.

I will try to hitch-hike! — thought.

There rolled by me passenger cars and small trucks of several kinds. Hailed a number of them. But they bowled on without braking.

The smoothness of the road, the diversity, speed of the vehicles, the denseness of their traffic, and the insensibility towards hitch-hiking of the drivers are characteristics in Yugoslavia — established.

The barrow rising in front of me gave the semblance that i was making no headway. On its western slope, more and more villa-like buildings emerged. They outlined more and more sharply among the leafless trees of the wood.

At the foot of the barrow, i got to a bifurcation. A branch squarely bent to the left, the other ran up on the slope. Turned to the left.

A blue Fiat 600¹²⁴ came from the opposite direction. A robust policeman was seated in it. He wore a light blue shirt, on his head he did not have a flat cap. Seemingly, he paid no attention to me.

Would he not want to catch me?! — raised the question to myself, wondering. ... As i am coming from the direction of the romanian commu-

124 In reality, a type of Zastava, a passenger car of yugoslav make.

nist state! ... On foot, with mountaineering clod-crushers, and a rucksack! ... Between the eastern and the western barrows, it was not visible an inhabited area ... For this reason, am drawing near to the first locality of the path counted from the nearest point of the frontier ... Therefore, it is clear that am a frontierist!

Looked after him. He drove up to the slope.

I attained some houses. Their aspect, the arrangement and fittedness of the courtyards referred to a relatively high level of living. On the left side, a vineyard was situated unsurveyably. In the road-ditch, there lay scattered many cast-off things, from the packing materials of cosmetics to a rust-eaten refrigerator.

In the romanian communist state, the ditches are cleaner — established. ... But probably this does not refer to better developed moral and environment standards ... It is rather a sign of the fact that there are fewer things to be cast off there, that the humans well ponder what to cast off ... So the difference is mainly economic.

It is time to breakfast! — thought.

Crossed the road. Sat down on the cement edge of a flower bed. Took out food.

A tractor was driving in front of me. Four persons stood in its caravan. They all had curiously been looking at me.

It is glaring the contrast between the ostentatious indifference of the policeman and the uniform increased interest shown by the civilians — established ... One can easily see by the look of me that i am a frontierist! ... Will not carry on the tinned fish, as shall not have need of it any longer!

Took it out of the left lower pocket of the rucksack. Put it on the cement.

Reached Versec.¹²⁵ The glass of a newspaper-kiosk struck my eye. A vast number of colored illustrated magazines filled it in.

I did never see such a rich press assortment yet! — thought. ... It is a new sign of the welfare.

On the right side, a store name broke through.

The first time in my life i am directly seeing an inscription in cyrillic letters — established. ... Yes, here in Serbia the cyrillic alphabet is used ... Try to exchange some money!

Crossed the street. In front of the show window, halted. Numerous

125 Probably, its downtown, as the villas on the hill-slope and the houses by the roadside also appertained to it.

foodstuffs were arranged in it. There struck my eye their variousness and the quality of their packing. Took out 100 lei. Opened the door.

A warm air struck my face: an electric stove vented the heat. It not only had a kindly effect on me, as against the outside cold, but also i was surprised at it, because in the romanian communist state the “hydra” had not allowed heating the stores even in winter.

A woman person stood in front of the counter. The sales clerk wore a white cloak, on his head he did not have a cap. Having served the woman, he swung towards me. I held up the bill.

“Do you want to exchange it?” asked he, in the romanian language.

“Yes,” answered, surprised.

He took it away, set it into the cash-drawer, and handed over a banknote of one thousand dinars.

“Have you come with a pass?”¹²⁶

“No, i have come illegally.”

He did not register surprise. His face irradiated compassion and wondering respect.

“Don’t travel by train! It is controlled. Go by bus! The station is not far. In serbian, it is said likewise as in romanian.”

“Thank you! Cheerio!”

“Cheerio!”

At the end of the street, a narrow park viewed. On the right side in front of a brick church, two elderly women persons were talking. Turning towards them, i approached them.

“Autogara?”¹²⁷ asked.

They immediately showed that having left the street, i would have to turn slightly to the right, and it was there. I thanked them with an inclination of my head.

Having crossed the park, the rows of buses obliquely parallel with one another appearing from behind a house indicated that i had reached the bus station. At the first bus, travelers were in the course of getting in. On its table, an inscription in cyrillic letters. Knew the cyrillic alphabet, because around 1985 had bent my mind to study the russian language. Approached and began spelling it.

“Beograd¹²⁸,” read off.

126 Pursuant to the law, the inhabitants of the localities lying at most 20 kilometers from the frontier could apply for a permit, which gave them the right to spend once in each month six days in Yugoslavia not more than 20 kilometers from the frontier. [11] In all certainty, by the word “pass” he meant this “little frontier crosser”, and not the normal passport. It is worth mentioning that the inhabitants living in the interior of the state could travel abroad only once in two years.

127 Read approximately: auto’gara.

128 Read approximately: ‘beograd.

Some few stood in a queue with their bigger bags in front of the boot. Near me, there stayed a young woman person. She wore sunglasses, on her head she did not have a cap.

“Ticket?” asked i her, in the english language.

Understanding my intention, she showed me the way with gestures.

I entered the showed building. Halted before a ticket window without a queue.

“Beograd,” said.

The woman ticket clerk said the price. I did not understand it, but handed to her the bill of one thousand. She paid back 230 dinars.

Joined the queue in front of the boot. Some people gave money to the taking-over person. In my right hand kept the 230 dinars, but he did not take away from them anything. Put the rucksack into.

Got on. The front seats were all occupied. At the rear, there sat the woman wearing sunglasses. Seated myself in the middle zone. The quality and cleanness of the bus, as well as the quietness of the travelers attracted my attention. Some conversed in a low voice.

The bus called at every locality. It could be seen from the clothing of the travelers getting on in the countryside as well that they lived under much better economic conditions. Between the stopping-places, my attention was mainly held by the outside world.

Took out the bulletin. Held its cover furnished with the arms of the Socialist Republic of Romania in front of the young man sitting beside me. He cast a glance on it, but immediately took off his eyes from it, and looked out through the window on, as if nothing had happened.

From the left, the Danube viewed. Its water had run over between the dikes. In some places, trees stood in it. A bridge cropped up. On the opposite bank, a town was visible.

Belgrade! — thought.

Watched the buildings. Did not see a great difference between the capital of Yugoslavia and that of the romanian communist state. However, felt the social atmosphere essentially better.

At the terminus stepping down, i halted and looked round. A peculiarly pleasurable feeling of new type descended upon me.

Never in my life i felt so very much free — established. ... Came into the frontier zone of the romanian communist state, approached and crossed

the frontier, came out of the frontier zone of Yugoslavia, reached my destination, Belgrade, and now am here in the station from where buses put off towards Austria ... Have more than 2,000 lei¹²⁹, which could easily convert into dinars, could buy a ticket to Maribor¹³⁰, and could be near the yugoslav-austrian frontier perhaps still this evening ... When am in Yugoslavia, let my thoughts run on Austria, am haunted by the possibility of reaching the Occident ... This is justifiable though, if think about the thousands of the frontierists deported back to the romanian communist state since 1984, but if now do not ask for political asylum in Yugoslavia, then shall lose such an experience for which a possibility shall never present itself to the end of my days ... My soul feels drawn towards Austria, my reason towards Yugoslavia ... Must look for the police!

17. In Belgrade

Took the rucksack out of the boot, lifted it on to my back, and started towards the nearest road.

In all certainty, it is in the downtown or in its vicinity — thought. ... I will follow the direction of the heavier traffic!

On the sidewalk, turned to the right. Took notice of a blue and white passenger-car passing by me.

Milicija — read off the white inscription on its blue side. ... The organ of keeping the public order is called “militia” here as well — concluded.

Was staring at the show-windows. Those differed mostly from the town environment accustomed by me.

What kind of food could i buy for the money remained? — raised the question to myself.

Getting to a stall, my eyes fastened on a hamburger. Took out the 230 dinars, gave them to the saleswoman, and pointed to the selected product. She gave me to understand that they were not enough, and showed up her five fingers.

I will not exchange just to buy it! — thought. ... It is interesting that the price of the hamburger is nearly so much as that of the bus ticket between Vercor and Belgrade ... Only a local could tell that the hamburger is costly, or the bus ticket is cheap.

129 Partly, i assigned it for disguising my destination.

130 Big town in a straight line at around 15 kilometers from the yugoslav-austrian frontier. [12]

Going up on a rather steep street, i turned to the right. A long road ran in a bee-line in front of me. On the wide surfaces of its sidewalks being almost on the same level with it, pedestrians swarmed. The cleanness of the environment, the character and well-keptness of the buildings lying rising on both sides, the multitude of humans, all gave the semblance that i was stepping in a high and long hall.

In a show-window, i beheld typewriters. They were situated side by side and one above the other just behind the pane. Came to a halt, and stared at them surprised.

I did never yet see a typewriter in a show-window — established. ... Did never yet see a typewriter for sale ... This is a sign of not only the welfare, but also the freedom ... True, the welfare is also a manifestation of the freedom, the economic freedom.

Started on. A militiaman broke through. He wore a light blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. Standing on the edge of the sidewalk, he watched the traffic.

I will not seek for the militia on — was thinking — here will give myself up! ... Certainly, he will instantly arrest me ... Or at the least escort me to the militia.

Behind him, i beheld a common well. Went there, and drank from its water spouting upwards. Took out the bulletin, approached him, and showed its armored side to him. Seemingly, he did not even show surprise. With an unaffectedness going as far as possible, he pointed to the street being over the way.

Would the illegal fleeing phenomenon have grown to so great proportions — was raising the question to myself — that here in Belgrade, as well as now also in early spring i am accounted an everyday phenomenon?! ... Or would the division of labor within the militia be of a so high degree that a pointsman is completely unconcerned to the contraventions of different kind?

At the end of the pointed-up street, i came to a halt, and looked asunder. On the right on the other side, a building of old type grizzled. Next to the door a table hung. Swinging towards it, started on.

Having approached it, began spelling its inscription. One of the words resembled the word “garnizoană”¹³¹ of the romanian language meaning “garrison”.

Maybe, here they will show me the way — thought.

Rang. A common soldier answered the door. He wore a khaki field-uniform, on his head he had a flat cap.

“Do you speak english?” asked him, in the english language.

131 Read approximately: gărni'zoană.

“Yes.”

“I am looking for the militia.”

“This is the military police.”

“I am a refugee from Romania. Would like to ask for political asylum.”

He stepped out, and came downstairs. I perceived the same compassion and wondering respect on him just like on the sales clerk in Versec.

“I am slovene ...”

“Ah, slovene! ... I know about Slovenia ...”

“Here,” said he, and pointed in the opposite direction, “in Kneza Miloša¹³² you’ll find it.”

“Thank you! Good-bye!”

“Good-bye!”

I was searching the entrances. My eyes fastened on an armored table on the right side. Came to a halt, and began reading its text. The words “serbian” and “socialist” referred to a building of the serbian authorities.

Probably, he directed me here — thought.

Opened the glass door and entered. In the porter lodge, a young woman person was seated. She wore a blue cloak, on her head she did not have a cap. I presented her the bulletin.

“Rumun?” asked she.

Having understood it, i nodded assent. Making a sign to wait a little, she got up, came out of the lodge, and entered through a door.

She returned accompanied by a middle-aged man person. He wore a black leather jacket, on his head he did not have a cap. Seemed to be meek and good-mannered. Was mildly smiling.

“Have you come from Romania?” asked he, in the romanian language.

“Yes,” answered, surprised.

“Where are you from?”

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“I originate from Constanța¹³³ ...”

“I am wondering at that there are also romanians in Belgrade ...”

“Come inner!”

Entering, he turned to the left. On the corridor, there were set in order doors. On them, small red plastic material laminae indicated the names of the persons working in the offices. On the last one, the lower one was: Ion POPESCU.¹³⁴

Entered. His colleague sat at the interior table. He smiled with interest. I gave him a nod. He returned it.

“Take a seat!” said Ion POPESCU, pointing up an armchair.

132 [12]

133 Read approximately: kons'tantsa. In this big town, there was the largest sea-port of the romanian communist state and of the Black Sea.

134 Read approximately: yon po'pesku.

“Thank you.”

I sat down. My attention was instantly caught by an enframed party-congress photo hung up against the opposite wall. It struck my eye that above the presidium there was suspended not the portrait of Tito, but that of the trio Marx-Engels-Lenin.

It can be seen — was thinking — that here the cult of personality is not practiced.

After having exchanged a few words with his colleague, Ion POPESCU swung towards me.

“And what are your intentions?”

“I would like to ask for political asylum.”

“That has to be managed at the militia ... I will drive you there immediately.”

“Thank you!”

“Is it bad in Romania?”

“It is very bad.”

“And what kind of problems did you have?”

“First of all and mainly political ones.”

Ion POPESCU translated after every answer. Meantime, his colleague looked at me smiling. Then, they conversed together. I curiously listened to their unfamiliar speaking.

“Wait a moment!” said Ion POPESCU, starting towards the door.

He came back with a packet. Put it on his table, and unwrapped it.

“Sit there,” was he saying, “and eat!”

“Thank you!”

He went out. I took the chair. A few slices of jumbo bologna, a small loaf of bread, and a cardboard box were in front of me. Opening it, it proved to contain yogurt. Began eating.

The janitress came in. She began conversing with the official. They often looked at me, smiling with sympathy and in a friendly manner. Their faces expressed the appreciation of my bearing risk and their regret for my enduring the privations and the oppression.

There came back Ion POPESCU. His colleague began preparing himself for leaving.

“Come! We’ll go!”

I got up, seized the rucksack, and went out. In front of the building, the official cordially joined hands with me. Ion POPESCU poked two bills of one thousand dinars into my hand, climbed into a Fiat 600, and opened its door on the right side. I got into.

“What shall i do with these?!” asked him.

“Put them away!”

“... Thank you.”

There came in sight huge steel railings. I recognized the Danube bridge. A chill came over me.

He is carrying me backwards on my illegal-fleeing route — was thinking — towards the romanian communist state!

Having gone across the bridge, he turned to the right, and drove in the open courtyard of the building being on the left side. Outdoors, a sombre militiaman was staying. He wore a light blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. The car pulled up in front of him.

We stepped out. They shook hands. The new person of the authorities looked at me with an unchanged face. Ion POPESCU began telling him something. With his look, the militiaman made feel his superiority. As if the joviality of my follower had gone over into a mild subservience. Then coming back within the earlier cordiality frameworks, he swung towards me, and we took leave.

18. In the cell of the militia in Belgrade

The militiaman conducted me to the building. He asked me for the bulletin. Showed me to sit down, and entered the office. I was alone in the waiting-room. Flowers and pictures, armchairs and wide upholstered seats raised it on a higher level of aesthetic quality and comfort, respectively. Sat down in an armchair. The upper half of the wall on the side of the office was made of a transparent glass.

It refers to the lucidity and the civil control of the activity of the authorities — thought.

A militiaman came out. He wore the same kind of uniform, on his head he did not have a flat cap. In his hand, held the opened bulletin.

“Do you speak english?” asked he, in the english language.

“Yes.”

He sat down beside me, and passed me the document.

“Tell me what corresponds to what from among the data!”

“Yes ... Last name, first name, first names of father and mother ... Further, the date of birth, the place of birth, namely the community and the county, and the dwelling-place ... On the verso, the name of the making-out militia, the number and place of making out the birth certificate, as well as the name of the filling-out person and the date of filling out.

The first militiaman came out. He gave me back the bulletin, and called me to follow him. Entered through a door. Took me in the office on the right side. Gave me to understand to put down the rucksack. Led me farther on the corridor. In front of an iron door on the left side, halted, opened it, and nodded me to enter.

A cell — thought.

A neon-tube illuminated it. No one was in. On the ceiling and the walls of its space of around $6 \times 4 \times 4$ meters, fresh lime-wash looked white. On the right side, an unshiftable bench covered with varnished laths. After it, a toilet. Facing me above, a barred window. The whole left side was occupied by a sleeping convenience around 2 meters wide. Its inclined surface was constituted by ripped varnished boards. I lay down.

It is bad though — was thinking — i fell much better than in the cell of the romanian communist state on the soft mattress of the bed ... There, on all, age and neglect were visible, the air stank ... Here, all is new and well-kept, and the air is unobjectionable.

The door opened. A young person was put in. His big ringed gray eyes and stonily severe look gave the impression of a rural origin and a fossilized serbian nationalism. He sat down beside me. Spoke to me, in the serbo-croatian language.

“Do you speak english?” asked i.

“Yes ... Where are you from?”

“From Romania.”

“How have you gotten here?”

“I crossed the frontier illegally.”

“And were you caught?”

“No. I gave myself up.”

“... Why?!”

“Because i would like to ask for political asylum from Yugoslavia.”

“Ah! ... Are you romanian?”

“No. I am ethnically hungarian.”

“... Why did you not go to Hungary?!”

“Hungary is a satellite of the Soviet Union. Ideologically, it is revisionist though, but behind this nationalist-hegemonic aspirations conceal themselves: it would like to regain possession of Transylvania¹³⁵ by means of the Soviet Union.”

“... And is Serbia better?”

“Yes, as politically it is independent and flexible ... It does not use ideology for gaining territories.”

The door opened. He went out.

135 In the romanian language: Transilvania. In the broadest sense of the word, it is roughly the region of the romanian national state west and north of the crest of the Carpathian mountains.

By the time i could have inquired about his person — was thinking — he was taken out.

From time to time, further persons were put in. They conversed with one another, in the already accustomed serbo-croatian style. It seemed that i did not interest them.

19. Tudorache Petcu¹³⁶

The door opened. A young person of middling height entered. From under his black eyes, he looked at those being nearer, addressing to them whispering words questioningly. He was directed to me. Our looks curiously concurred.

“Are you romanian?” asked he, and lay down by me.

“Yes, citizen.”

“I am Tudorache Petcu from Bucharest.”

“István ADORJÁN¹³⁷ from Marosvásárhely.”

“How long have you been here?”

“For a few hours.”

“Where did you cross the frontier?”

“In the neighborhood of Versec.”

“When?”

“Yesterday evening.”

“And how were you caught?”

“I was not caught. Gave myself up.”

“... Why?!”

“Because i would like to ask for political asylum from Yugoslavia.”

“... And is that possible?”

“It remains to be seen ... And what about you?”

“I crossed the Danube, in a small folding boat, together with a woman and her child.”

“Where?”

“At Orsova¹³⁸.”

“There it is very wide.”

“Yes, more than 1 kilometer ... But this was the best tackling, because the woman lives there.”

“How did you cross?”

“In the evening, i arrived at Orsova by train. At the woman, had supper,

136 Read approximately: tudo'rake'petku.

137 Read approximately: 'iftva:n'ɔdorya:n. My hungarian name.

138 Read approximately: 'orfovo. In the romanian language: Orșova.

then relaxed a little. At ten hours or thereabouts, we went down on the bank of the Danube. Throughout three quarters of hour, i had continuously been rowing, till we finally reached the opposite bank.”

“Where did you want to get through to?”

“To Italy.”

“How were you caught?”

“We would have liked to come to Belgrade by hitch-hike. An automobile carried us as far as Požarevac. We were going out of the town on foot when a policeman observed us.”

“... I am admiring the atmosphere here ... As if we were on another planet.”

“Yes, indeed ... The yugoslav president ... What is his name?”

“Sinan Hasani.”

“The yugoslav president is not the same as Ceaușescu.”

“... So far, i have only heard of Yugoslavia, of that how difficult it is to manage to get across here, that on the frontier humans are shot dead. And now, i can hardly believe that am here.

“Yes, this runs with risk, and some luck is also necessary to it. We spent much on it materially as well: for the folding boat we gave 10,000 lei; for further 20,000 we bought 200,000 dinars from the serbs. The price of the boat was lost: we let it down, and hid it on the bank.”

“Where do you want to emigrate?”

“To Australia ... What do you think, shall we be given back?”

“... I have it only from hearsay that 90 per cent of those caught are sent back.”

“And what kind of criteria are taken into consideration?”

“Maybe only the situation of the saxons and swabians¹³⁹ is safe. I do not know about other points of view.”

“... If i am given back, shall be a lost man: shall be imprisoned, shall lose my position ... And have a family ...”

The number of the seized continually grew. Those not finding place on the conveyance, talked standing, or walked to and fro. The night hung heavy on the hands. Not so much the hardness of the sleeping-place, as its incline disturbed me. Waking up from time to time, i listened to the conversations interesting in their incomprehensibility, till fell asleep again.

In the morning, the greater number of those inside struck my eye.

“Yesterday at noon, i was still alone,” spoke i to Petcu. “And look at that, now the cell is crowded almost to capacity.”

“An african was also brought.”

“He is from Zaire.”

139 Native germans in Romania.

"How did he get as far as here?!"

"By ship, possibly by air."

"Were more romanians put in?"

"As far as i know, not."

The door opened. A young person appeared in it. He wore private clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. From his face, sternness, even a mild sullenness irradiated.

"Adorján!"

In relation to my experience of the romanian communist state, it attracted my attention that he had pronounced my name correctly, as in the hungarian and the serbo-croatian languages the same sound corresponds to the letter "j". I stood up.

"Come out!" said he, in the romanian language, but with a serbian accent.

He took me in the office. No person was in.

"Is that rucksack yours?"

"Yes."

"Undo it, and put all out of it!"

His over-peremptory tone and rough style gave me the impression that he considered me a national secret politically inconvenient person. But his conduct seemed to be factitious. He could not entirely disguise all that his fellow-citizens had already manifested before me.

He does not just imagine — was thinking — that i am a Securitate agent!?

Obedied him. He looked over a few articles of clothing. Cast a glance into some bags.

"Pack up!"

I was about to put back the muddy foils as well.

"Do you still need them?"

"No."

"Then, throw them away!" said he, pointing to the empty waste-basket.

I did not need them indeed. But it came to my mind the terrible moments, when on them had been lying on the bank of the Cernovec, waiting for the possible appearance of the frontier guards, when on them having been retired behind the shrub, the shepherd dog, then the shepherd as well had passed by in front of me. It came to my mind the cold nights, when on them had been lying or sleeping in the open air. During all those occasions, they protected me from wetness, mud and cold: they served me. They were with me in the most difficult moments of my life, and took their share of my success. For them, some sentiments had developed in me. Regretted to put them into the waste-basket.

He put me back in the station house.

"Why did he take you out?" asked Petcu.

"He controlled the content of my baggage."

"He will not disturb me for that. My things remained at the woman in my bag."

"Where were they taken?"

"I don't know. They didn't tell me that."

The door opened.

"Adorján!" said the person of the authorities in civilian clothes. "Come out!"

He led me upstairs. Took me in an office. Among big potted flowers, there were set in order several tables in it. No one was in.

"Sit down!"

"Thank you," said i, and sat down in the armchair next to his table.

"When did you cross the frontier?"

"The day before yesterday, on 6 april, at seven hours or thereabouts in the evening."

He handed a map towards me.

"Show me where did you come across!"

It was of a small scale, much smaller than those of the maps used at drawing up my plan. As a result of its artificially strange folding-up, just the hills of Versec were visible on it, and just that part of them where i had crossed. From curiosity, took the zone under close examination. Could not establish where the frontier crossed the eastern barrow. It attracted my attention that its bend to the south was sharp and not gradual.

"At a rough guess, here," said i, and pointed to the environs of the real spot.

He put a sheet of paper in the typewriter.

"Surname?"

"Adorján."

"First name?"

"István"

"Date of birth?"

"20 december 1959."

"Place of birth?"

"Mikháza¹⁴⁰, county Maros, Romania."

"Citizenship?"

"Romanian."

"Place of work?"

"From september last year, i have had no place of work."

140 Read approximately: 'mikha:zɔ. In the romanian language: Călugăreni.

"Last place of work."

"County Enterprise for Production and Services Mureş."

"Profession?"

"Engineer."

"Salary?"

"... I have not come for economic reasons!" said, discontented.

"For what reasons?"

"It is impossible to explain with a few words."

"... Here it is a sheet of paper and a jotter. Write it down with your own words!"

We stood up. Through the anteroom, he took me out to the hall preceding the stairs. There were set in order in it high tables without chairs.

"Here!" said he.

"Is it ready?" asked he, passing by me in the direction of the ground-storey.

"It is not yet ... Could i receive one more sheet? It seems that this shall not be enough."

"Yes," said he, and turned back.

Having finished it, i entered the office. No person was in. In the ante-room, a young woman person and a little girl were waiting. They conversed in the romanian language. Sat down on the bench being next to them.

"Good morning!" said i, in the romanian language.

"Good morning!" returned she my greeting, surprised.

"Where are you from?"

"We are from Orsova."

"... Is it you who came with Petcu?"

"Yes. Where did you meet him?"

"Down in the station house. He told me about your difficult crossing ..."

"And what about you?"

"I am from Marosvásárhely."

"How long have you been here?"

"From yesterday noon."

She offered me bread and jumbo bologna.

"Eat!"

"No, thanks."

"Eat, because here no food is given!"

"I know."

"Take it, because we had already enough!"

"Thank you ... And did the little girl not feel fear during the crossing?"

“No. Before, i had explained her that only on that way we could get through to daddy, and if she were afraid, she would not see him.”

The little girl was looking at me smiling proudly.

“What age are you?”

“Eight.”

“I am desperately afraid,” was saying the woman person, “that we will be given back.”

“No,” said i, and smiled at the child, “such a girlie shall not be given back.”

“Oh, i hope it very much! ... You know, a few years have elapsed since my husband got to America. He left the country illegally. He cannot come home yet. And the authorities will not let us go.”

“Are you also here at the militia?”

“No. With respect to the child, we were lodged in a motel. We have a separate room.”

“Are you ready?” asked the questioner, coming.

“Yes. Here you are.”

“Come! I’ll take you back!”

“Have success!”

“The same to you!”

“Where have you been for so long?!” asked Petcu.

“To write a statement ... I met the woman and her daughter!”

“Did you?!” reacted he, being visibly moved. “What did she say, where they are?”

“In a motel, in a separate room.”

“That is good,” said he, calming down.

The door opened. A teen-age person was put in. Those being near the door directed him to us. Introducing ourselves, we got to know that he was an ethnically serbian romanian citizen.

“Where are you from?”

“From Törökszákos¹⁴¹, county Temes¹⁴².”

“Where were you caught?”

“In Belgrade, in the station ... I have departed along with my father ... He had been caught already in Romania.”

“How did it happen?”

“... We planned to cross the frontier early in the morning ... At the daybreak, we hit the fence ... The frontier guards perceived us ... I managed to climb, but my father was unable to get away from there ... He

141 Read approximately: 'tərɒksa:kɒf. In the romanian language: Sacoșu Turcesc. Village in a straight line at around 45 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

142 Read approximately: 'temef. In the romanian language: Timiș.

shouted after me to run off, because the frontier guards were coming nearer.”

“... Where do you want to emigrate?”

“To Australia.”

“Then i hope,” was saying Petcu, “that we shall go together.”

The questioner called all three of us. He led us into an office on the other side.

“Sit down on the bench!” said he.

At the table, a middle-aged woman person sat. She wore civilian clothes. Looked at us smiling. We took seat. She controlled our identity. Then dictated to the typist. In the meantime, she put questions in the interpretation of the questioner.

“In Romania, how much is 1 kilogram of coffee?”

“It cannot be had in the store. On the black, it costs 1,000 lei.”

“Here it is priced at 7,000 dinars,” said she, and turned to our companion in distress of serbian ethnicity. “Did you have the possibility in the school to learn serbian?”

“No.”

The typist ended the typing.

“Fifteen days!” said the questioner, with such a gesture, as if this were the first necessary phase of a longer process in Yugoslavia, and nodded us to go.

In the evening, all three of us were taken out. They gave back our baggages. Took us out in front of the building. A blue, micro-bus-like militia van waited for us.

20. In the yugoslav prison

The militiaman on duty locked us in an unfurnished room. On its parquet, there lay mattresses.

“This is a transitory abode,” said Petcu. “Tomorrow, we shall certainly be moved to a normal room.”

We put down our baggages, and sat down.

“Sponge mattress!”

“It is better than at the militia.”

“And more modern than in Romania ... There, it is made out of rags.”

“Did you still try to flee?!”

“Yes. Last year in september, tried to get to Austria, through Hungary.”

“And?”

“I crossed the romanian-hungarian frontier, but shortly afterwards civilians squealed me, and a policeman captured me.”

“How did you succeed in being liberated so quickly?!”

“They gave the penalty to the place of work, so that in the prison i spent one month and a half all in all.”

“And how did you succeed in getting it to the place of work?”

“In Nagyvárad, they imposed that kind of penalty on every frontierist.”

“... Then, if i am given back, at least my situation shall not be so hardly endurable ... Presuming that the practice in Nagyvárad is of country-wide character.”

The door opened. A prisoner brought bedding, one blanket, one sheet, and one pillow per person.

“In Romania, they would have given two rugs. Here, maybe even one is much.”

In the morning, some food was given in on a tray. A ration per head consisted of two rolls, one little plastic box of jam with tinfoil covering, and one big plastic cup of coffee with milk. We could not believe our eyes. Although never in all our lives we had eaten such and were hungry, carefully lay hands on and consumed it with a slowness worthy of civilized humans. Coming from an environment of material poverty, we set high value on material richness, and gave evidence to ourselves and to one another that we were personifiers of the failure of the humiliating and depraving national secret policy of the communist regime of the romanian “hydra”.

The human fleeing the romanian communist state does not have to be politically, ethnically or religiously persecuted — thought. ... Even the shortage of foodstuffs may represent a sufficient motive, and the plenty and quality of the food may constitute sufficient purposes for fleeing ... True, the exaggerated export of the articles of food and the limitation of the agricultural freedom could be termed “feeding persecution” as well.

We were taken to another building. In front of a militiaman, we had to unpack and take off the surface apparel. The shoes, the socks, a sweater or pull-over, and the underwear could remain. After the control, we had to put our things in a polyethylene sack each.

He gave prison uniforms. They were made of cloth formed by fibers of various colors. It roughly looked dark gray. The coat suited my sizes, but the pants were short, so much that they did not even come down to my clod-crushers. The cap resembled the common-soldier bonnet of the romanian communist state.

“You have had no luck,” said Petcu.

“In such places, i have always ‘bad luck’ ...”

“In Romania, the prisoner clothes are streaky, aren’t they?”

“Yes ... Here, also from this point of view the state is better developed.”

With the bedding, we arrived in front of the bedroom. The accompanying old prisoner made a sign to take off our shoes. With a key, he opened the door and entered. We followed him bare foot.

A clean varnished parquet in good condition formed the floor. Its width was roughly constituted by the sum of the lengths of three double iron beds and the width of two interspaces. Their green coloredness, simpleness and modernness struck the eyes. On the left side, wide windows made unnecessary the day-time use of the neon tubes. Behind them, rod bars reminded us that we were in prison. Under them, heaters constituted by thick pipes horizontally parallel with one another ensured the agreeable warm of the air.

The yugoslav prisoner pointed out our sleeping-places. He gave us to understand to make them quickly. I pulled the sheet on the sponge mattress. Spread the rug folded in halves on it. Placed the pillow on the end from the windowed side of the bed.

From curiosity, i touched the heater. It was warm. In the spirit of the sparing and having-spared in the romanian communist state, there struck me the impression that the fuel was wasted, and had gotten in luxurious conditions.

“The radiator is warm,” said i to Petcu.

“In Bucharest, it is cold even in winter ... Also in Marosvásárhely?”

“No. There is heating there, but exposing the health to peril abnormally: in the evening you cannot fall asleep with the cover, and at night you wake up at feeling cold.”

“I cannot understand that if in the provinces they can, then in the capital why they won’t heat?!”

“In all certainty, because the regime does not like that those in Bucharest are so hot-headed.”

“... Also behind that would it be the policy?! ... It may be, because that is a simple economic problem: if the yugoslav communists are able to heat a prison in spring also in the day-time, then why would not be able the romanian communists to heat a residential quarter in winter leastways at night?!”

On the courtyard of the building in the form of an U with one upper storey, tens of prisoners were gathering.

“In all certainty, there will be a line-up.”

“Where will we stand?”

"The wave shall surely carry us."

Two groups were outlining. In the smaller one, we turned our attention to three colored persons.

"Probably, that is the group of the aliens ... Let's take our stand there!"

"Ceașescu?" asked an old yugoslav prisoner, with a funny smile.

"Not Ceașescu ... Down with Ceașescu! ... Translate it!"

"... Ha, ha, ha! ... You are few ... In summer, many will come! ... Your group shall be bigger than ours!"

"... What is to become of us: shall we be given back or sent on?"

"... You shall not be given back ... When ending the prison, you will be taken over to the UNO camp, and afterwards to the hotel ... And you can emigrate to Australia, Canada, America ..."

"Really, that would be good! ..."

From the exit door being in the middle of the building, a number of militiaman came out. The noise of the conversation came to a sudden stop. The yugoslav prisoner made a sign to us to place ourselves in the two ranks according to height. The groups became orderly, the carriages somewhat straightened out.

The blue-uniformists gave an ear to the reports of the chiefs of group. They counted us. Left the courtyard. The members of the bigger group produced a ball, and on the basketball court began playing football.

"This line-up rather resembles that in the romanian army, than that in the prison."

"There, how is it in the prison?"

"The counting happens in the room, with the bonnet taken off, baldly and swung towards the wall ... But while here it can be felt from the attitude of the prisoners and militiamen the looseness and liberalism of the atmosphere, in Romania this is gloomy and dictatorial, even in the army, let alone the prison ... This expresses the difference in democratism between the societies in Yugoslavia and Romania, as in the prison for realizing the punishing and the preventive functions the circumstances must always be worse with a deal than those outside ... And imagine, if here inside it is so good, how it may be outside!"

"And here, for the illegal crossing of the frontier, you get 15 days, while in Romania you can get 15 months as well."

"And look at this prison! ... From the romanian point of view, this is rather similar to a school."

The legs of the building, in the form of a U stretched in its base, were held together by a wire-netting fence at around 5 meters high. On its upper part on in-curved iron tubes, strained barbed wires were meant to make more difficult the possible escapes. In its middle, a padlocked gate of wire-netting made it possible the allowed leaving. Outside on the right beside it, a cylindric post stood, in it with a militiaman with a machine pistol.

Behind it, there ran a narrow concrete road. After it, a green area, an agricultural land, and farther also buildings were visible.

"Indeed, if the fence were lower, if the post and the militiaman were lacking in, and if there were not bars on the windows, then i would not feel that am in the prison."

"I do not feel in the prison even in this manner ... The fence of the romanian prison is partly formed by high wall, and it is not only unclimbable, but also non-transparent ... Through the interstices of the room window, even the sky is hardly visible ... There, they make it impossible not only your leaving into the outside world, but also its viewing ... Here, after you can see through the fence, with a little smartness and physical effort you can even climb it."

Two buses came. Their modern design struck the eye. The yugoslav prisoners interrupted the play, and in front of the gate began lining up.

"They are taken to work."

"The bus with which i came from Versec was not a bit superior ... And the curtains are not even drawn away!"

The chief of group signaled to go to dine. We stood in ranks of two. Entered the building. On its other side, the militiaman on duty let us out of it.

A park-like green area unfolded itself in front of us. It was formed of a well-kept lawn, ornamental pines and deciduous trees. In some places, smaller buildings lay on it. Brick-colored cindery footpaths ensured the traffic between them.

"What is your opinion?"

"It is just like a resort."

In the passage of the new building, we stood in a single rank in front of an open sliding window. The meal was given out in a vertical sided white plastic dish. It was a thick soup with a big piece of meat.

"Would this be the first course?!"

"I guess no. It is an one-course dish."

We entered the dining-hall. In the middle of each table, a plastic basket was full of rolls.

"It seems that here you may consume bread to taste."

"Then, you can indeed have enough of this dish of meal ... The tables, the chairs, and all are new and modern here ... The food is of new type, delicious, of good quality and sufficient ... In day-time, we are kept outdoors in an agreeable-looking environment ... At night, we can sleep in a warm room ... I feel quite well in this prison."

21. MARINESCU Nicolae¹⁴³

The yugoslav prisoners had a mostly indifferent relation to us. From their attitude, it was still perceivable that they considered us as being the representatives of rather the patiently accommodating great majority, than of the impatiently rebellious insignificant minority of the Romanian society. Presumably, for them the risk of liberty, corporal integrity and life, as well as the “voting with the feet” after Radio Free Europe meant not more than a coward running away from before poverty. As a result of this, it could come into being that state of habit tolerated by the militiamen according to which we were refused admittance to the club provided with indoor games and TV, and before the line-ups they had the courtyard swept with us. Since it cannot be accused with anti-romanian chauvinism a group belonging to such a commonwealth of which state upholds traditionally friendly relations with the romanian communist state.

“After the long winter, it shall be good a little sun-bath.”

We went on the basketball court. Took off the coats, laid them out on the concrete, and with the faces towards the sun sat down on them.

“In every good, there is a little bad.”

“Namely?”

“The good is that we are in the open air. The bad is that we have to stay passively.”

“That is so ... We are not taken out to work, the serbs will not leave the ball for us, to the club we may not go, so there was nothing left, but to find occupation in the courtyard.”

“Under the present circumstances, your sun-bathing idea seems to be splendid.”

“Hello!”

Being surprised, we looked in the direction of the sound waves of the romanian word. The depressing lifelessness of the prisoner clothes was filled with a captivating life by the bright and living smile of a resolute face.

“Come, sit down next to us! ... You have come like a bolt from the blue! ... How have we failed to notice you so far?!”

“I was brought not long ago ... I am now coming from the sleeping-hall.”

“Relate, because you are the new! ... We have already gotten bored with the talk.”

“Where to begin: how did i get to Yugoslavia, or how to the prison?”

“Begin with the beginning!”

¹⁴³ Read approximately: mari'nesku niko'læ.

“... I let myself down to the bank of the Danube late in the evening in the zone of Újmoldva¹⁴⁴ ... Packed my things in a polyethylene sack, and fastened them to the waist ... Smearred my body with fat, and swam the Danube ...”

“But the winter recently ended: was not the water cold?!”

“It may be, however i resist the cold ... And, of course, before beginning with swimming, sprinkled my body till it got accustomed to the temperature of the water ...”

“How long did you swim?”

“Around half an hour.”

“And did everything go quite smoothly?”

“At the yugoslav bank, there obstructed me a stripe of water-plants ... But i knew how to get rid of it ...”

“How?”

“Resting on the surface, you break swimming, and pressing down or pushing aside the plants, as well as slowly rowing you approach the bank ... Getting to the earth, i washed the fat off me and started on ... Next day, exchanged my money, then got on a train ... Did not arrived in Belgrade yet, when a police patrol identified me.”

“Where do you want yo emigrate?”

“To America ... How is it in the air, shall we be given back?”

“Everyone encourages us that we will be sent on.”

22. The UNO camp

The chief of group uttered a loud exclamation, and made a sign for us to go there. A militiaman was by him. He aligned us, and put on our way.

“Where is he taking us?”

“It does not mater. The point is that we are taken somewhere.”

Going downstairs, we turned to the left. The march was not soldierly, everyone paced corresponding with his manner, we only held the columns. The sky was completely cloudy.

The militiaman stopped us. He went up on the lawn, and looking down began searching about. At a bush, he bent, took something in his hand, rose, and swinging towards us, produced his finding.

“I see, we’ll have to gather snails.”

“Would also the serbs consume snails?!”

“Surely, they won’t make out of them paste for us, will they?!”

“Probably, they are exported ... The prison needs every revenue

144 Read approximately: 'u:ymoldva. In the romanian language: Moldova Nouă.

source.”

A yugoslav prisoner distributed a blue plastic carrier-bag to every two persons. The militiaman marked out the seeking stripes of the individual pairs. He signaled to beginning combing the area.

“Look, that is the building of the women there,” said Petcu.

“I have not known that there are also women in this prison ... How do you know?”

“Somebody showed me.”

We approached a wire-netting fence around one meter and a half high. Behind it after some trees, an extended agricultural land was visible. No signs referred to that it would have belonged to the prison.

“This would be the outside fence?!”

“So it appears.”

“This means that here braking is not done.”

“The penalties are small ... I heard that a prisoner had received three years for murder ... And in week-ends, a part of them are let home.”

“In nine months of army, i was once at home ... In Romania, some people desert from the army, and here one does not break from the prison! ... This is an entirely other world!”

“It is hard to understand why in Romania everything has to be the reverse, why the romanians have reached the point where they damn their own country.”

“Does Comrade Gorbachev know,” was asking Petcu, “that we are here?”

“... Why should Gorbachev know where we are?!”

With this, he certainly alludes to the letter which i wrote and sent in may 1984 to the Central Committee of the Soviet Union’s Communist Party — thought. ... Therefore, the yugoslav-soviet opposition is not so sharp that the yugoslav “hydras” do not collaborate with the soviet “hydras” in my relation.

A small level building came in sight. It lay after a low row of bushes. It struck the eye that their small windows were not secured from outside by thin iron, but by thick concrete bars. Slightly farther, a similar building was visible.

“I think,” was saying Petcu, “this is the UNO camp ... We will be carried here after serving the sentence ... Presuming that we will not be given back ...”

From behind a window, voices struck our ears.

“Hallo there! ... Come here!” could we perceive the appeal in the ro-

manian language.

“What do you say, shall we go there?”

“No one forbids that.”

We stepped over the hedge, and as had henceforward sought for snails, made our way towards the window. A cry sounded. Looked back: the militiaman made a sign for us to turn round.

23. At work

“There is some work!” said Petcu. “Will you come?”

“Most willingly, only i may go!”

In the small group, only we two were aliens. The yugoslav prisoners marched in front, making a loud conversation. A militiaman led us. At times, he also chimed in the talk, so that only the otherness of the uniforms indicated that who was the sub- and who the superordinate.

We went out through a small gate. Turned to the right. After a narrow green area, a wide-spread plow-land followed. Looking round, nowhere was visible a building in the relative vicinity.

“We have left the prison!”

“I also think so.”

“That is what i call ‘good advance’: first, a high fence sealed us off from the out-world, and a machine-pistolled militiaman guarded us; the other day, we got beside a low fence under the supervision of a militiaman with pistol; and now, we are already outside!”

“I wish the time would come when in civilian clothes and without a militiaman we may stay in Yugoslavia!”

Having cut across the plow-land on a country lane, we turned to the right. On the left side, there appeared rectangle-shaped artificial lakelets.

“Fish-ponds.”

On the right side, a house-like building lay. In front of it, a small truck stood. Its burden was constituted by a number of kegs.

The militiaman instructed us to unload them. Two yugoslav prisoners lugged them one by one towards the water.

“The ponds are being planted.”

A prisoner called us with him. He led us to a cultivated patch. Held the two sprinklers being on its edge, let himself down to the lower bank of the pond, and dipped them to the brim. He showed us how and from where to where we had to sprinkle.

“Will we divide the work, or do it separately?” asked i.

“It would be better to divide it, as in that manner we will leastways rest alternately too.”

The militiaman from another pond was drawing near to the building. In his hand he held a big fish.

“Look at that! ... I think that these lands and ponds are in the property of the prison.”

“Indeed.”

At around 30 meters, close by the patch, there ran a low fence parallel with the pond. The repair of the piles, their non-vertical position and the looseness of some of the barbed wires referred to its age. Behind it, a concrete road ran. Farther, huge ricks formed by bundles of straw lay. A crane overtopped them. Perpendicular to the fence, a higher, closer-set barbed-wire fence in a better condition separated us from a wider green zone. Neat small blocks were set in order on it. Low over us, a dark green airplane whizzed past.

“We are not free after all!”

24. What shall follow?

Thursday, 23 april 1987.

“Adorján!” cried a militiaman.

I entered. From a room, he put forward the sack with my things. He gave me to understand to put on civilian clothes.

He handed me over two documents in the serbo-croatian language. I caught the sack, and went out in front of the building. On the smaller one with cyrillic letters, two dates referred to that it attested my serving the imprisonment. The right-hand page of the bigger one of A4 format was full of text with roman characters. Put them into the right pocket of my waistcoat.

A young militiaman made his appearance beside me. He wore a dark blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. Made a sign to follow him.

In front of the prison gate, a militia van stood. He had me gotten into it. Slammed its doors behind me. I leant the sack against the front side of the cabin. Sat down on the bench. It started off.

It is a fact — was thinking — that i have not been transferred to the UNO camp ... Petcu and the serbian boy will certainly be carried there, as we got to the prison on the same day, so also they will be set at liberty to-day ... Probably, in accordance with my application, i will be let have a

special treatment ... The militia van refers to deporting back ... But, in all certainty, a prison does not have the disposal of other means of transport ... And manacles were not put on my hands either ... Control the direction!

Took out the compass. Began watching the movement of the needle. From time to time, looked out through the small barred window. In front, two militiamen stood. Somewhat saw the out-world as well. Generally, the van did not advance to the east. My negative anticipations languished.

It pulled up. The rear doors opened. A young woman person got in. She wore sunglasses, on her head she had a kerchief. Placed herself on the opposite bench.

As if i were in a confessional — thought. ... The light and the information flow in only one direction.

Observed town buildings.

Belgrade — thought, with increasing optimism.

The van pulled up. The doors opened. The militiaman made me a sign to get down. I found myself on a paved square. At around 50 meters in front of me, a big building lay. On the right, buses were visible.

I am there — was establishing — where arrived.

My hopes began to lessen. The woman person remained above. The militiaman shut the double door. The van moved off on. With hurried steps, he started towards the building. I followed him.

“Australia?” asked he. “Australia?”

“Nema¹⁴⁵,” said i, in the serbo-croatian language. “Jugoslavija.”

Having passed by the right side of the building, he turned to the left. On the right, trains were drawn in. In front of an office, he halted me. Went in.

He came out with a militiaman. He wore a light blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. In a moment, he took out a pair of manacles, and with my contribution closed them on my hands. My hopes diminished with a run.

The darker-blue-uniformist conducted me to a bus. I put the sack into the boot. Letting me forward, he had me gotten on.

In all certainty, it goes to Versec — thought.

There were few travelers. I sat down on a pair of seats on the right side in the direction of the course. My follower took place behind me.

145 Read approximately: 'nema. In the english language: no.

The bus started off. I was sadly looking at the buildings of Belgrade.

Ahem — was thinking — a few minutes ago the yugoslav state and freedom still merged into each other in my head ... And now, i have done the prison sentence though, there are manacles on my hands, just like on 27 september the previous year in the hungarian communist state, and then on 5 november in the romanian communist state ... Not Moscow-led though, but the same merciless communism dominates, is made dominate here as well ... The yugoslav “hydra” federation does not need Moscow, but in like manner it needs the communist ideology as the russian, the hungarian and the romanian “hydras” ... The reform mentality is a thing of the past ... All the goods that can be heard or seen of Yugoslavia are the results of the revisionism and reform policy, they are not corroborations of the communism, but its negation, they are not due to the communists, but to those who took the opportunities, and first of all who needed and made imperative the revisionism and reform policy: to the yugoslav peoples ... Nothing proves this better than the world-historical example of the hungarian people: the revisionism and reform policy in the hungarian communist state were not expressions of the communist benevolence of the hungarian “hydra”, but of that national-communist interest of it that it had to prevent a newer revolution and to increase the economic power of its state; there the revisionism and reform policy were truly needed by the hungarian people, it made them imperative through its victims and achievements in 1956 ... No! The yugoslav state is not the land of freedom! ... The yugoslav state is not my chosen other-world any longer! ... The yugoslav state is not the breeding ground of the desired new-world! ... My other-world not chosen yet is more to the west! ... The desired new-world shall be more to the west!

The bus went on the Danube bridge.

In the beginning, it could be an object of positive metaphors: the gate of hope, of freedom and of the new-world — thought. ... Now, in addition to the gate of Belgrade, it is not more than statistics: i am already going across it for the fourth time, twice in one, twice in the other direction, twice freely and twice as a captive ... Or negative metaphors: the gate of the plan come to nothing, of disappointment, of captivity ... How different a feeling is to travel on the same route backwards, to the east, accompanied by a militiaman, with the hands manacled ... Advancing to the west, arriving at the bus-station of Belgrade, i felt the only master of my situation ... Backwards, on the same station, on the same route, am powerless ... Am made powerless by an invisible iron will, a will visible in the manacles ... It is appalling that this agrees with the will of that national secret political monster from which i fled ... This is a communist “hydra” federation will, which in the belief of the only owners of the only truth made themselves “omniscient and omnipotent gods” in the member states of

their communist state, the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, above the yugoslav peoples ... Notwithstanding that they proclaim and practice atheism ... Not because they are convinced atheists ... But because they need the communist ideology for a permanent legitimate possessing and practicing of the power, with the aim that in the subconscious of the religious humans they can set themselves, their representatives and personifiers, the governments, the prime ministers and the presidents in the place of "god" ... By this means, they can use for the attainment of their purposes not only the possibilities provided by possessing the power, but also the consciousness of the believing humans: they frame the "god"-fearing obedience into the obedience towards their own will, and through their religiousness the believing humans became the puppets of their manipulations against their will; as they exist, and the "god" does not exist, in the lives of the believing humans in reality they fill the role of the "god" as well, while for the atheists they are only the owners of the political power ... If they did not need the communist ideology, obviously they would openly back religion, would animate religiousness, in order that by so doing they create, preserve and consolidate this state of mind, which makes the believing humans their dependents doubly: politically and religiously alike ... The communist ideology, the political and religious obedience of the yugoslav peoples enable the yugoslav communist "hydra" federation to have tens of thousands of frontierists deprived of their natural liberty and made them captives first of the yugoslav communist state, afterwards of their origin-state ... This same will for years, maybe decades running was entirely opposite: it set up for the "messiah, savior, Christ" of tens of thousands of frontierists, helped them to flee the irons of the Moscow-ruled, soviet-type communism, helped them to achieve their freedom ... What was that? ... Commitment to the cause of freedom? ... Nothing of that sort! ... Communist "hydra" propaganda ... The propaganda of the version of communism provided with the "yugoslav" attribute ... In the illegal fleeing attempts of the frontierists from the states of the soviet version of communism, it saw a fact justifying the reason for the existence and the superiority of its own communism ... In order to officially sanction that, it did not make deporting-back agreements with the states of the soviet-type communism, but accepted the Geneva Convention for Refugees ... At the same time, that has implied economic benefits, as the support and emigration costs of the refugees are met by the UNO and other organizations ... By this means, tens of thousands of frontierists involuntarily became puppets of the yugoslav communist propaganda ... It was dreaming that Belgrade shall some day become the center of the world communism ... Then, the time of truth came: braking its international obligations, trampling underfoot the human rights, giving up its economic benefits, paying thousands of squealers, it had thousands of frontierists captured by the collabo-

ration of the inhabitants and the hunting of its authorities, then had them deported back ... Together with them, i feel disappointed and betrayed ... Thank you Yugoslavia?! ... You have done it unintended though, you yugoslav communist state, thank you for making me realize the reality!

However, at the bottom of my heart, the weak flames of hope were still flickering.

Maybe, they are taking me only as far as Versec — thought.

A person came to the militiaman. He exchanged a few words with him. Wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. Resembled Ion POPESCU. Turned to me with a smiling prudence. Said something in the serbo-croatian language. I looked at him uncomprehendingly.

“Do you have money?” gave he me to understand, with certain gestures.

I nodded assent.

“The romanians will confiscate it! ... They will punish you for it! ... You’d better give it to me!”

I pointed up the left pocket of my waistcoat. He thrust his hand into it, and took out the money.

Now, it is already a fact — was thinking — that they are taking me to the romanian communist state.

A conviction of mine proved to be illusion, a hope of mine scattered, the attempt of a choice of mine failed, a desire of mine remained unsatisfied. The feeling of captivity encroached on me again. I turned my head towards the window, leant my forehead against the pane, and began to cry bitterly.

You unknown evil-doer! — thought. ... I was convinced that you stood nearer Washington, than Moscow, that your communism is only formal ... Hoped that you were inclined to abandon it on ... Whereas, you do not differ in anything from Moscow, you are only independent of it! ... You have deluded the world! ... But sooner or later, the truth shall come to light! ... The manacles on our hands, the tears in our eyes, the pains in our soles and bodies are parts of that truth! ... Of your truth!

In Versec having gotten down from the bus, i grasped the sack with both hollows of the hands, and started after the militiaman. He led me quickly. On the street, every person looked at me. Some halted, and swung after me.

“Will you eat?” asked the militiaman, in the serbo-croatian language.

“Nema!” answered i, obstinately.

He went to a stall. Bought a hamburger. It was the same kind as the one which i would have liked to buy in Belgrade.

He took me in the building of the militia. One militiaman was in. I set down the sack on a bench painted white. My follower put the hamburger in it. He went out through a flipper door.

The militiaman took off the manacles from my hands. He had me sat down. Caught the hamburger, and handed it towards me.

“Eat!” said he, in the serbo-croatian language.

“Nema!” protested i.

He put it back, took the sack, opened the flipper door, and made a sign to follow him.

On the courtyard, a militia van stood. He put on the sack into the rear cabin. I got into. He slammed the doors. It put off. I gave myself up to despair. Began to bang the tin-colored steel-plate from its front cabin. Gradually, calmed down.

I have to face the reality! — thought. ... Have to take the most difficult part of it as well! ... The prison is an inseparable part of the illegal fleeing attempt ... Have to endure it! ... The more will undertake it, the easier will put up with it ... It is not lost all yet ... And it shall not be, while i live! ... What may avow, what may fail to divulge, and of what may declare misleadingly? ... They cannot control the route and the manner of my approaching the frontier as far as the spot of meeting the stable-lad ... Namely, do not think that they shall be able to detect those three persons whom i came upon as far as that ... Possibly, the young shepherd, but then i was already near the frontier ... From Marosvásárhely, came by hitchhike ... as far as Temesvár ... From there, by train ... as far as Zsidovin ... And from there, on foot, parallel with the railroad running towards Oravicabánya, as far as the line on which crossed it ... Later, they could question the stable-lad, control the bank of the Cernovec, the zone around the bank of the Cernovec, the zone around the watch-house, and discover my tracks left on the plowed stripe as well ... So it would be very risky to deny what happened between the bank of the Cernovec and the frontier ... Of the documents of the yugoslav communist state cannot rid myself any longer ... If it is written in them that asked for political asylum from it, then am done for ... If not, the “hydra” may be then informed of this by Petcu or Nicu¹⁴⁶ ... They will still keep Petcu under lock and key in the camp for at least ten days ... I shall have time to think how to remove this difficulty ... Meanwhile, will avow before everyone that would have liked to emigrate to the United States! ... In Bors, endured the beating ... Wonder whether here in Temesmóra¹⁴⁷ shall endure it ... According to my information, the frontier guards are more brutal on the frontier ... But it does

146 MARINESCU Nicolae.

147 Read approximately: 'temefmo:rɔ. In the romanian language: Moravița. Village in a straight line at around 2 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

not worth reflecting and ruminating on this ... It remains to be seen ... And it shall pass.

25. With the frontier guards of the romanian communist state

The van stopped. Its doors opened. I stepped out mildly smiling, like one being ashamed of that his attempt had failed. A frontier guard of the romanian communist state appeared in front of me. He wore a yellowish khaki officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. As compared with his first-lieutenant grade, he seemed to be aged. His mildly smiling good manners struck my eyes.

“When did you left home?” asked he.

“On March 30.”

Why has he put that question?! — raised i the question to myself.

The rear doors slammed behind me. Looked back. The two young militiamen of the yugoslav communist state, casting a last glance at me simultaneously, got in and started back.

“Come after me!” spoke to me a frontier guard.

He wore a common-soldier uniform, on his head he had a bonnet. On his shoulder, he held a Kalashnikov machine pistol. Led me in the hall of the building of the frontier crossing-place in Temesmóra. No one was in. Had me sat down in an armchair. Guarded me wordlessly walking back and forth.

A robust middle-aged frontier guard came in. He wore a greenish khaki higher-officer field-uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. I stood up. He came quite near to me. Scanned my face with his naturally glum look.

“Hey you, where are you from?” began he to speak.

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“... Where did you cross the frontier?”

“... I kept out of my way the localities. Cannot name the zone.”

“... When did you cross?”

“On april 6.”

He left. Breathing freely again, sat down back in the armchair.

This has gone well so far — thought.

A jovial frontier guard appeared. He wore a yellowish khaki officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. Was a captain. In his hands, held a register-book. Sat down to the table. Asked my particulars, and made note

of them.

“Where did you want to emigrate?”

“To the United States.”

“... Have you still been convicted?”

“Yes.”

“What for?”

“For the fraudulent crossing of the frontier.”

“Then, where did you cross the frontier?”

“I crossed the romanian-hungarian frontier in the Biharfélegyháza¹⁴⁸ zone.¹⁴⁹”

“... Did you try legally?”

“Yes, but i was not granted an american visa. For this reason, could not hand in an application to the romanian authorities.”

“It needs to be done legally ... You see, in this manner you fall in penitentiary¹⁵⁰ at every turn.”

He got up, and went away. I remained under the supervision of the common-soldier frontier guard.

“Take him out!” cried in someone.

I stood up, and started outwards He showed me out. Beside a khaki ARO jeep, there stood a number of machine-pistolled common-soldier frontier guards.

They are coming from service — thought.

“Get into!” said one of them to me.

On the floor, i beheld a razor blade.

How has it gotten here?! — raised the question to myself. ... Would the frontier guards not know that in such times some frontierists open their veins?! ... Or they would like just that i also do in that way ... Well, will not do them that favor!

Around six common soldiers crowded in after me. They narrowly seated on the two longitudinal seats. One took out a pack of Kent. They lighted a cigarette each.

Beside the driver, a lance sergeant got in before me. He wore a similar uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. The jeep moved off. He turned round, and looked at me. His facial expression was naturally stony and sinister. With his elbow, suddenly dug me in the ribs.

“Why did you cross?!” asked he, in a firm threatening tone.

He held his arm so that at any moment could repeat the nudge.

I have to take care — was thinking — how will answer him ... Some-

148 Read approximately: 'biharfe:legyhaza'. In the romanian language: Roşiori Bihor. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

149 In reality, in the Bihar [In the romanian language: Biharia.] zone. [7]

150 The prisons were officially named “penitentiaries”. [In the romanian language: penitenciar.

thing may depend on this as well.

“I would have liked to reach the Occident.”

His face commenced to become convulsed. He looked at me like a revengeful enemy, who, after having gained the victory and before striking a deathly blow at his victim wallowing in front of him, would still have liked to satisfy his demand of moral superiority as well.

“And did you reach it?”

His eyes were glued on me. I wordlessly looked out through the window with a sadly innocent facial expression. He anew dug me in the ribs.

“Will you still cross?”

“No. i will not.”

“... No,” repeated he, in a depreciating tone stressed with an appropriate change of his face, expressing at the same time that he did not give credit to my answer at all. “... Well, you’ll see what you catch at the watch-house!”

Stamora¹⁵¹ — read off the lettering of the place-name table cropping up.

A hillock screened the village. The jeep turned to the left. Above a concrete fence around 2 meters high, there were visible building roofs. The country lane ended in a steel-plate gateway. At honking, it was drawn away.

An appearance of barracks unfolded itself in front of me. A building lay on the right. Another slightly on the left stretched approximately towards the frontier. Farther, others were visible as well. Green areas separated them from one another. Following the frontier guards, i got down.

At around 5 meters, a short young superior stood resting on a motorcycle. He wore a yellowish khaki non-commissioned-officer uniform, on his head he did not have a flat cap. Had been looking at me.

“Hey you, come here!”

I went there. He proved to be a sergeant.

“Which prison you were in?”

“... I do not know.”

“Don’t you know?!” asked he, in a threatening tone.

“Somewhere beside Belgrade ... I do not know its name.”

“Immediately you’ll know it! ... And what did it look like?”

“It was formed of buildings with at most one upper storey and much green area.”

“In Padinska Skela¹⁵²?”

“I do not know ... But they issued some documents,” said i, exerting

151 Read approximately: 'stamora. In the hungarian language: Alsósztamora. Village in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from the frontier. [10]

152 Read approximately: 'padinska'skela. Suburban locality of Belgrade. [15]

myself, took them out, and handed to him. "... Maybe from them it shall appear ..."

He began studying them. Holding my breath, i waited for his reaction.

"Oh, these are the regular papers ... Immediately you'll know it!"

He gave them back to me. Started up the motorcycle. Got on, and left.

It is not written in them — was thinking, feeling relief — that i asked for political asylum from the yugoslav communist state!

I leant the sack against my leg, and waited for what would happen on.

From the building on the right side, a frontier guard of a middling height came out. He wore a greenish khaki officer field-uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He was a first lieutenant. Having observed me, a malicious smile appeared on his face.

"Well, what's up, you swine?!" asked he, almost crying. "Have you been given back?! ... Ha, ha, ha, ha!" fell his smile into a sardonic out-flaw, and damned me several times. "Carry our swine to the pen!"

A few common soldiers led me towards the long building being on the left side. One of them took off the sack, and set it into a shed. They halted in front of the hindermost room. Its plank door was open back. An old iron-barred door separated it from the out-world. They manacled me from front.

"Go in!"

With a lock, they closed me. They went away. The size of the cell was around 2×2 meters. Facing me, a lath bench with iron frame. On the left, a closed door painted dark green. Sat down. On the left next to the barred door, there stood a palmful-high small wooden box. It was full of seed onion. From among them, a piece of brown bread showed.

What did they mark this out for?! — raised i the question to myself. ... For ravaging the dignity of the frontierists? ... The manifestation of the officer refers to this as well ... No wonder, as with that the "hydra" has the foodstuffs salable for hard currency nearly all exported, it humiliates the whole population of the romanian communist state ... While its members and closer servers procure the best foodstuffs in short supply from party stores, among them also of such kind which were produced by the "capitalists" through "exploiting" the occidental peoples ... And, obviously, its professional frontier guards have gotten their own particular supplying lines ... The grouping pen-wooden box-seed onion-brown bread reflects their own level of dignity.

I was sitting sadly being rapt in thought, and waited for my "hydra" fate. Did not believe in fatalism though, knew that my following phase of life would be established by the romanian "hydra" keeping it within restricted frameworks. At times, stood up and made steps to and fro. Strove not move my hands, lest the manacles should have pressed tighter on them.

Namely, the manacles of the romanian communist state were not only narrower, but also much stiffer than the ones of the yugoslav communist state, they made fewer hand movings possible.

Suddenly, the first lieutenant came in sight. He slightly surprised me. I stood up.

“Are you here, you swine?! ... What are you doing, you swine?!”

He swore at me. I endured it without batting an eyelid.

“Take care of our swine! ... Ha, ha, ha, ha!” roared he with laughter, and disappeared.

What is this doing?! — raised the question to myself. ... He had to approach me sneaking, as i observed him only when he already turned up in front of me ... Is he making experiments with me? ... It is still better than the hitting-beating.

Late in the afternoon, several common-soldier frontier guards came in front of the cell. They were undressed to waistcoat. Slightly getting frightened, i stood up.

Now, they will beat me! — thought.

They opened the barred door. One of them entered. He feigned a smile on his face. Did not look into my eyes. I interpreted it as being a threat disguised behind the appearance of friendliness. Obliquely, he approached me, and halted in front of me, looking at my sweater. He was nearer to me than usually a normally conversing person. Having drawn a lesson from my experiences in Bors, i constricted my abdominal muscles. He looked up at me, and smiling on kept his eyes on me.

How to react upon this? — raised the question to myself. ... If i smile back, he can qualify me as being insolent or arrogant ... He can interpret the over-sternness as being a protest ... It is better a non-smiling, not stern innocent face.

“Have no fear!” started he speaking, in a sham soft tone. “We won’t beat you.”

However, from his voice, look and bearing, there irradiated his attitude towards my companions in distress fallen into his hands earlier, suggesting that here the non-beating rated as a privilege. He went on towards the inside door, as if had halted in front of me by the way. They placed in a pile. It contained slack lime colored biscuit.

“Wait outside!”

I went out. They put out the bench and the box. From the interior room, they brought out long-standing khaki bicycles. They began lime-washing.

A machine-pistolled frontier guard was watching me. I walked to and fro in front of the cell. Having approached the concrete fence, came to a halt for a moment, and through the rhombus-shaped gaps of the concrete

bars forming its upper part looked out approximately to the south. An extended meadow was visible, without a watch-tower.

The frontier is a few kilometers from me — thought.

From the direction of the gateway, a common-soldier frontier guard was coming.

“Where are you going?” asked him my guard.

“To the station ... There is a train in.”

At the end of the building turning to the right, he disappeared.

The watch-house is built together with the railroad station of Alsósztamora — concluded. ... These frontier guards control the trains as well ... This is what refers to also the frontier crossing-place name “Alsósztamora-Temesmóra”.

“Go in!” said my guard, after his comrades finished the lime-washing.

I went in. Making his appearance from the left, a common-soldier frontier guard handed in the hamburger. I took it. They locked the barred door, and left. I sat down. Began eating.

It was getting dark. Felt that the weather would freshen. My sensation of cold was raised by that the fresh lime-washing made the air wetter. They placed a sentinel in front of the cell.

It became colder and colder. My whole body felt the fall of the temperature.

Without moving, i cannot go through the night — thought.

Stood up, and began pacing.

The walking did not prove to be sufficient. I performed ankle steps and trunk circling. Bent to the right and left, forward and backwards. Crouched down, and rose to the feet. Held up my elbows, and moved them up and down, or described circles with them. But for warming up the trunk appropriately, indispensably needed the complete freedom of my hands.

The manacles not only obstruct me in movement — was thinking — but also put me to the mercy of the cold ... Their present aim is already not so much detention as rather the torturing ... As empty-handed, i would be unable to surpass the locked barred door, the machine-pistolled frontier guard, and his alarmable comrades.

The sleepiness commenced to overcome me. In conjunction with the cold, they clasped me pincers resembling. If i rested, felt the cold better and better. If did physical exercises, became more and more sleepy. Made the moving more intensely. Having been relatively warmed up, sat down and leaning against the wall or inclining had naps.

My need of resting kept growing, while it became colder and colder. After gymnastics, was under the necessity of lying back on the bench, till felt able to restart the moving. At times, fell asleep. But on waking up, felt that stood the cold.

The sentinel was relieved. The new common-soldier frontier guard wore a greatcoat, on his head he had a winter-cap.

"Haven't they given you a rug?!" asked he, in a condemnatory tone.

"No," said i, shaking with cold.

"... Are you hungry?"

"... Yes."

"I'll carry something to eat!"

Returning, in a wider part of the bars he gave in a quarter of brown bread and a few slices of salami.

"Can you eat? ... I'll take off the manacles! ... When you finished, put them back!"

He took out a small key. Freed my right hand.

"Thank you!"

Sat down, and fell to eating.

I need the source of energy — thought.

Being out of the cold meat, I had a bite on of the bread in itself.

"Shall i carry some more salami?"

"... Yes, if you can."

He gave in more slices than first. Unusually big fatnesses looked white in them. But it was good to eat.

"Do you want some more?"

"No, thank you. I have had enough."

With the right hand, well scoured the left arm and the reachable part of my trunk. Put back the manacles. Resumed fighting with the cold and the sleep. The frontier guard was walking with rapid steps to and fro in front of the cell.

He is feeling cold as well — thought. ... With his words, he deplored that they had not given me a rug, but he has not given either, what is more he does not close the plank door either ... Certainly, he places himself under the order of his superior, as leastways his deeds can be controlled ... But then why did he give me food?! ... It may be that with that he has reached the limit of his own goodwill, does not risk more ... But, after all, i do not need it, as stand the cold.

The dawn came suddenly. It pleasantly surprised me. It seemed that the night had passed rapidly. I so much entered into the spirit of satisfying the needs of the moment that the future having in store a positive change looked swiftly come. The intensifying light diminished my sensation of cold, and filled me with optimism.

I have outlived this — thought. ... Feel that shall not get ill.

The first-lieutenant made his appearance.

“What is our swine doing? ... Take him to the toilet! ... Give him to eat!”

A common-soldier frontier guard opened the barred door. He took off the manacles. Took me out. Only at this time i felt the effect of the cold truly: my whole body was trembling, my teeth were chattering.

So far, manacled and kept under lock and key, they have guarded me by force of arms — thought. ... Now, with free hands and at large, they are taking me to the toilet without arms ... Of what have i become so much non-perilous?! ... Or of what was i so much perilous?!

The warm of the kitchen affected me stroking. But the seeing of the room recalled the piercing eyes, spiteful looks, thunderous voices, humiliations and clips experienced in the kitchen of the watch-house in Bors in the night from 27 to 28 september of the preceding year. Only the cook frontier guard was in. His face irradiated meekness and peacefulness. Felt that they would not beat me. Sat down to a table. He dished up a plate of curdy macaroni.

“Do you want some sugar?” asked he.

“... A little.”

He strewed a table-spoonful on it. It surprised me and seemed to be strange, because in the romanian communist state the sugar was an aliment in short supply, and one could buy it only on ration of 1 kilogram monthly.

Without manacles, i waited in the cell for the further forming of my “hydra fate”. My sensation of cold was in the course of diminishing. Pricked up my ears to swelling voices.

The first lieutenant is coming nearer in the company of someone — established. ... It is a curious thing that his tone is normal.

He appeared behind the bars conducting himself kept back. His comrade wore a yellowish khaki officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He smiled mildly.

“Come!” said the first lieutenant. “Answer the questions of comrade captain!”

He took me out. I still shivered from the cold of the night, and paced uncertainly.

“Did you play basketball?” asked the captain, in a polite tone and with an accent seeming to be german.

“No, i played handball,” said, in a shaky voice.

“I played basketball for a time ...”

They took me in the other building. The captain sat down to the bigger table of the office. They had me sat down in the armchair facing him. He put me questions seeming insignificant to me in relation to my past. I could not smell out his intention. His manners reminded me of an SS-officer. The first lieutenant stood on my right side, leant against the other table. At times, he swore at me less brusquely. Sometimes, approached me, and kept clasping my neck.

It shall be good — was thinking — if i have such a narrow escape.

The captain undisturbedly asked me on. He pretended not seeing, not hearing his fellow-in-arms. I felt the impact point of a civilized and a barbarous behavior.

More mildly though — was thinking — but also in the presence of the captain the first lieutenant told me obscene words, moreover committed assaults as well ... This refers to that in connection with the frontierists the military hierarchy does not exist, irrespective of function and rank every frontier guard may arbitrarily act against us ... What was the point of this questioning? ... He asked me of only such things which the Securitate could find out from here or there, in some way or other, and certainly it had found out them as well. ... Probably, they were charged with examining what physical and mental influence the nightly cold has exerted on me ... And with shaping up the consciousness in me that the moral humiliation has an individual and voluntary character and motivation ... And it is certainly related to that, in conformity with the sweetest hope of the romanian “hydra”, the yugoslav communist “hydra” federation had me deported back.

In front of the bars, a new frontier guard appeared. He wore a non-commissioned-officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He proved to be a sergeant. Was friendly-looking. Mildly smiled.

“Well, come! ... I’ll take you to Oravicabánya.”

He unlocked the door. Led me in front of the shed. Brought out the sack.

“Is this your baggage?!” asked he, seemingly slightly wonderingly and uncomprehendingly.

“Yes.”

He pulled out the sleeping-bag unpacked still in the yugoslav prison.

“What is this?! ... I’ll throw it away!”

“Do not throw it away!” protested, mildly. “I will pack it up!”

“Well, do your baggage, but quickly!” said he, smiling on, and started towards the office.

In haste, i spread out the sleeping-bag on the concrete, doubled it, rolled it up, put it in its keeping bag, and this in the upper compartment of the rucksack. Stuffed the wearables in the lower compartment, and the oddments in the pockets. Fastened it down.

The sergeant came back. He bent, and from the right lower pocket of the rucksack pulled out the bottle.

“We’ll leave this here!” said he, resolutely, without interrupting smiling, and with his head nodded towards the shed. “It shall be good for engine-oil.”

He put it aside. I did not protest. He set out. I caught the rucksack, and went after him.

He led me in front of the small office being the nearest to the gateway. Its door was open.

“Go in there!” said he.

The first lieutenant was in. At the table, there stood a mustached fellow-in-arms of his. He wore a uniform of the same rank, on his head he did not have a flat cap. They performed the formalities my handing over.

“And where did you cross the frontier?” asked the new first lieutenant, in a loud voice and with an aggressive humor or humorous aggressiveness.

“... I cannot name the zone,” answered, slightly gotten frightened.

“Where did you start from on foot?”

“From Zsidovin.”

“And in which direction did you go?”

“... To the south-west,” came out of my mouth the word, notwithstanding that i had wanted to say “south”.

“... And didn’t the fence obstruct you?!”

“No.”

“... You crossed on the railroad!”

“No. More on the south.”

He got enraged, and stood up looking at me with an aggressive smile or a smiling aggressiveness.

“Are you hungarian?! ... Oh, how lucky you were that i wasn’t here! ... Get out of here!” cried he.

My fright increased. The other first lieutenant laughed. I went out. The sergeant smiled more intensely. I lifted on the rucksack to my back. He manacled me from the front. Led me out through the gate. I was pleased that had been off with that much.

The sergeant turned to the right on the empty concrete road. He led me farther on its right side. Its terrain leniently undulated. On the right, the meadow lay unsurveyably.

“And how did you approach the frontier?” asked he.

“In Zsidovin, got off the train, and proceeded roughly parallel with the railroad running towards Oravicabánya.”

“And what was the ground like: hilly or flat?” asked he, doubtfully.

“... It was hilly,” said, basing on my map knowledge.

“Did you cross a concrete road?”

Tried to recall as much as possible details of the map. It seemed that the route crossed a modernized road.

“Yes,” answered.

“And where did you cross the frontier?”

“... I went to the south, until on the right side observed a watch-tower. Crossed in that zone.”

“Was there a concrete road near by?”

“Yes. I crossed it.”

“And when did you cross the railroad?”

“Immediately after it.”

“Now, i should take you to the watch-house you crossed the frontier at. But its zone is visible from the road, so that you’ll show the spot of the crossing while on travel!”

At least, i shall be discharged of a sure beating — thought. ... And shall not have to exactly show the way done in the zone of the hills of Versec ... If he took me, i could hold a reconnoitering and obtain newer information ... Moreover, already sufficiently know the zone to partly keep back my concrete path ... Now can understand why he do not want to take me to the watch-house!

In Temesmóra, a bifurcation viewed. The main branch kept on towards the frontier crossing-place. The side branch ran perpendicularly to it towards Oravicabánya. We turned to the left on it. On the right side, there appeared a bus-stopping-place with a bench.

“Here, we’ll sit down!” said the frontier guard. “The trouble is that in the course of the forenoon there is no bus ... We have to go by hitch-hike!”

I was walking to and fro on the edge of the road. On its side from the frontier, beheld a watch-tower. It stood at the end of the near non-modernized street. Did not see a frontier guard in it.

A watch-tower so far from the frontier?! — raised the question to myself.

Despite the weekday, friday, the traffic was sparse. The passenger cars bearing the registration number of the yugoslav communist state rivaled in their number the vehicles furnished with the registration number of the romanian communist state. The frontier guard hailed a few Dacias, an ARO

jeep and a micro-bus. But none pulled up. On all occasions, he sat back ashamed.

It is perceptible — was thinking — that the drivers representing the population dislike the frontier guard representing the communist state ... So much the more, as they see that he is carrying a caught and manacled frontierist ... By so doing, they consciously or unconsciously bring about the increasing of the time of my being in the civil society, and the decreasing of my time spent in the liberty-depriving institutions of the state ... They are natural accomplices of the frontierists.

From Alsósztamora, a truck loaded with gas-cylinders got round the corner. In its cabin, only the driver sat. The frontier guard sprang up, and lifted his right hand. It pulled up.

I was sitting in the middle. Discreetly, often searched the sky-line on the right side. The road remained far from the frontier.

Although they talked little, and behind the uniform a simple and friendly type of human concealed himself, it was written all over the face of the driver the artificial respect caused by the fear which generally characterized the relations between the persons of no rank and the authorities. However, this seemed to be more pronounced than up to this time.

While in the interior of the romanian communist state the military have no power over the inhabitants — was thinking — here in the frontier zone the frontier guards are in command of a special power ... They can catch and take into custody the frontierists ... In the interest of this, they can obviously claim the collaboration of the inhabitants ... Who is not ready or do not show willingness for that, of that troubles lie ahead ... So, the civilians must be careful that how they relate to the frontier guards ... Furthermore, they have to reflect on where, when and how they go, as also they can count on the control of the frontier guards: a bad step and they can be seized with the accusation of illegal frontier-crossing attempt ... An atmosphere of terror dominates here, not only over the fugitives, but also over the staying people.

From the distance the hills of Versec came out. All the three barrows were visible. A desire descended upon me.¹⁵³

153 In the background of the inserted photo, all the three barrows are seen on the road between Temesmóra and Oravicabánya from the bus from Oravicabánya to Temesvár on 11 august 2019 at 7 hours and 24 minutes or thereabouts in the morning.



I am seeing the soil not of freedom, not of the chosen other-world and not of the desired new-world though — was thinking — the yugoslav communist “hydra” federation had me manacled and deported back, but there is no place for negative symbols after all ... As in the romanian communist state there was neither revisionism, nor reform policy ... At the least, not one effected to the right ... None of the countries of freedom borders on its territory ... On the whole frontier section, there is not a so favorable crossing place as the terrain and the forest of the hills of Versec ... Now already know it so much that if also for the third time came towards them, easily would cross the frontier ... Know the bank of the Berettyó though, cannot make use of it for the second time any more, as they can watch it by a special sentinel ... There is not a crossing place comparable to the hills of Versec on the romanian-hungarian frontier section either ... The way towards freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world invariably runs through the hills of Versec. ... For this reason, the barrows have not lost their symbolic value completely, they remained more than geographical curios, they shine henceforward for the gate of freedom, of the chosen other-world and of the desired new-world, and symbolize those in my eyes.

The automobile proceeded on a flat tract. I did not cease to look to the right from time to time. Was not afraid of the reprimand of the frontier guard though, did it as discreet as possible in order not to pass the limit of his suffering or not to bring him in an awkward position. At times, in the distance in front of the background formed by the line of the barrows, a wee watch-tower viewed. Then, a near one appeared as well in the yard of a roadside watch-house. A frontier guard stood on its balcony.

The automobile had descended a hill. A flat area followed again.

“Then, don’t forget to show,” was calling my attention the frontier guard, “where you crossed the road!”

“All right! I know it exactly.”

Slightly on the right on the sky-line, a watch-tower cropped up. It stood up on a top. I recognized in it the one which had so dramatically discovered during my illegal fleeing attempt. Now, only saw it from another angle. On its right side, there lay a small house-like building enclosed by trees. It seemed to be much smaller than the watch-house which had first seen from the bank of the Cernovec.¹⁵⁴



“Here!” said, involuntarily.

“Where?!”

“I will immediately show it exactly.”

“And where did you come from?”

“Hence from the hill,” said, and pointed left, without looking for the exact place. “Let me see where i crossed!”

Looked at the road with an increased attention.

The automobile reached the row of poplars being on the right side.

“I have not recognized it,” remarked, being embarrassed. “It was not fully broad daylight yet when crossed the road.”

“And where did you cross the frontier?” asked he, while the truck was taking a curve to the left.

“More on the south,” answered, and pointed at the forest vanishing from sight on the right side. “But that place is not visible from here.”

From the shade of his smile, i could gather his wondering and embar-

154 I had recognized the watch-tower from the truck in the region of the intersection of the right edge of the inserted photo and the road. The poplar being on the left side of the photo is presumably a sprout of the row of poplars experienced by me on 5 april 1987, and stands relatively near to its right edge. Beside the outpost of new type being around the place of the one-time watch-tower, a building is not discernible, which refers to that the watch-house of the epoch was demolished.

passment towards that i had traced down the most vulnerable zone of the frontier.

“Did you cross alone?”

“Yes.”

“Nobody helped you?”

“No.”

“Sure?”

“Yes.”

“... You are a lucky man ... Did you see that big watch-tower on the hill?”

“Yes, but it did not seem to be a watch-tower.”

I scrutinized his face interrogatively. He smiled mysteriously, and kept silent discreetly.

On the skirts of Oravicabánya we got off. According to the habit, the hitch-hike had to be paid though, the frontier guard did not give money for the driver.

It is a privilege of the authorities — thought. ... After all, both of them serve the romanian communist state.

He took me in the main building of a barracks. Removed the manacles.

“Lock him up!” told he the common-soldier on duty.

With a key, he opened a barred door. I entered through it. The cell of around 3×2 meters was furnished with two old iron beds. Ragged blue rugs covered them. He left open the exterior, wooden door painted green. I sat down on the bed facing it, and leant against the wall. It was good to rest.

In the afternoon, a relatively old new frontier guard came. He wore a yellowish khaki officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He was a captain.¹⁵⁵ I stood up. As if he were inebriated. Seemed to be meek and good-natured.

“Hey you, where are you from?” asked he, smiling, while trying opening the door of the office.

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“Did you also want to get through to somewhere?! ... Where did you cross?”

“I think that ... in the Kákófalva zone.”¹⁵⁶

“And did the serbs catch you?”

“No. I gave myself up.”

“... Well why?!” asked he, mildly suspiciously.

155 Captain RUSE Gheorghe. [Read approximately: 'ruse'gheorghe.] [13]

156 In reality, in the Varadia zone. [7]

“... I thought that if gave myself up, then they would not give me back.”

“... And what next?”

“They imprisoned me for 15 days.”

“Where?”

“I think, in Padinska Skela.”

“Are you hungry?”

“Yes.”

“Immediately, i’ll send you some food from the kitchen!”

A cook frontier guard appeared. In his hand, he held three aluminum soup plates. The frontier guard on duty opened the door.

“Thank you,” said i, and took over them.

A watery soup, curdy macaroni, and a few slices of brown bread constituted the menu. I fished up the two bits of floating lard, and put them over on the macaroni. Began eating.

In the evening, the frontier guard on duty came back. He took out the plates. Let me out to the toilet.

He re-locked me. Closed the exterior door as well.

The way before sleeping is clear — thought.

From the bed on the right side, took off the rug. Spread it on the other one. Pulled off my clod-crushers. Lay down, and tucked myself in. It came to my mind the inevitable cold and my unalleviable sensation of cold, my sleepiness and the impossibility of a normal sleeping, the hardness of the laths of the bench, my permanent struggle in the preceding night. The warm of the closed cell and of the rugs, the softness of the mattress, my relaxedness filled me with an uncommonly feeling, and created the possibility of sleeping. Sank into a deep sleep.

Early in the morning, the door opened. The captain appeared in it seemingly sobered down. He did not smile.

“Prepare yourself,” was he saying, “as i intend to do a program with you!”

This indicates — was thinking — that he wants to beat me.

His tone was not convincingly determined and hard though, i got slightly frightened. He brought me out. Led me out of the building.

He took me in the gate-room on the right side. Had me sat down to a small table. Put a sheet of paper and a ball-pen in front of me. Took a lath in his hand.

“Now, write, above in the middle of the sheet: ‘Statement’! ... Well! Under it, with paragraph: ‘The undersigned’, and write your surname and

first name, the first names of your parents, the date and place of your birth, your studies, profession, place of work, and the others!”

He walked to and fro. From time to time, with the lath, he mildly rapped my shoulder, back or head.

“Is it ready?”

“Yes.”

“Now, write continuously: ‘I declare the following’, colon!”

“Did you cross the frontier before?”

“Once.”

“Where?”

“In the Biharfélegyháza zone, the romanian-hungarian frontier.”

“When?”

“Last year.”

“Now, write down the date of the crossing! ... Well! Continued: ‘I crossed the frontier illegally to the Hungarian PR ... in the direction of the locality Biharfélegyháza ... gave myself up ...’!”

“I did not give myself up!” said, firmly, while looked up at him. “They caught me!”

He scrutinized my face.

“‘I was caught ... and returned to the romanian organs’! ... How much were you sentenced to?”

“To 6 months.”

“New paragraph: ‘I was tried and sentenced to 6 months of imprisonment ... which i have served.’”

“I have not served it!”

“... ‘From which i have served’, and write how much you have served! ... When did it occur to you to leave again?” asked he, and leveled a slightly stronger rap on my head.

“... In march.”¹⁵⁷

“Now, write in a new paragraph: ‘In the month of march 1987, i thought to again cross the frontier illegally’!”

“When did you depart from home?”

“On march 30.”

“And how did you come to the frontier zone?”

“From Marosvásárhely, by hitch-hike as far as Temesvár. From Temesvár, by train as far as Zsidovin. And from Zsidovin, on foot, parallel with the railroad as far as the Kákófalva zone”

“New paragraph: ‘For this, i went away from Marosvásárhely at the date of 30 march 1987 with occasional means as far as Temesvár’! ... Well! Continued: ‘From Temesvár, i continued the proceeding by train as

157 In reality, even from my remand of forty-one days, spent as much as possible time for the theoretical preparations of my second illegal fleeing attempt.

far as Zsidovin, ... and from here on foot, parallel with the railroad Zsidovin-Oravicabánya ... as far as the proximity of the locality Kákófalva ...'!"

"When did you cross?"

"On 6 april."

"At what time?"

"In the evening, at 7 or thereabouts."

"Now, write: 'and in the evening of the day of 6 april 1987, at 19 hours or thereabouts ... i crossed the frontier illegally to the SFR of Yugoslavia.'! ... Well! New paragraph: 'On the territory of the neighboring state, gave myself up to the organs of police ... was tried and sentenced to 15 days of imprisonment ... which served in the penitentiary in Padinska Skela ... up to the day on which was handed over to the romanian organs of frontier.'! ... Well! Where did you want to get through to?"

"To the United States."

"Write in a new paragraph: 'I mention ... that i wanted to get through to the USA ... where i have no relatives.'!" said he, leveling a rap on my head. ... "Well! Well done! New paragraph: 'This is the statement ... that i make and sign.'! ... The date: "24 april 1987"!¹⁵⁸ ... And your indecipherable signature! ... Well done!" said he, contentedly, and took away the sheet. "And now, i'll copy your statement on a blank, and with that we'll have done with it."

I stood up. He sat down in my place. Took out a form. Began writing.

The sergeant brought in my rucksack.

"Put out all of it!" said he, and sat down on the chair being at the outside end of the table.

I emptied the rucksack. He examined my things one by one. Reached into the pockets as well. I put back the controlled objects. He took the compass in his hand, and cast an evaluative glance at it.

"I'll take this away!" said he, and slipped it into his pocket.

"In Bors, it was not confiscated!" protested i, mildly.

"Here in Oravicabánya, it is confiscated," said he, resolutely, with the already accustomed smile on his face.

I fastened down the rucksack. Stood up. With hurried steps, a frontier guard having mustache came into the barracks. He wore a yellowish khaki officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He had the grade of first lieutenant. Went past the open door, but turned back his harsh facial expression. Seeing me, halted short.

158 In reality, it was 25. Probably, i did not observe the falsification because of my special frame of mind. But, after all, from my point of view the date was not important, and my principle was that unless it was a must, i did not defy the authorities. Presumably, he should have performed this act of investigation on 24, in order to legally substantiate my custody, but because of his drunken state he had not been able to do it.

“He stand at attention!” gave he the order, in a loud voice, almost crying.

I stood at attention. However, the height of the gate-room did not make it possible drawing myself up to the full length: my inclined head touched the roof. The sergeant smiled soundlessly and invisibly for his outside superior. The first lieutenant, irradiating a natural humor, took a severe look at me, then went on inwards.

The captain finished the paper work. He compiled my file.

“Make yourself ready,” was saying the sergeant, “as we’ll go!”

Lifted on the rucksack to my back. He put manacles on my hands. Led me out of the barracks. A feeling of riddance struck me. Was happy.

26. In the cell of the station house of the militia in Oravicabánya

The sergeant took me in the building of the militia. We went along its long corridor. Got to a small balcony. In front of us, a building lay. In the vicinity of its left end, a door. From it to the right high, small barred windows were set in order. On the staircase, we descended to the interior courtyard. On the right side, a big iron gate painted gray. Facing it, a wall around 3 meters in height. The sergeant pointed to it.

“Go and stay there, and wait!”

I had better act regularly — was thinking — lest with my position or facial expression should give a pretext for hitting-beating to a militiaman saturated with impulses or interested!

Took my stand under it, remaining with the face towards it. From time to time, looked behind in order not to completely miss this chance of obtaining experience.

On the balcony, i beheld two frontier guards. With their arms resting on the railing swung towards me, they were seemingly looking steadily at me.

You have nothing — was thinking — but to study me! ... It does not disturb me ... What may have absorbed their attention so much?! ... My khaki rucksack, camouflaging waistcoat and mountaineering clod-crushers ... Or would they program the idea of firing squad? ... As long since the “hydra” condemned me to death.

“You, come in!” was it audible outside through the door.

I went in. At the table of the office, there sat a militiaman. Beside him,

there stood a person wearing civilian clothes. He took off the manacles.

“Put down the rucksack! ... Undress! ... Take the laces out of the boots! ... Pull down the watch too!”

After controlling, he gave back the wearables. I dressed.

“Come after me!”

Turning to the right, he went out through the rear door. Opened a green steel door. Led me on in a long corridor. On the right side, there were set in order cell doors. From behind them, speech sound filtered out.

They are crowded — concluded. ... I will not boost the hills of Versec!

He halted in the region of the middle of the corridor in front of a door. Put the wrench in, and opened it. The murmur suddenly held off, the eyes of the around ten close-cropped heads were focused on me. On catching sight of them, a mild aversion descended upon me. Their bearers sat on the two double iron beds placed lengthways on the left side both down and up, or stood in the right interspace around 70 centimeters wide. Through a small barred window being high on the opposite wall, natural light flowed into. The door slammed behind me.

“What are you with?” asked the around 25-years-old person seeming to be the human center of the cell.

“With frontier crossing.”

“Aah!” sallied the interjection out of several mouths simultaneously.

“We are also frontierists! ... Here, almost everybody is frontierist!”

The discovery of my companions in distress pleasantly surprised me, and put an end to my aversion.

“How far did you get through to?”

“As far as Belgrade.”

“... They caught four of us in Versec. The others are with attempt ... How did you succeed in getting as far as Belgrade?”

“I entered Versec, got on the bus, and in Belgrade got off.”

“How did you reach Versec?”

“On foot.”

“And nobody squealed you?! ... Or didn’t you run into a policeman?!”

“A small, blue Zastava passed by me, but it did not pull up.”

“... It is unbelievable! ... Everybody says that you just appear before the eyes of the civilians, and they immediately squeal you! ... This is how it happened with us too: early in the morning, we arrived at Versec, did not ran into anybody, but still some policemen surprised us in the act ... Probably, from a house somebody caught sight of and squealed us ... You were lucky.”

27. Strategy of penalty serving

I was sitting on the innermost part of the upper deck. The seediness, crackedness and dirtiness of the walls indicated that it had been a long time since a whitewash brush ran on them. On the iron pieces of the bed, somewhere become uneven, rests of darkened paint were scarcely visible. The local rarefying of the blue rug folded in half, the coming unsewn of the list of its sewing referred to its age. The mattress showing from under it on its edges had turned yellow. The rugs spurting out through its tears further variegated the environment negatively. The air stank.

The uniform suggestion of poverty and negligence induced us to seek refuge in the world of thought, conversation and dream. Due to our great number we were not disturbed in this by those destined for ensuring the interior regulations of the station house.

The most important experience of this illegal fleeing attempt is — was thinking — that i cannot count on political asylum from the yugoslav communist state ... If my application did not get through to the competent of the UCY¹⁵⁹ in 15 days, or they did not take it into consideration, or they did not ensure my stay there until their replying, then from now on i cannot entrust my life and cause to the pleasure of the yugoslav “hydra” federation ... Traversing the territory of the yugoslav communist state is not an easy venture ... For this reason, cannot take it for certain that my third attempt shall be successful either ... Now, got as far as Belgrade though, but the value of this is only symbolical, because my purpose was not to reach Austria ... From my first penalty, did not serve one month; this will be added to the second one ... So may receive one year all ... If fail for the third time as well, then can expect for from one and a half to two years ... Consequently, have to face the eventuality according to which shall still spend years in prison ... Outside, the “hydra” did all it could in the interest of introducing in my organism materials long-termly causing illness or death: it partly took under control my nourishment mostly by portioning and distributing the foodstuffs ... In the station house and prison, it will further increase its control: it will have cooking and serving as well executed itself ... Consequently, it may be mortal to me to consume for years the foods had prepared and served by it! ... So, my interest is to eat the least possible, and to use the least possible energy ... Accordingly, can try the nourishment variant according to which: will not drink tea, will take out of the soup only the solid parts, will eat little of the cabbage, will consume only half of the second course and samp ... Furthermore, will not work, will refuse work ... At this latter one, have a strong argument to which can refer not only before the prison authorities, but also before the

159 Union of the Communists in Yugoslavia.

judiciary: despite its obligation, the state did not ensure me a place of work corresponding to my prominent school achievements, by this means bringing about my illegal frontier crossing and imprisonment ... Namely, after the state sent me to prison, because the state had not given me a fit place of work, the state cannot demand from me to do unskilled work for the state, what is more, in the prison of the state ... However, this tastes of regime opposedness ... Will only resort to this when the worst comes to the worst, but in the prison must keep to my principle according to which will avoid whatever manifestation of anti-regime character ... At the same time, refusing work corresponds to the essence of my being, and by so doing will not support, even weaken the communist regime of the "hydra" ... In addition, psychically will do my best to seek salvation from this nasty and harmful reality in the world of the fine and useful thoughts.

28. A joyful discovery

"Boys! Today, there will be transportation!"

"How do you know?"

"The civilian has told me it confidentially."

"It is high time, because i am fed up with this tinned sardine."

"And it is a real pain to sleep three in a bed."

"In Temesvár, we shall somewhat be able to move in the room at least."

"To how many of you did they take the photo? ... One, two, three, four, five, six, seven ... Did they also take your fingerprints? ... Then we shall remain four."

The door closed after the last taken-out companion in distress. We slipped into the beds, tucked ourselves in, and strove to make up for what had lost in the preceding time. In the course of the following few days, our number did not change. We could freely take refuge in the world of thought, conversation and dream.

Approximately at the age of sixteen, i dreamt of such a theory which, based on the relation, would have been applicable to everything. After around four years, as a first-year student discovered that this endeavor could be included in philosophy. Termed the future intellectual product "The general theory of systems", and believed that it would be the most fantastic theory of all times.

Of late years, my hard thinking constituted an almost permanent process. As soon as time occurred, took up and tried to carry on the chains of ideas. It was not easy, because in the examined philosophical works

found nothing similar.

On writing my application for political asylum in the yugoslav communist state, according to the stage of that time of my philosophical theory, my principle was that the society must have been headed by a single party, as the one expressing and personifying the political unity, and diversity must have been manifested inside the party or at the level of the civil society. In other words, i subordinated diversity to unity. This theory did not transgress the bounds of the scientific socialism.

Lying alone on the inner lower bed, and under the circumstances of the silent resting of my companions, a good opportunity offered for revealing the philosophical truth. My abstraction efforts yielded a result: from the circle, with which in my head had designated the unity, in the space of a moment a number of other circles parted with division, and linking with a line each to the circle of the unity surrounded that.

Between unity and diversity, there is no subordination! — thought. ... Unity and diversity are co-ordinated with each other, and they are determinants of all systems: the unity holds together, the diversity breaks up the system into its elements! ... Every system must consist of a finite number, not less than two elements! ... So, the system with one element cannot naturally exist: the communist political “system” is artificial, its preservation is possible only with outside interference, with force! ... The normal political system is composed of several parties: the multiparty system! ... The true one is the occidental democracy! ... Do not care that did not get political asylum from the yugoslav communist state!

I had to use an effort to disguise my emotional outbreak: pulled the rug over me, rolled towards the wall, heaved a deep sigh, and lost myself in the happiness of the discovery, as if had taken refuge in the world of dream. But the dream become reality noways became a dream.

29. Frontierist or political enemy?

I stood on the bed, and looked out through the bars of the small window. In front of me, the balcony was visible. On it, could control the traffic of the station house. By pushing the head to the right and left, it could also be seen the crowns of trees growing green, with wide-spreading branches above the gate and the wall. This was the most agreeable view.

Petcu is still in the camp — was thinking, mildly trembling — so the “hydra” could not have him questioned yet ... If they gave Nicu back, then he has to arrive today ... In this case, the “hydra” may already know that i asked for political asylum in the yugoslav communist state, the fact which demolishes its belief generated by me according to which i flee for profes-

sional motives, and makes it evident before it my political purposes ... And this is at least Ceaușescu opposedness! ... From a simple frontierist, i turn into a political enemy of its, who endangers its precious instrument, the Ceaușescu regime! ... And it does not tolerate the political enemies! ... Since my case is not publicly known, it shall be able to do away with me inside of a short time! ... This timing of emptying the cell is in all certainty destined for drawing more information out of me by loosening the atmosphere and the intensification of the relations with my companions in distress ... Since after it was convinced of my professional motivatedness years and years, it shall be unbelievable for it that in reality i strive to attain political purposes, that its notorious Securitate can be and was in error¹⁶⁰ ... For this reason, it shall be believable the version that i asked for political asylum in the yugoslav communist state to the effect of an exterior intervention ... So much the more as it knows that i left the romanian communist state with enough money to reach Western Europe ... Must only put this into a concrete form and will remain a living frontierist, and will not be a dead political enemy ... But if they gave Nicu back, the misinformation by the intervention version is not sufficient, as am confident that it will confront me with him ... Then, after the logical test, shall have to stand a psychological test as well!

Suddenly, my look was focused on the balcony by the appearance of a person. My blood froze. From his face, the resoluteness and the smile were missing. With rapid steps, he let himself down on the staircase, and turning to the left, vanished.

They gave back Nicu! — thought, trembling. ... I believed in that Yugoslavia was the land of the new-world; for this reason gave myself up; the consequence: the yugoslav communist “hydra” federation sent me behind the bars ... Trusted in it, as was convinced that it would grant me political asylum; for this reason sincerely told my companions in distress my intentions; the consequence: the yugoslav “hydra” federation had me made stand against the wall for a person condemned to death before the frontier-guard firing squad of the romanian communist state ... Must compose myself! ... Must accommodate to the new conditions! ... Must accelerate the elaboration of the details of the intervention version! ... As otherwise i am a dead human!

160 On the reevaluation of the events around the middle of the 1990s, there consolidated in me the conviction that, in reality, the Securitate had knew this fundamental purpose change of mine even from the very beginning, namely since the end of May 1984, when wrote and through tourists sent a letter to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Did not put down on paper the results of my thoughts previous to the “revolution” in december 1989 for safety reasons. In this, there played a role also that i heard in Radio Free Europe of romanian language that the Securitate persecuted and finally had also killed engineer Gheorghe Ursu on the ground of his diary. So that, at most it could only suspect that starting from the dialectical materialism, considered the philosophical basis of the communist ideology, i had gotten through to the theoretical foundation of the democracy of western type.

We were waiting for the taps. In the faint light of the incandescent bulb being on in the small hole above the door, the two interchange of ideas in pairs came to a head. I was standing in the interspace leant against the wall, and talked with a person not arrested for illegal frontier crossing, but civilized, even seeming to be a national secret political prisoner. Felt that he insisted and expected that i revealed further details of my illegal fleeing attempt.

The time of misinforming has come — thought. ... Bravely forward!

“I should tell you the happenings in Yugoslavia in more details!” said. “... In all certainty, it shall be interesting, as it departs from the usual cases ... Crossed the frontier with around 2,000 lei with the purpose of traversing Yugoslavia and asking for political asylum in Italy ... In Versec, entered a clothier’s shop in order to change the money ... Discreetly, an old person wearing a light brown balloon and a gray hat came to me, and asked whether i was a fugitive from Romania ...”

“In what language?”

“In english, but it appeared shortly that he knew hungarian as well ... I acknowledged my identity, as it seemed from my rucksack and mountaineering boots that i had been on a long way, and did not want to make a bad impression on such a person who already with his appearance had arisen suspicion in me ... He invited me to a coffee saying that he could help me ... I accepted, because could not refuse his seemingly positive offer ... So that, put off the money exchange, and went with him ... Since said to him that it was not a habit with me to drink coffee, he ordered a cake each ... After having inquired about where i wanted to emigrate, he stated that i had no chance to traverse Yugoslavia, considering that the roads and the railroads are very much controlled ... Instead, he recommended to my attention a “safe solving”: i should have asked for political asylum in Yugoslavia, as only those were deported back who did not give up themselves, and after receiving it, i might emigrate to the United States ... But he brought it to my notice: i would only get political asylum, if satisfied the authorities that wanted to stay in Yugoslavia; in the interest of that i should not have given away my true emigration purpose, and should not have exchanged my money ... In order that my case were quicker solved, he proposed for me to go to Belgrade ... He gave me 3,000 dinars, took leave and vanished ... I did not know where to put all those, racked my brain about what to do, then decided to heed his advice, because was under the impression that he was not an anybody and told the truth ... I got on a bus, and went to Belgrade ... There, for a time was looking for the militia, then a person called Ion POPESCU, having its origin in Constanța, after having treated me, drove me to the competent authorities ... So that, after serving the imprisonment, they gave me back in opposition to my two

colleagues ... It is a fact that certain persons took me in badly!"

"Taps!" cried the militiaman on duty.

As if a big weight had rolled off my mind, i felt relief. Lay down, tucked myself in, and closed my eyes in order to take refuge from the world of the untrue imagination in the self-deceptive world of dream.

30. The confrontation

It sounded that on the corridor there arose a bustle: roll-call, talking, movement, opening and closing the doors. Our one was not an exception either.

"Adorján!" said the civilian. "Come, you shall go over into another cell!"

The new room only differed from the former one in the concrete signs of poverty and negligence. The emptiness of its beds and the several unknown persons standing in its interspace indicated that a large-scale rearranging was happening. The innermost places were already occupied. In the region of its middle, i came to a stop.

"Why are they doing these movings?"

"It cannot be known."

The change of the least dimension would be — was thinking — if they had me put in the cell of Nicu, or Nicu in my one ... From the point of view of the "hydra", however, that has two disadvantages: on the one part, it would lay before me the fact of confrontation in its clear form, on the other part, the relations already formed would interfere with the causing of the desired phenomenon ... So the "hydra" eliminates both disadvantages: it hides the tree of confrontation in the wood of rearranging, and in a medium of unknown persons among one another the relation between two contacts immediately comes into being.

There appeared Nicu. I mildly trembled. From his face, the resoluteness and the smile were missing. Seemingly he had not observed me, but asking for place, was coming nearer. Stopped next to me, but did not still look into my eyes.

"Hello!" said i, almost whispering, in an encouraging tone, feeling relief, as if from my bullet-proof waistcoat the projectile had glanced aside.

"Hello," returned he my greeting, but even at this time he did not look up at me with that he took his stand beside me with his back to the wall.

"What do you say? ... Can you believe it? ... I cannot believe it."

"... It is hard."

Notwithstanding that a few days ago in the yugoslav communist state, in the prison in Padinska Skela, the words simply flowed from his lips,

now in the romanian communist state, in the station house of the militia in Oravicabánya, as if he had not wanted to speak, and had expected for me to push on the dialog, giving out all that had come into existence in me in the new situation. Although basically the same person stood beside me, the political circumstances have too much changed, and far too much changed Nicu for me to further force the conversation. Felt that had resisted the psychological test as well.

31. Popa Șapcă¹⁶¹

Saturday, 30 may 1987. They took me out, together with Nicu. Gave our baggages. I was looking for my laces, but did not find them. An old militiaman was on duty.

"Citizen!"¹⁶² said i to him. "My laces have disappeared!"

"... And what shall i do? "asked he me, slightly startledly becoming indignant.

"Do you tolerate stealing in the station house?!"

"... Cast your eyes round the dump," was he speaking to the civilian, "won't you find those laces!?"

His tone and attitude suggested that there stealing was a usual thing, not so the protesting, and how i dared raise such a problem to him.

"There aren't," said the civilian.

"... You won't need it in the penitentiary anyway!"

"... The laces are mine," was i saying, slightly getting in a state of irritation, "and no one has the right to lay hands on them!"

I went out of the office. He came after me and halted in the door.

"Where're you from?" put he the question, with which in the romanian communist state it was the habit to gloss over individual, inconvenient manifestations departing from the norm, by this means referring to the desired precedence of the place of origin.

"From Romania," said i.

The clamor of mild laugh discharging into perplexity sallied out of my companions in distress around me, expressing that they appreciated my humorous courage, but they did not preclude the possibility of that i had passed the limits of the tolerable. The face of the militiaman made percep-

161 It was the name of the prison in Temesvár in the everyday language. It sprang from the name of its street.

162 This address had to replace the formula "comrade", as for ideological motives the henchmen of the communist regime could not concede the prisoners as being their comrades, and they qualified the address "mister", used in unofficial circles, as being old-fashioned, a "capitalist" remnant, and probably indignant as well.

tible consternation, afterwards the consideration of a communist-authority retorsion, and finally a human indulgence.

There arrived the prison van. The gate was drawn away. It backed into the courtyard. Its cabins were mounted on a big truck chassis. They opened its rear door. Calling the roll, ordered us to get on one by one.

I took a seat on the steel-plate bench fixed to the sides. Filling up, my following companions in distress sat down on the floor. The big cabin from the inside seemed to be an immense metal box almost hermetically sealed. On its upper part in a number of places through small slits horizontally parallel with with one another, the light and the air flowed into hardly perceptibly.

The door opened.

“Get down!”

The yard of the prison in Temesvár was more open and large though, the view unfolding itself in front of me irradiated a grimmer atmosphere than in Nagyvárad.

It can be felt — was thinking — that this is the prison of the frontierists in Bánság.

They aligned us. Conducted us before a door. A prisoner appeared in it.

“Listen!” said he, in a loud voice not a bit denying the general atmosphere of the prison. “At a time only two shall come in! The rest stay outside aligned! Don’t talk!”

My turn came.

“Empty your rucksack! ... What is in it?”

“A sleeping-bag.”

“That too! ... From the pockets also pick out everything! ... What are those?!”

“Food, medicaments, cleaning instruments ...”

“We don’t keep those!” said he, and put the polyethylene bags aside, along with the clasp-knife.

“Take off your clothes! ... Lift up your arms!” said he, and dusted me with lice powder. “... Here are these drawers and shirt! ... Choose a coat, a pair of pants, and a cap for yourself! Will you keep your boots, or shall i give you one?”

“I will keep them.”

32. The sentence of Nicu

Beside the white of the lime, the visual atmosphere was determined by the dark green, presumably programing: the green frontier in Bânság is equal to the prison in Temesvár. There were painted this color the window-frame, the sill, the lower half of the wall of the corridor, the outside wooden door and the inside barred door. Behind them, looking inwards on the left two, on the right three double iron beds perpendicularly to the wall with an interspace on each side. On the opposite side, five double beds were set in order with two interspaces. On the edges of the big interspace of the two bed rows, two small benches intercepted a table. In the left farther corner, the closed closet of a toilet. In the middle of the side, a relatively large window. Being late spring, its casements were unhung, and only the grate constituted by thick steel bars separated us from the air-space of the prison. Through it from the height of two upper storeys, there could be seen the fence, behind it a railroad, the trains passing by from time to time, and a farther part of the civilian space of life. In spite of the fact that it belonged to the forbidden acts, a prisoner being not able to fight down his curiosity came to a halt in front of it once and again, and if he did not leave in time, the already accustomed cry of the militiaman on duty outside was heard:

“Go away from the window!”¹⁶³

The great part of my companions were composed of frontierists, beginning with a number of young baptists, through two ethnic ukrainian companions in distress from Máramaros¹⁶⁴, as far as an old university professor of mathematics from Craiova¹⁶⁵. Their majority had not the opportunity to trample on the plowed stripe. The richer experience and greater penalties of the crossers placed us higher on the order of rank of the frontierist prison micro-society. Our faces reflected to the life the glacial atmosphere, the distress of failure, the rigor of penalty, but from time to time the smile of the hope put in the future appeared on them as well.

The wicket opened.

“Chief of room!” called from outside the militiaman on duty of the section.

“At your service!”

“Here are some sentences! ... They read, sign and write on them whether they appeal or not!”

163 On the photo of the back cover, the room window at issue looks on from the building on the left side towards the sidewalk of the road in front of the railroad on 12 august 2019 at 8 hours and 44 minutes or thereabouts in the morning. The described action took place for the most part in that building. Afterwards, the prison was visibly restored.

164 Read approximately: 'ma:romcrof. In the romanian language: Maramureş. A region in the north-western quarter of Romania.

165 Big town in a straight line at around 90 kilometers from the frontier.

“Understood, citizen!”

The chief of room began distributing the documents. He read the name of Nicu as well. I approached him with interest.

“Well?” asked.

“10 months.”

“Much or little?”

“Two have already passed ... I shall be outside, but in winter! ... You have not received even the writ!?”

“I do not know what is going on ... It may be that my case shall be tried in Marosvásárhely ... But this does not influence my hope that shall be outside in the coming spring!”

I have again the possibility of entering into a partnership — thought. ... But however much appropriate partner Nicu were, the fact of the partnership itself would be disadvantageous for me.

33. The control

The door opened. The militiaman on duty appeared in it, behind him with several comrades. He stepped into the room.

“Look here!” said he, crying. “You’ll take your sarsana¹⁶⁶, bed-linen, rug, and go out to the corridor!”

“What is this?”

“Control.”

A great bustle arose. I went to the upper bed on the left side of the wall of the window. Folded the rug. Put the pillow on it. From under the mattress, pulled out the sheet. Held together its four corners, grasped them, and started. Going out through the door, turned to the right, towards the window.

“Fall in one by one next to the wall!”

In like manner as my companions in distress and prisoner companions, I let down the bundle on the cement floor. A militiaman already known by me stepped in front of me.

“How are you, Adorján?”

“I am vegetating.”

“Well, take off your clothes to see whether you do it legally?”

Getting off the coat, he took it away, drew it through his palm, bent up the collar, and handled through the twofold parts. He controlled the shirt and the pants as well.

166 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “sarsana”. [Read approximately: sarsa'na.] It meant the pillow-case-like specific prisoner haversack regularly made of white cloth domestically. This was the only keeping and transport means allowed in the prison.

“Naked!” said he. ... “Well, what’s the matter with you? ... Are you ill?”

“I eat little.”

“Why?! ... Are you a believer?”

“No ... I have punished myself.”

“Eat, good man, as otherwise you’ll die in the penitentiary! ... Get dressed!” said he, and set out in search of a still uncontrolled prisoner companion.

“He who are ready,” was crying a militiaman, coming out of the room, “take your things, and go back!”

I started towards the room. Without laces, my clod-crushers were flapping. While during my illegal fleeing attempt easily advanced in them, with the decrease of my body-weight this seemed to be heavier and heavier. Although have already found out that the prison boots were much lighter, but on the one part probably it was already late, and on the other part preferred my own one for sentimental and hygienic motives. At the medical examination carried out on entering, weighed 68 kilograms, as against the former approximately 80, but since then had more gotten thinner. In spite of this fact, my stomach had not protested, my general state of health had remained normal, only my physical condition had lessened to such an extent that after the surplus energy consumption demanded by the control, i perceptibly became weaker.

The majority of the mattresses were left dislodged or turned up by the militiamen. I put the bundle on it, with my face towards the window leant against the bed, and stroking my week-old beard waiting for my companions and the prisoner barber, looked at from what they had sealed us off with bars, locks and keys, and at what we could only look.

34. The transit room

A sharp sound of bell was filtering in the room quiet from sleeping.

“Reveille!” sounded the voice of the militiaman on duty as well.

On the third deck of the block next to the door consisted of two triple beds placed side by side, three of us slept. I waited until my companions went down. In conformity with the regulations, folded up the rug in quarters. Placed it on the middle of the bed. Set right the pillow. As much as could, smoothed out the sheet. Paced over the railing with the purpose of reaching the cement floor.

The interspace had already packed. The prisoners below me made room for me. I crept among them. Stepped into my clod-crushers. Stood in

the current moving at a snail pace towards the wash basins and the toilets.

Because the demand for relief and cleaning ourselves were much greater than the capacity of the conveniences set up for filling them, the prisoners coming backwards had to savagely fight for every step made towards their permanent staying places.

By the time i finished the morning program, the balance of force had changed so that without a considerable physical effort got through to my block. Sat down on the edge of the inner lower bed, beside a companion. It was written on his face that he was a frontierist.

"What are you with," was i asking, "with crossing or attempt?"

"With attempt."

"... You know, i who have already crossed the frontier twice, can hardly understand how the frontier guards are able to catch frontierists!"

"... Well, i don't know much about the methods of frontier guarding," was he saying, smiling, "but can exactly tell you how we were caught ... We had been six in a group ... Waited to grow dark, and started in the chosen direction ... Had already seen the fence, when a frontier guard cried 'halt'. Had to obey him, as the fence ran before us, and even after it there is around 100 meters as far as the stripe ... Were frightened, but it might be felt from the voice of the frontier guard that he also feared ... Simply, we had no luck, while he had luck! ... Where did you cross?"

"At Kákófalva."

"... There what is the terrain like?"

"Knobby."

"Is there a fence?"

"Yes ... Today it is my turn with the cleaning ... Had an agreement with someone, but they took him out ... Don't you know anybody who for the daily tea and jam would undertake it instead of me?"

"... I'll do it!"

The militiamen pattered out of the room, the doors slammed. The atmosphere slightly loosened, a low-toned talk commenced. I stood in front of a wash basin on the cement platform. Drenched chewing a piece of hard bacon-rind gotten on having breakfast. Lifted up my view to the window efficiently unattainable for the eyes, and was looking at the beams getting in through the bars of the sun already being up, but not seen and not visible.

"Line-up is free!" sounded it from the corridor.

The files broke up, everyone started to his place of time expenditure. I joined the current bending towards the door.

At the middle-block, i halted. Sat down on the smooth floor. Lay back, and slipped in under the bed. Grasping at the steel bands, drew myself as far as the wall. Stretched myself out. Let down the cap, and put my head on it. Taking care that the region of my kidneys did not touch the warm, but coolish cement, relaxed my body.

This form of resting and passing the time was applied by many of my companions in the jam-packed room. Its advantage consisted in the fact that in regard to the great number of the prisoners by so doing we could evade the prohibition concerning the day-time lying down and sleeping, without the risk of being discovered. But after all, it was not clear that the prohibition only referred to the bed or to the floor as well.

As regards my following illegal fleeing attempt, i have already decided — was thinking — that will try to reach Austria through the yugoslav communist state, and there will enter on the hills of Versec ... The problem is only the elaboration of the concrete plan ... When get up to the hill before the Cernovec, will hide myself and hold a sound reconnoitering ... If discover an advantageous possibility of frontier crossing, will draw up the concrete plan there ... If not, then have to reach the forest, in which can freely move by day ... Will start onwards on the setting in of the night ... On the meadow, there are flocks of sheep ... With a view to minimize the probability of stumbling upon dogs and shepherds, will have to cut across it in a westward direction ... Because of the nearness of the frontier, this cannot happen immediately after descending the hill ... Therefore, still before reaching the meadow, will have to turn to the south to remove myself from the frontier, as i did, had to do it now on the bank of the Cernovec ... Beside the road, there lies a building, and it is very sparse though, but will have to take into consideration the traffic of the road as well ... Consequently, will have to turn to the south already on the hill-side, relatively far from the road ... Shall be able to do this in the grain-field ... Will cross the road and keep on the southward direction ... Here, it is an essential problem when will turn to the west ... Will have to march to the south approximately so much as did on the bank of the Cernovec and from the thrown-down trees as far as the wood strip taken all together ... From there, reaching the forest is already a technical problem ... On the hills of Versec, will retire to rest, and on the following day will safely cross the frontier ... Although a forest-clad section of the frontier zone around 10 kilometers in length shall be in front of me, cannot get out of my mind the curious building of the eastern barrow, so much the more because the sergeant frontier guard mentioned it as well, and in connection with it he comported himself mysteriously ... It may be that the frontier passes just through the peak, and the cylindrifform building is connected with this ... For this reason, it is possible that on the spot will aim just at the peak with my path ... Since be him a frontier guard indeed who up there is able to catch or shoot me!

... But will still think of this ... In the yugoslav communist state, will have to try removing myself from the frontier on the northern edge of the hills of Versec, in regard to the vineyard lying on the southern side, and to that will have to avoid the concrete roads ... Will point out the detailed route and the crossing spot of the yugoslav-austrian frontier after the detailed examination of my Yugoslavia map ... However, it is sure that will use only trains and buses running at short and the shortest possible distances, since the yugoslav communist “hydra” federation has those probably not controlled ... There shall be critical the changes ... Will have to be careful that it cannot be read from my clothing that have come from the romanian communist state ... Think that the combination of shirt, fabric pants and Otter shoes shall be suitable ... But this does not go with the rucksack, so that will have to carry around two bags as well, in which can put everything else ... Will concretize this after my liberation.

35. The small run¹⁶⁷

Tuesday, 11 august 1987. The door opened.

“Attention!” cried a prisoner.

“I’ll call off the list of the run!” said a militiaman. “He who hear your name, take your bedding and sarsana, and align before the door!”

He read my name as well. This breaking of the prison monotony slightly brightened and reanimated me. I started in search of my companion sleeping in the middle.

“They will transport me away!” said to him. “There is no reason for undoing the bed, isn’t there?”

“Of course, there is no due! Take off my sheet and rug! ... Have a good traveling! ... And then, good luck to you!”

“Thanks! The same to you!”

From the shelf above the wash basins, i fetched the mug. Stepping up unto the bench, took down the rug and sheet of my companion and my pillow. From the cupboard, took out my sarsana, which contained around 5 kilograms of foodstuffs as well, and stood before the door.¹⁶⁸

¹⁶⁷ Prisoner transportation from a prison to another one.

¹⁶⁸ At the beginning of june, my father tried handing me over that quantity of foodstuffs on the occasion of a visit, but having not received my postal card, he did not know that according to the regulations it was only possible on 10. For this reason, he was told to post it. However, neither in this way was it accepted. I had the right for it though, in july they did not give me a postal card. The so formed reciprocal incomprehension kept on with my transfer being kept putting off. Finally, the parcel with foodstuffs arrived probably on 10 august to the effect of my mes-

In the dump, we deposited the things received, except the prisoner uniform. We were distributed a half of brown bread and a packet per head. From curiosity, i unwrapped the brown paper: the content was constituted by a little piece of salted raw bacon and jam each. We were led to a prison van. Did not know anybody in the group.

The door opened.

“Come down!” said a militiaman.

The sight of the civilian space of life filled me with spiritual warm. So much the more, because the sun not perceived already for weeks directly poured its rays into it.

Getting off, railroad rails unfolded themselves before us. Farther, an isolated carriage stood. Its blue color, horizontally longish air windows covered with perpendicular bars showed that it served purposes of prisoner transportation.

“Stay two deep!” said the militiaman. “... Come after me!”

Pacing over the hot rails, we went in the direction of the carriage. I looked round. On the left, at the back and on the right, militiamen with machine pistols and wolf-dogs were following us. Saw neither the station-building, nor civilians, nor railroaders. In my hand, the big and heavy sarsana marked me out from among my companions with smaller and lighter bundles or with empty hands.

In the carriage, in a narrow steel-plate passage painted white, doors were set in order in both sides. I got first into the second cabin on the left side. The colorlessness of its interior was dominated by seediness. On the right, a dun wooden bench for two persons. On its inner half, a circular piece of its was seen.

Certainly, that is the toilet — thought.

Put the sarsana up on the baggage rack. Sat down. Its width made it possible only an oblique position. The second prisoner took place beside me. The third one stood in. And after him, they squeezed in a fourth one as well. The door was closed.

To the effect of the warm ceaselessly radiating from the steel structure, our sweating intensified. The window around 20 centimeters high spanning almost the whole width of the cabin ensured the light necessary for visibility, but it did not seem to renew the sultry and humid atmosphere. Our general condition was worsened by the motionless standing of the carriage in the fiery sun.

What is this? — raised i the question to myself. ... Poverty, economiz-

sage of that month.

ing or making the penalty more difficult? ... In all certainty, a piece from each one find room in the truth.

“I cannot bear it any longer!” broke out into angry words one of the standing prisoners.

He knocked at the steel-plate.

“Hey you, what’s up?!” asked a militiaman.

“Citizen, i beg you to give us some water!”

The wicket opened. A green one-liter glass bottle appeared in it. It was full of water. Its ticketlessness indicated that it was not acidulous water. In such standardized bottles, there were brought in other liquid products as well.

“Drink, and give out the bottle!”

We handed it round. I drank two draughts from the warm water. It might be felt that it was stored in an ancient tank.

The carriage moved after the passing of approximately 3 hours. The air as if had stirred up a little. Breathing freely again, we stood up and all of us watched out among the bars. Their placement made only possible a uni-directional seeing. Captivatingly, we kept close watch on the changing environment, the civilians moving to the right and left. It was coupled on to a set of carriages.

“Which train may this be?”

“The accommodation one to Bucharest.”

I am on the left side — was thinking — so shall not see the Danube, the romanian-yugoslav river frontier ... Particularly, shall not see the place where Petcu fled ... Shall not see Orsova, where Petcu rowed across with the woman and the little girl ... Shall not see another fearful gate of freedom, of the chosen other-world and of the desired new-world.¹⁶⁹

36. The Rahova¹⁷⁰ prison

Level buildings loomed around us. A militiaman led us into one of them. He opened a door.

“Go in here!”

A room of around 30 × 10 meters unfolded itself in front of us. Its single piece of furniture was constituted by a backed stone bench built in the walls all round. The cement floor leniently declined as far as its middle

169 On around 32 kilometers, the railroad line 100 ran in the proximity of the reach of the Danube constituting the frontier. [2, 6]

170 Read approximately: 'rahova. A residential quarter of Bucharest.

line.

What on earth is that? — raised i the question to myself. ... What can be started here?

On the bench in some places, prisoners lay suffering affliction. I approached an empty section of it. Put down the sarsana, sat down, and lying down sideways, reclined my head on it for spending the night.

In the morning, at noon and in the evening, there came in cook prisoners. In aluminum cans of 25 liters, they brought meals. The menu followed the same feeding line as in Nagyvárad, Oravicabánya and Temesvár. But it seemed to be somewhat more consistent, and they gave macaroni as well. In spite of this, i did not even taste it. Exclusively filled my nutriment needs, in conformity with my strategy of serving the sentence, from the foodstuffs sent by my parents.

In the evening, they took me out. Put me into a normal room. The place of the stone bench was taken over by rows of triple beds with mattresses filled with rags, sheets, rugs and pillows, set adjusted to each other lengthways on a surface of around 10×10 meters. It struck my eye that, as contrasted with the habit in Nagyvárad and Temesvár, the rugs were not folded, but rolled up lengthwise. However, the sight outside of the objects shocked and thrilled me: facial expressions never experienced up to that time stared at me at the lowest level of the by-me-known underworld of the romanian communist state. They suggested that the solidarity and the team spirit were not to be found at this place, that everyone was in himself and for himself, that in this individualism honesty and humaneness were unfamiliar, that the single measure of the truth was the muscular power, and that not the terror of the national-communist Ceaușescu regime, but that of the prison underworld prevailed first and foremost, as if the evil “hydra” had me taken out of its evil empire, and had me thrown at the bottom of the “hell of the devils”, using against me this biblical civil evilness for the attainment of its objectives.

37. Organized misappropriation

Thursday, 13 august 1987. The door opened.

“Bring your rugs to shake out!” said a militiaman.

Now, the first time i have to part with my sarsana — thought. ... In Temesvár, it was rumored that there is stealing in Rahova ... Would it not be better to stay aside?

Looked round. Everyone was engaged in following out the order.

There is no one — was thinking — who could lay hands on my food.
Took down the rug. Started out to the courtyard.

“Are you alone?” asked i a solitary prisoner.

“Yes.”

“Then, just give me two corners!” said, while putting my rug on the shoulder.

This operation meant a serious trial for me. Just moved my arms up and down. Had to constrict my palms with all my might, lest the tips should have slipped out of them besides the normal, but for me great effort of my prisoner companion.

In haste, went into to the room. It struck my eye that there were in some who were not occupied with rug shaking. Placed the rug on my bed. Rolled it up.

Control the sarsana! — thought.

While in Nagyvárad there was an exterior room, and in Temesvár an open cupboard for the civilian foodstuffs, but at the same time one could put in them under the bed as well, according to the ruling here one had to keep the sarsana in a closet built into the right farther corner looking from the door. A time more than expected had to pass till i recognized my sarsana. It struck my eye that its volume had considerably diminished. Its binding manner was different as well.

Rahova does not confute itself — thought, becoming embittered.

Opened it. They had left only the pork being in lard in a small blue plastic dish. In the prison, nothing had ever yet been misappropriated from me though, spiritually was prepared for this eventuality. But such a dimension of the felony defied my imagination. Stupefaction and disgust descended upon me.

In this manifestation of themselves, the committers have surpassed the animals as well! — thought. ... What can be expected after all these?! ... Before their own conscience, there is no responsibility ... And if the exterior calling to account is wanting as well, they are capable of everything ... On a real control, the misappropriated foodstuffs could easily be detected, as in such a short time they could not devour around 4 kilograms!

Went out of the closet. Looked asunder. Everyone behaved seemingly naturally, no one was eating, no one manifested that he would discreetly have spied upon me.

Should i report it to the militiaman? — raised the question to myself. ... In Temesvár, spent more than a month in both rooms each, and not once they took us out to shake the rugs ... Here, this happened already on the second day ... Under normal circumstances, the militiaman should have guarded the room until we were outside ... Even if he did not know that

there is stealing here ... In Oravicabánya, where a parcel could not be received, they kept me one month ... Although in the postal card of June I wrote my parents that they would send me foodstuffs, but did not receive anything ... In July, they arranged my moving so that under the pretext of that they could not give me a postal card ... As soon as I received the parcel, they immediately put me on the run ... All these facts point to one direction far too much that could presume that they are manifestations of the personal secret policy relative to my person of the "hydra" ... And if this policy is to keep my nourishment under its full control, I can do very little against it ... Cannot expect that he who ordered the misappropriation of my civil foodstuffs recover them and call to account the executors of its will! ... If reported, then they would control the whole room, the sarsana, bed and clothing of everyone, but so that they infuriate and set on me these aggressive prisoners anyway, and after my hard foodstuffs the "hydra" could deprive me of my corporal integrity or life as well.

The wicket opened.

"Come to the soup!" said a cook prisoner.

Went to the closet. Brought out the plastic dish. Took the aluminum plate with the samp given in earlier. Sat down on the small bench. Began eating the meat and the lard alike. Did not look at anyone. But with my peripheral sight, perceived that many were keeping a close watch on me. At the same time, there were also audible staggering and disapproving voice reactions.

What is yours, it is ours too — suggested they. Consequently, you have to share it with us!

I invariably ate further. They produced in me the impression that I was acting immorally and unrighteously, that was prejudicing the common property of the room.

On what basis would I offer you?! — raised the question to myself. ... On the basis that a number of you have stolen from me almost an entire parcel of foodstuffs, and they have possibly distributed them among you, to make the traces of their stealing disappear?! ... On the basis that you can hardly contain your appetite towards the normal civil food?! ... On the basis that in connection with your own you are individualists, and with the others' collectivists?! ... On the basis that my wasted organism would not need nutriment better than your bodies bulging from muscles and fat-pads?! ... On the basis of these, I cannot offer you! ... If it is so much indispensable for you a tiny bit of meat and lard each, and if it is so much negligible for you the property and opinion of others, fight down the rest of your humaneness, break through the opinion of an occasional prisoner community, and take it away by force!

The door opened. A militiaman appeared in it. He manifested himself, as if he had not put himself in a super-ordinate, but in a co-ordinate relation with the prisoners. Only his uniform disguised his underworld facial expression in some degree. Some turned up in front of him.

"Problems?" asked he.

"Citizen," said one, emphasizing with his accent that he used this address not so much for an observance of the regulations, as for his consideration to the person of the militiaman, "I'm coming from Colibași¹⁷¹. You know, there my rights were prejudiced, and this is why i ran out of cigarettes. I know that here in the capital you are very democratic. I were very much obliged, if you got me a few packs of Carpați¹⁷² ..."

"Come out to clean! ... Other problems?"

"Citizen," began speaking another, in a significant tone, "I'd like to clean too! ..."

"All right, come! ... But two are enough!"

It is evident — was thinking — that here the militiamen treat the prisoners for partners, so in a form or other they are criminals as well ... Beyond the formalities, they so talk with each other, as if one were the other!

"Line-up!" sounded the cry from the corridor.

I entered the narrow interspace formed by the wall of the windows and the row of the beds being beside it. At its end, stopped. The first place of the file being on my left side was occupied by a tall, robust ethnically romanian prisoner. Through his physical faculties, he could have been even a heavy-weight boxer. I presumed about him that he had taken upon himself at least the brunt of the task of emptying my sarsana.

"Where're you from?" asked he, in the romanian language, in a typically underworld tone seeming to be threatening.

"From Marosvásárhely," answered, striving to remain natural.

"Then, you know hungarian too!?" changed he over to the hungarian language, expressing with his accent that he had grown up in a hungarian environment.

"Yes, i am ethnic hungarian."

"What're you with?"

"With frontier crossing."

His unchanged facial expression indicated that he was far from and kept aloof from the frontierists. At the same time, it was visible from his fixed look bewitching with evil eye that a human of my sort and this type of conversation were inconvenient and undesirable for him, and that he just waited for the propitious moment to go over to that mode, which was determined by the relation of super-ordination between the powerful victo-

171 Read approximately: koli'baſy.

172 Read approximately: kaɾ'paɬsy.

rious and the weak victim nominee pursuant to the right of the strongest. I strove to maintain co-ordination on a spiritual basis, although deemed to know that from his point of view the point was: with a hit, he was able to take my life. Took off my eyes from his piercingly defiant look, and turned my head towards the wall, in order to possibly put an end to the relation.

“I’ll so much thrash you!” started he speaking, in the romanian language.

I shammed taking it as being natural that he had addressed the romanian words to another prisoner companion of him, and without the wink of the eyelid i looked at the wall further.

“Hey you, what’re you so looking at?!” asked he, also in the romanian language.

I kept my position. Then, as if had had enough of the tense waiting for the militiamen, turning my head to the right, looked out through the large window without casements, reaching down approximately to the level of my waist. Behind the bars, there stood tomato sticks, Above them, there strained horizontal wires. On one of them, there hung half a rod of salami.

38. The big run¹⁷³

Tuesday, 25 august 1987. Along with the other called prisoner companions, i was taken in the transit room. My heart leapt for joy that was discharged of the abominable environment of the normal room.

“Adorján!” said a militiaman. “... We have to put fetters on your feet!”

I slightly calmed down. So much the more as he had called me only. Led me to an anvil. Beside it, there lay the fetters. It consisted of a clip each on the ends of a chain around half a meter formed of half-span long links made of steel bars around 1 centimeter thick.

“Sit down, and put your feet up!”

With one of the clips, he seized my lower leg near the ankle. A prisoner placed a cylindriform small piece of steel in the holes. He hammered it down, till made it unfoldable with the free hands.

Having finished, i struggled to my feet. The pacing involved clatter, since the rattle of the chain added to the noise of the friction of that with the cement floor. In conformity with the prison habit, i took out two pairs of socks, and wound them on the clips, lest they should have grazed my skin.

173 Prisoner transportation among many prisons.

There was distributed the foodstuffs. Their quantities varied depending on the destination. They gave me two whole brown breads, an approximately half-a-kilogram piece of raw bacon sprinkled with kitchen salt, and around the same amount of jam.

I shall at least undergo a bread cure — was thinking — before having resumed in Marosvásárhely the menu being based on samp.

Wednesday, 26 august 1987. The prison carriage had been stopping in a station. The day having broken, i rose to my feet, and began searching the outside world. From my earlier experiences, from the character of the relief, but mainly from the carbon black setting on every surface, came to the conclusion that was in Kiskapus.¹⁷⁴

What would happen — was i raising the question to myself — if there were january and a frost of minus 20 degrees? ... It is not sure that there would be a suitable temperature on the way either, because they are heating rarely even on the accommodation-trains ... During stopping, the cold would freely pour into the cabin ... And there is no possibility of pacing and doing gymnastics here ... My struggle in the cell of the watch-house in Alsósztamora is a flea-bite in comparison to what can happen here at the time of winter!

Thursday, 27 august 1987. The sun scorched the other part of the accommodation-train being ready to start in Szatmárnémeti.^{175 176}

Now, i shall be able to hold the reconnoitering of the section of the romanian-hungarian frontier zone visible from train — thought, slightly revived.

On departure, i rose to my feet, and followed with attention the space coming out from the left. Sat down only in the stations. Sometimes, on the sky-line, woods formed maybe by acacias came in sight, corroborating and concretizing my map knowledge. The one following Nagykároly seemed to be the largest, in which my companion in distress from Kolozsvár had crossed the frontier in the preceding year.

After Érmihályfalva¹⁷⁷, a watch-tower appeared as well. It stood around 30 meters from the railroad. Did not see a frontier guard in it. The flat terrain behind it as if had been dry marshy. Scrutinized it with an increased

174 On the first day and night, the prison carriage made 437 kilometers, and stayed in different stations around six hours. [6]

175 Read approximately: 'sɒtma:rne:meti. In the romanian language: Satu Mare. Big town in a straight line at around 8 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier. [2]

176 On the second day and night, the prison carriage made 637 kilometers and stayed in different stations around ten hours. [6]

177 Read approximately: 'e:rmiha:yfɒlvɒ. In the romanian language: Valea lui Mihai. Village in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

attention. Did not spot the plowed stripe. Other signs did not indicate either that the frontier ran somewhere in the vicinity. In spite of the fact, an ardor overcame me.

I am seeing a newer gate of freedom, of the other-world and of the desired new-world! — thought.

In my light sleep, the rattle of the wheels had held off. The din of the locomotive still sounded, till it had completely died down. A dead silence had gotten the mastery of my surroundings.

Waking up, rose to my feet, and looked out among the bars. Despite the darkness, recognized a part of the big station of Marosvásárhely being relatively far from its main building and platform.

I have finally arrived! — thought. ... Owing to my physical condition!

The door opened.

“Adorján!”

“Yes!”

“Take your baggage, and come out!”

From the baggage rack, took down my sarsana. My prisoner companions made place for me.

“Cheerio, boys! Have a good travel!”

“Thank you. Cheerio!”

I rattled along the interspace. Paced down on the side-step, and jumped down on the ground. It was already daylight. After the following track, a militiaman stood, beside him with a militia van.¹⁷⁸

39. The prison in Marosvásárhely

The door opened. I jumped down. The light gray walls of the prison the first time appeared in front of me from inside. The rattle of the fetters drew the attention of the prisoners hammering repairing wooden boxes near by. Their faces, the courtyard, the buildings, all created a more agreeable atmosphere compared with the former prisons. Felt that had become more

178 On the third day and night, the prison carriage made 471 kilometers, and stayed in different stations around 11 hours. [6] My prisoner companions could travel farther only with the third accommodation-train, and instead of around 2, they had to wait around 6 hours, because the prison in Marosvásárhely did not ensure my transportation in due time. In the two runs, by rail had to make 2119 kilometers altogether, and had to wait around 30 hours in order that they transfer me from Temesvár to Marosvásárhely. Although the 341 kilometers between those two localities could have been made with accommodation-train in one day and one night with a waiting-time of only around 7 hours. On the Bukarest-Marosvásárhely line, had to make 1545 kilometers instead of 448, and had to wait around 24 hours instead of around 8 hours.

than in Nagyvárad, Oravicabánya or Temesvár, but much more than was in Rahova in Bucharest.

At the call of a militiaman, a prisoner appeared with a big hammer and a cold-chisel in his hands. He led me beside a log.

"Raise your foot!" said he, in a romanian language of hungarian accent.

As a result of a few strokes, the clips broke away. I took the socks off them. The militiaman led me into the big building.

In my hands with the bedding and the sarsana, entered the pointed-out room. Its height struck my eye, which was not left unutilized: beds of four towered up as far as the immediate vicinity of the ceiling. The barred and wooden doors closed behind me.

"Hello, boys!" said i, in the romanian language.

"Hello! ... What have you been put in with?"

"With frontier."

"Here in Marosvásárhely?!"

"They have brought me with the run from Temesvár. My case will be tried here."

"Aah! ... Is the penitentiary in Temesvár crowded?"

"In the transit room, we slept three in two beds ... In may, two big vans of frontierists were transported there from Oravicabánya ... Not to speak about that the season of frontier crossing culminates in july-august."

"... And Rahova?"

"The room was full, but we slept only one in a bed."

"Was there stealing?"

"They took away from me almost 5 kilograms of foodstuffs."

"... How about beating and knifing?"

"According to the hearsay, there were not."

"In Temesvár, were the frontierists taken out to work?"

"No."

"Here they are! ..."

"That does not affect me."

"... Why?!"

"Because i refuse work."

"... Why then?"

"... Do you not see how fleshless i am?!"

"... Are you ill, or don't you eat?"

"I do not eat."

"... Why then?"

"Because i refuse work."

"... Here, there aren't particularly frontierists. All the same, at us there is a former frontierist," said the prisoner, and connected me with him.

"Where are you from?"

"From Gyulafehérvár."

"When did you try?"

"In '80."

"Where?"

"On the romanian-yugoslav frontier."

"... Then the serbs did not give back yet ..."

"I did not manage to cross ... At a few hundred meters from the frontier, the frontier guards observed me ... They summoned me, but i took to my heels ... Then, they began to shoot ... A bullet hit me ..."

He drew up a leg of his pants, and turning away showed the cicatrice: an approximately circular scar was visible in the middle region of the back part of his leg.

"... Luckily, i was in a scrubby-shrubby place ... Limping, ran farther, in order to hide myself ... When managed to get out of their visual field, because of the pains i had to lie down ... Proceeded creeping-crawling, but did not manage to reach the frontier ... The day after, the dogs smelled me.

40. At the commander

The door opened. A militiaman smiling naturally appeared behind the bars.

"Come to work! ... Won't you come?" asked he me.

"No," said i, calmly.

"Why?"

"... I am very much grown thin."

"... Come, as i'll put you to the haricot beans ... You'll sit on the bench, and pick haricot beans."

"No."

"All right," said he, in a mildly threatening tone, without his smile's becoming cooler. "Chief of room!"

"Yes, citizen!"

"Put them to read the regulations!"

"Understood, citizen!"

The door opened.

"Adorján! Come to the citizen commander!"

In the room, i regularly felt relatively secure, as thought that there no harm could happen to me. Outside it, a feeling of uncertainty descended upon me, because knew that even in the better case they would bring me back with fewer energy. In Temesvár, although they had not called upon

me to work once either, by only seeing the corridor felt a cold shudder, and the appearance of the militiamen had produced a threatening effect. Compared with this, the prison in Marosvásárhely seemed to be snug, it filled me with courage, the faces showing from the blue uniforms radiated mildness and goodness.

The commander sat in his chair. He wore a blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. I entered his office, and stood after the door.

“Good morning,” said i.

“Good morning! ... I have just heard that you won’t go out to work ... What reason for?”

“... I grew very much weakened ... After my arrestation, wasted away around 20 kilograms.”

“... Why?”

“... I have eaten little.”

“Why?”

“... I have made my penalty more difficult, in order not to get in the penitentiary any more.”

“... To be liberated as soon as possible, you must work! ... If not, then the committee will put you off, and you shall have to serve your penalty fully! ... It wouldn’t be a great thing to sit down on a bench and pick haricot beans! ... Here, the dish is rather substantial, in a few days you could suitably recuperate! ... What do you say?”

“No.”

“... What is your education?”

“Engineer.”

“What kind of engineer?”

“Chemical engineer.”

“... Would you do office work?”

“No.”

“... Library one?”

“No.”

“... Are you convicted?”

“No.”

“... Considering that you are grown thin, i won’t put you at the isolation! ... But once you have been convicted, i’ll put you on the run! ... I don’t keep such detainees¹⁷⁹ here who won’t work! ... That’s right, you may go away!”

179 The prisoners were officially called “detainees”. [In the romanian language: deținut.]

41. Visit

I entered the half of the visiting room reserved for the prisoners. On the right side, windows, on the left side, cages open at the back were set in order. In their majority, they were occupied. I sat down in one of them. Below, a wall, above, a plexiglass bordered it.

In the door, there turned up my parents. They just cast a glance at me, and at once took their glances off me, expressing that they disliked looking at me driven on the margin of society and in prisoner clothes. Only one person, my mother was allowed inside the room. She did not still looked into my eyes. Her face gave evidence of continuous suffering, but momentary gladness.

“Hi.”

“Good afternoon, mother!”

“... Are you well, son? ... You look very pale!”

“I am well ... All the day, i am sitting at room, so that my complexion is natural.”

“... How is the meal?”

“It is suitable ... How are you, mother?”

“Well ... Everybody is well ... We are working ... Granddad and grandma, the poor, are leading an uneventful life ... Eni is in maternity leave with Csenge ... Karcsi is working ...”

“From Temesvár, i sent the postal cards to the Zagon’s, because it was not allowed to write them in hungarian ...”

“He brought up only one!”

“I wrote two: the first at the beginning of june, the second at the beginning of august.”

“... Did you receive the parcel?”

“Yes.”

“... Aren’t you cold in that thin coat?”

“No.”

“We have brought thick garments ... Very soon, the weather shall freshen.”

“Enough!” said the militiaman. “Please, end it!”

“Take care of yourself!”

“Do not worry! ... Do not forget that here nothing is worse than at the army, and i do not worry! ... Good-bye, mother!”

“Hi!”

“Good-bye!” made i a sign to my father, who from outside with a mingled smile signaled his regret, complicity and amazement to my new manifestation.

42. The decree

The door opened. Jancsi¹⁸⁰ arrived from work. His face seemed to have been changed, it expressed a mixture of incredulity and repressed gladness. He did not go to his bed, but came to the middle of the room, and stopped.

"Boys!" said he, in a faltering low voice. "Boys, it was given a decree!"

"Take yourself off, don't play the fool with us!"

"In Temesvár, the decree was in the air already since june!"

"I am serious, boys! ... The sergeant first class said it! ... Well, you'll see it in the newspaper!"

Decree?! — raised the question to myself. ... It is impossible! ... The illegal frontier crossing does not rate as a grave crime, and it is said that with a penalty of 6 months i am not a recidivist ... So, if the "hydra" had a decree given, i would benefit from it as well ... It considers me as being one of its deadly enemies, it is doing its best in order to hinder my illegal fleeing attempts, it is persecuting me, and is seeking my life: consequently, under normal circumstances it cannot let me out of the prison ... No, i cannot believe it! ... So far, everyone has humorously talked about decree, by this means rather trying to entertain the hope, to loosen the gloomy atmosphere; however, Jancsi does not seem to joke ... If it is still true, then something is not in order with my conception formed about the relation of the romanian "hydra" to me ... What does it really do with the decree? ... It creates the possibility of my re-integration into the society ... But why would it do that? ... As before first had crossed the frontier, was promised at the Prodcomplex that from 1 january this year could enter the position; therefore, it can think of that it can keep me in its state with no place of work ... So far, before its authorities i could refer to that had gotten in this situation because of the state; after this possible decree they would reply to this that by the decree the romanian state created the possibility for me to look for a place of work corresponding with my education and learnedness ... Probably, the all thing is a hand-wash ... Because it is a provable fact that in spite of my prominent school achievements a number of professors arbitrarily degraded me, and at the qualifying examination in spite of the habit and the level of my paper gave me with two points less comparing to my general average, by so doing precluding the possibility of my immediate finding a job in research ... As it is a provable fact that in spite of my first place obtained at the competitive examination organized for the establishing of the research group in Prodcomplex they did not allow me to enter the position deserved ... Both facts refer to the same exterior aim: to keep me aloof from research ... But they would not like me to measure

180 Read approximately: 'yɔntʃi.

myself against the “world-famed scientist, Comrade academician doctor engineer Elena Ceaușescu” ... And if a superior organ in Bucharest of the state granting me amnesty covers up the consequences of my two illegal frontier crossings, then i can no longer affirm that the two above facts are results of central directives, that behind them a national secret political will hides ... But why does it need this? ... Probably, i must seek after the answer in its plans being plotted against me! ... But at present, this passes my comprehension.¹⁸¹

181 With my publication entitled “Documents and Objects relative to Mv Fraudulent Crossings of the State Frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania”, i came to the conclusion that both the introduction of the sentence relative to my foreign relatives in my frontier-guards statement, and granting me amnesty were measures of the Ceaușescu regime taken in the interest of that in the case of my shooting at the frontier planned by it its responsibility could not be established. By virtue of the article 1 of the Decree of the Council of State number 255 of 24 october 1987, on 13 november they set me at liberty. On 2 december 1987, at the militia in Marosvásárhely, they replaced the bulletin containing the seal relative to the prohibition of my leaving Marosvásárhely without authorization. The new bulletin was of BL series. According to the information obtained later in the prison, that originated in the initial letters of the elements of the romanian word-group “bază de lucru” [Read approximately: 'baza de'lukru. In the english language: basis of work.] Its meaning easy to understand was probably “country-wide criminal”. On the basis of that, the militia could take me into custody for an inquiry anywhere on the whole territory of the romanian communist state.

Afterword

At the time of the bygone happenings, i did not know, recognized it only at the time of writing this book with the advancement of my knowledge relative to the national secret political organizations, that the romanian national secret political organization kept under its control my this illegal fleeing attempt already from my departure — first of all by the help of the listening technique installed in the walls of the block dwelling already on construction — then with secret observers and agents the romanian and the yugoslav national secret political organizations followed me through my route, and in this respect they collaborated as well. If i had conjectured this at that time, would not have dared to carry out the illegal fleeing attempt, because at that time did not still know either that from the point of view of its success it was primarily important not whether the national secret political organizations were physically capable of my capturing or not, but whether they were able to create such capturing circumstances that by my capturing they would not produce evidences on their own existence and actions.

The manipulatedness of the master setting his dogs on me manifested itself before me mainly in that the romanian national secret political organization later used against me the information obtained at that time relative to my relation to the dogs in its dog persecution relative to my person. Namely, around the middle of the decade 1990, on one occasion after gathering hips, three shepherd dogs rushed upon me, and i could avoid a direct contact with them only so that i fled into among a small cluster of trees, and began to revolve, then my stopping for a moment resulted in a bleeding bite.

In the light of this, it can be presumed that similarly to the master setting his dogs on me, the hatcheted person and the young shepherd as well had the national secret political mission that under certain circumstances — namely, probably in case of my fear — they caused me a corporal injury, in order to by this means make me incapable of illegal fleeing. The romanian national secret political organization expressed and programed its this interest with the surname of the lawyer in Marosvásárhely CIONCA Emil¹⁸² taking part as my defence counsel in the penal procedure in connection with my this illegal frontier crossing: [Cionca → csonka (hungarian) = maimed]. Naturally, its this interest existed in relation to the frontier guards as well.

The agent in Alkenyér of the romanian national secret political organization, playing the role of a person detecting and denouncing the frontierists, the fried-flat-dough vendor, then the train inspector, all strove to

182 Read approximately: 'tjonka e'mil.

find in me a reason for my suspecting and denunciation, in order that by this means they disguised that i was their target person.

My diarrhoeic stool in Karánsebes was in all probability brought about by a pathogenic bacterium introduced in one of the meals in Lugos, probably in the soup, in order to bring about with it my leaving the waiting-room. Namely, without it the militia could not have held controls there, without having with that recognized it on the level of the appearance as well that they had knowledge about my presence there, and i was the target person of the action. With my leaving the waiting-room, they created the possibility that i gave them a reason for my identification, which was needed with the purpose of disguising the conceiver of the action.

It can be presumed that the dog was intentionally guided to the sector of the Cernovec bank on which i was hiding, with the purpose of accomplishing the scenario that he would observe me, at his barking the shepherd would come there, detect me, and denounce me to the frontier guards. Namely, in this way my capturing could have been traced back in a highly disguising manner to an animal, and not to a human, similarly to that my 1986 capturing in the hungarian communist state can seemingly be originated from a child. But because the dog did not observe me, they were curious how it was possible, and for this reason sent the shepherd there to reconnoiter it. This is why he came there searching the bank, was relatively long looking at my hiding-place, and after having recognized that i had to be there, he still went a little upwards, in order to somewhat disguise before me that he had been sent there for my reconnoitering, then he turned back. But even so, as compared to the dog going on to the north on the bank, it can be affirmed of him that he came not only just there, but also just as far as there. Naturally, although on the basis of the information received from his chargers he perceived me somewhat, according to the instructions he must not have accomplished the above scenario, as with that they would have given away his secret mission and them themselves as well.

The frontier guard was certainly sent out with the purpose of creating the last possibility of my relatively disguised capturing. Namely, they knew that if having turned to the west i reached the forest, in the hours of late afternoon their system of frontier-guarding would no longer have made my relatively disguised capturing possible. Accordingly, the frontier guard also expected that i gave him a reason for observing me.

Between 8 and 10 august 1919, i was making photos in the neighborhood of Komornok¹⁸³, Kákófalva and Varadia for the covers of my books written about my second and third illegal fleeing attempts. It is characteris-

183 Read approximately: 'komornok. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Comorîște, Comorâște. Village in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier.

[2]

tic that the vegetation has changed so much that, although went along the highest easily passable parts of the hill before the Cernovec, was unable to recognize that plateau on which spent the night from 4 to 5 april 1987, as well as that place where getting out of the wood began descending on the sprouting grain-field.¹⁸⁴



Further, on 9 and 10 august 2019, penetrated into the south-eastern part of the hills of Versec as well. During that time, on the bank of the Cernovec experienced for the most part not small willow shrubs sparsely on bare earth, but mighty willows thickly among shrubs and other vegetation, then on the hills saw not one exemplar of the type of pine unknown for me at that time, and did not hear cuckoo cry either — although spent the night beside a wood — which phenomena had at that time borne so characteristic and romantic effects relative to the hills of Versec. The presumption of the romanian national secret political origin of the alteration of the bank of the Cernovec, of the disappearance experienced by me of the rare type of pine and of the cuckoo is corroborated by the demolition, experienced by me between 29 and 30 july 1988, of the building of the watch-house in Al-sósztamora, in the cell of which i had spent a night between 23 and 24 april 1987. It can be presumed that all these alterations constitute manifestations of the personal secret policy relative to my person of the romanian national secret political organization, among the purposes of which there figure the diminution of the historical-documentary value of my books, their presentation as fictions, with the annihilation of facts corroborating them, and the creation of facts seemingly refuting them. Formulating more

184 On the inserted photo, the author is seen on 8 august 2019 at 17 hours and 7 minutes or thereabouts on the slope of the hill before the Cernovec.

generally, the ethnical and the national secret political organizations are not interested in that phenomena bring my books to the minds of humans, but in that phenomena discredit my books before humans.

I based the partial photographic reconstruction of my path near the frontier on the following doubtless facts: i had let myself down from the hill before the Cernovec not perpendicularly to it, but slightly to the right obliquely, with the purpose of keeping away from the buildings perceived behind the row of poplars; beginning from the road, i advanced perpendicularly to it and the railroad; the watch-tower stood slightly on the right from my this direction of march; this was the only watch-tower seen from the valley; there were two shrubberies seen on the grassy hill-slope; on the run towards the shrubbery being slightly on the left, a ditch did not get into my way; i did a rather considerable way on the bank of the Cernovec to south; the bridge of the country lane experienced by me cannot be the bridge of the unmodernized lane leading in front of the stable-like buildings, because south of that there was no watch-house on the hills of Versec; in front of the watch-house i had to climb a plateau, then setting off to the south had to let myself down in a valley; the frontier turns off to the west north of the perpendicular drawn from the peak of the eastern barrow to the Cernovec. The apparent demolition of the buildings, the keeping of one poplar just around the right edge of the one-time row of poplars, the elimination of the country lane, and the demolition at least of the watch-house in the vicinity of the watch-tower seen from the valley may also constitute parts of refuting and discrediting this book.

The sergeant frontier guard seemingly suspected that in the illegal crossing of the frontier someone had helped me. The national secret political purpose of this was presumably to disguise the fact, and to refute the presumption that the romanian national secret political organization had me followed through my fleeing route.

With the origin in Constanța as a port at the Black Sea of Ion POPESCU — which accordingly presumably was not true — with the origin in Törökszákos of the ethnically serbian boy — which by “Török” meaning “Turk” referred to Turkey as the country fit for asylum seeking the easiest reachable from Constanța — as well as with the surname MARINESCU of Nicu — which means “the marine” — the serbian, and respectively the romanian national secret political organizations programed me for the failure planned by them of my land illegal fleeing attempts.

The allusion of captain RUSE Gheorghe to that in 1986 in the hungarian communist state i had given myself up, expresses the suspicion of the romanian national secret political organization relative to this, which was corroborated by that in the yugoslav communist state i had given myself up. In connection with this, there arose in it the possibility that in reality i was of a russian party, with a special regard to that in 1985 i had tried to

legally emigrate to the Soviet Union. With the person and social position of the captain, it programed my best possible path of life, made it possible by it, in the romanian communist state, which with his surname it also put into words relatively hiddenly: [Ruse → rus (romanian) + e (hungarian) = russian + this, namely decoded: "If you are of a russian party, this is your best future in the Socialist Republic of Romania."].

On the confrontation, Nicu did not look at me, presumably because the state of mind is better reflected by the voice. Namely, since then i found out from my personal experiences that when the agents of the national secret political organizations are interested in establishing my expected fear, they will not look into my eyes, but focus on the examination of my voice.

A purpose of my hearing by the commander could certainly be to assert before me the conception disguising the romanian national secret political organization: he does not know that i will be accorded amnesty, there is no unity between the actions of the authorities of the state, no one manipulates him.

The following year, in the trial relative to my third illegal fleeing attempt, despite my case of necessity i was convicted not only of illegal frontier crossing, but also of money smuggling, moreover the penalty imposed for the latter exceeded with two months the penalty imposed for the illegal frontier crossing. Further, in the penal procedure of my fourth illegal fleeing attempt, they created the possibility of my accusation with false statement and escape. These support that besides the illegal frontier crossing the romanian national secret political organization endeavored to introduce in my penal record other crimes as well, namely to make of me a criminal having committed crimes involving moral turpitude. On the basis of these, it can be presumed that a purpose of the amnesty decree of 1987 was that they parry with it the counter-accusations that could be formulated by me in the course of my expected penal trials. Further, it seemed to be another endeavor of the romanian national secret political organization to keep me in the prison the least time possible, presumably with the purpose of minimizing the responsibility of the romanian national state relative to my case. To this refers also the rumor spreading in the prison that the penal code would be changed, and for the illegal frontier crossing there would be imposed not imprisonment, but obligatory dwelling, as well as that the authorities excessively stick to my undertaking work in the prison, as the creation of the possibility of my conditional setting at liberty.

The timing of my liberation from prison to november both in 1986 and in 1987 expresses the interest of the romanian national secret political organization to restrain my emigration. From the documents of the Dossier No. 4725 of 1987 of the Marosvásárhely Judiciary, it can be discerned the national secret political will which strove on the one hand to release me from the prison proper, and on the other hand to hinder my departure from

the prison state. In order to be eligible for amnesty, it was necessary that i was not qualified as a recidivist. In order for me not to be a recidivist after two illegal frontier crossings either, it was necessary that my first punishment did not exceed 6 months, and my second punishment was not inflicted. The first condition was fulfilled on 5 november 1986, when for my first illegal frontier crossing i had been sentenced to only 6 months of imprisonment. The second condition was fulfilled with that my transfer to the prison in Marosvásárhely, then my trial there were kept putting off throughout around six months till the issue of the amnesty decree of october.

It appears that the yugoslav national secret political organizations became aware of the political-ideological purport of my illegal fleeing attempts, because subsequently to that between 1986 and 1989 i had four times illegally crossed the frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania, in 1990 the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia ceased to exist, just like in 1989 the Hungarian People's Republic together with the other central-eastern-european communist states, then in 1991 the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics as well.

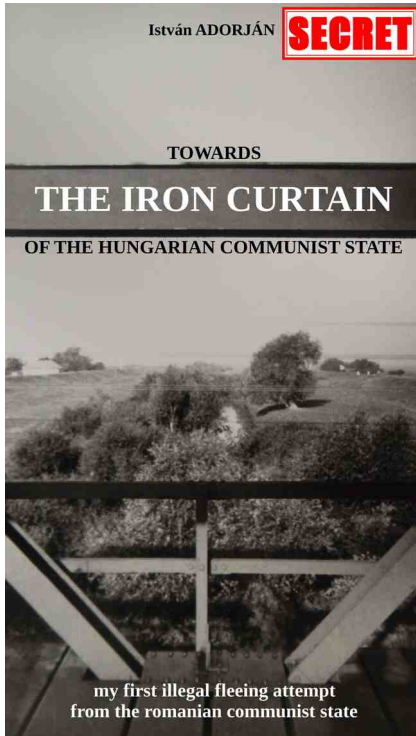
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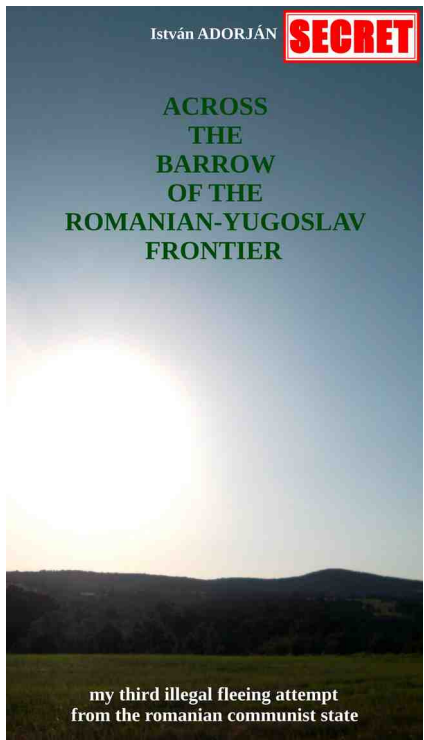
Other books

In the series of four entitled “My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State”, i have still published the following books:

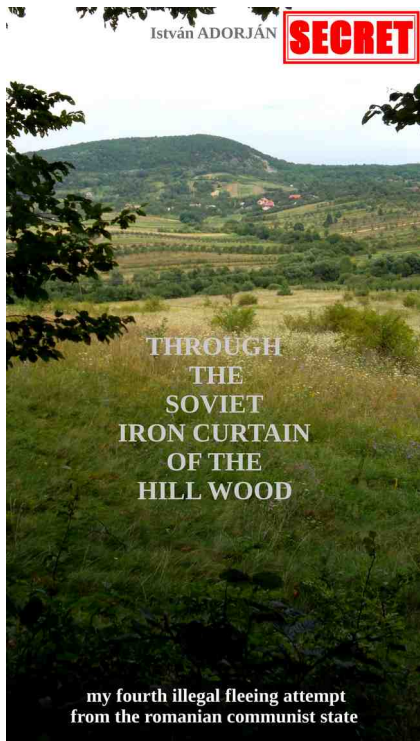
1) the hungarian-language text paperback version and the english-language text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State — my first illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, in Romania, and respectively, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



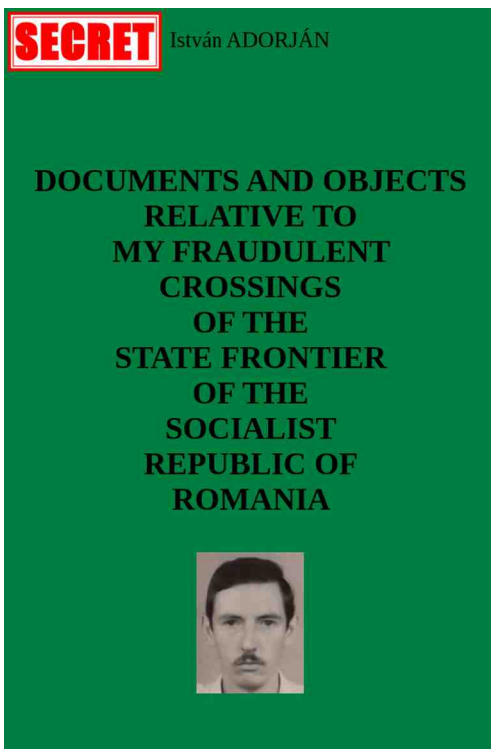
2) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier — my third illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



3) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood — my fourth illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



I have published the photos of the remained objects used in the course of my four illegal fleeing attempts, as well as of the remained documents produced in connection with those in my free electronic book entitled “Documents and Objects relative to My Fraudulent Crossings of the State Frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania”, with the internet distributors Google play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



Book-creation information

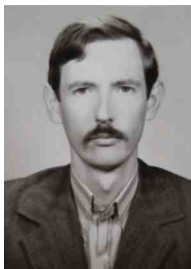
The author created this book for the most part between february 1994 and june 2000, together with the books describing his other three illegal fleeing attempts, as conceiver and author, resulting from the scientific and social need of cognizing the phenomenon of illegal fleeing brought about by the communist states, under private-life circumstances sitting at table in the corner from the downtown beside the window of the middle room of the flat 10 of the second upper storey of the block under number 25 December 22 boulevard in Marosvásárhely, Romania, writing on paper in the hungarian language. He began writing the chapters relative to his imprisonment in 1997. In the beginning, he planned one book with the title “My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State”. He finished that by the end of 1994, but by that time his writing aptitudes had developed to the point that he did not content himself with it, and thought it better to conform to the self-sufficiency of the four events, dividing the writing into four self-sufficient books. Because of the further increase of the individual achievement, as well as the need of a description as accurate and complete as possible of the experiences fixed in the memory, he rewrote the books several times with modifications and completions, so that taken in its entirety he had to use up a few tens of kilograms of paper. At the same time, the author literally and personally translated these four books into the english language for the most part in the above period. The last forms of the paper manuscripts of the hungarian and the english languages all together weigh almost 5 kilograms. Between june 2013 and the beginning of 2014, the author put the paper manuscripts into electronic forms, then between april and october 2019 he read through the electronic manuscripts. The electronic redaction of the book was made by the author personally mainly with the following technical means: Acer AOD270, Samsung ST65, Microsoft Windows 7, LibreOffice 4, GIMP 2.

Book-publication information

Beginning with around the middle of 1995, the author submitted by mail the english-language paper manuscripts of the first book to several publishing houses in the USA, Canada and Great Britain. In his written applications, he regularly mentioned the three other books being in the course of preparation as well. In the non-publication story of around 3 years, the manuscripts sent to Penguin Books, Viking Penguin, Unwin Hyman, The Hearst Corporation and William Morrow & Co. were “returned to sender”, while W. W. Norton & Co., Harper Collins and Farrar, Straus & Giroux

Publishers issued express written refusals.

Author information



On the photo taken probably in 1993, less than a year before beginning writing his books reconstructing his illegal fleeing attempts, there is visible the author, István ADORJÁN. He was born on 20 december 1959 in the village Mikháza in the county Maros in Romania, his citizenship is romanian, his ethnicity hungarian, his identity first of all human, at present he regards not one state his own or his country, ideologically he is atheist, politically liberal, his theory-like conviction is that the great religions and the national states are creatures and means of the national secret political organizations, with his writings his purposes are the publication and diffusion of his say of scientific, philosophic-atheist, progressive, humanist, non-nationalist and liberal spirituality, particularly the revelation, publication and diffusion of his say relative to the national-imperialist, anti-humanist, anti-progressive and anti-scientific nature and activity of the national secret political organizations, great religions and national states.



**The End
of the Electronic Book**